Oct. 31, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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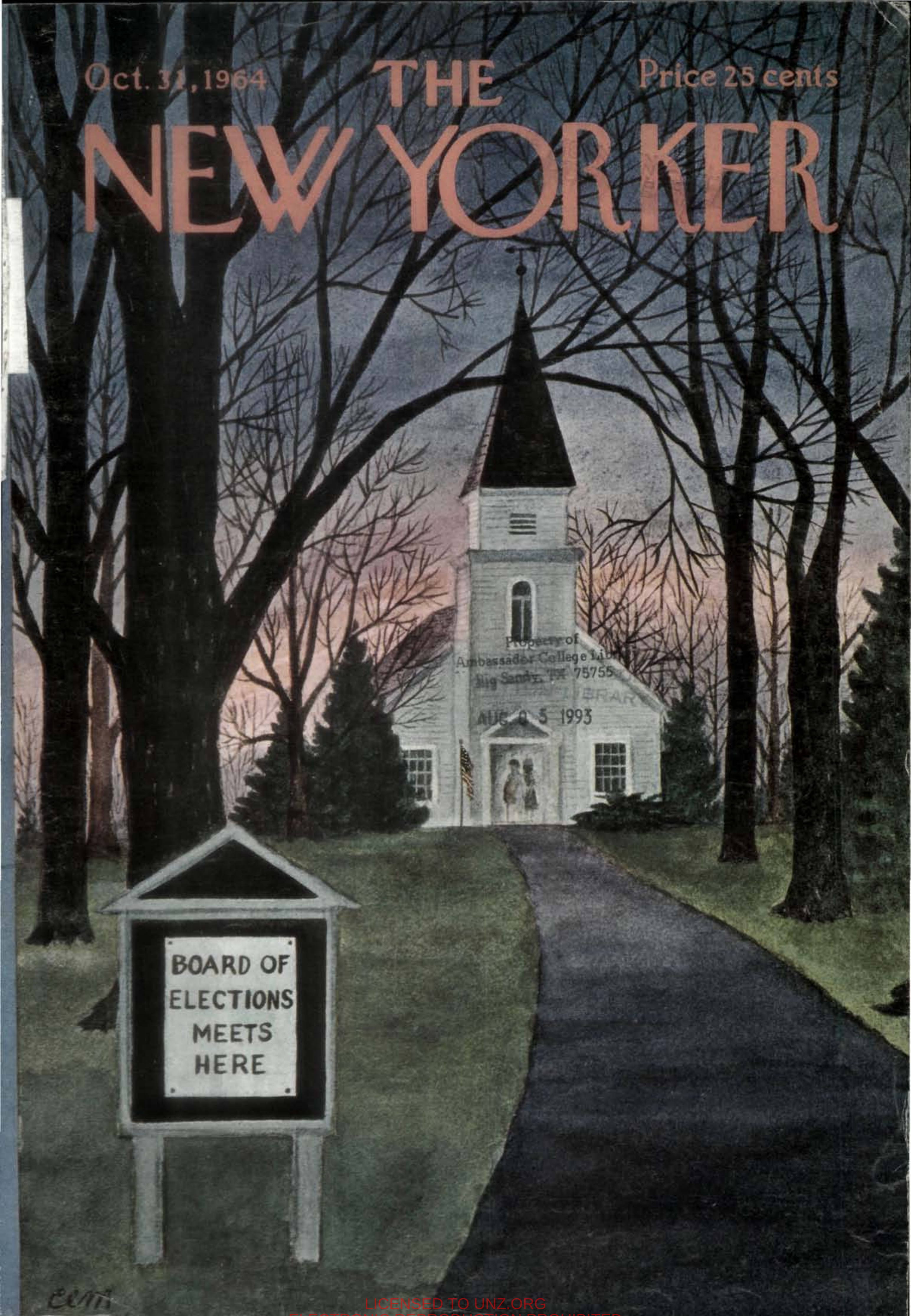
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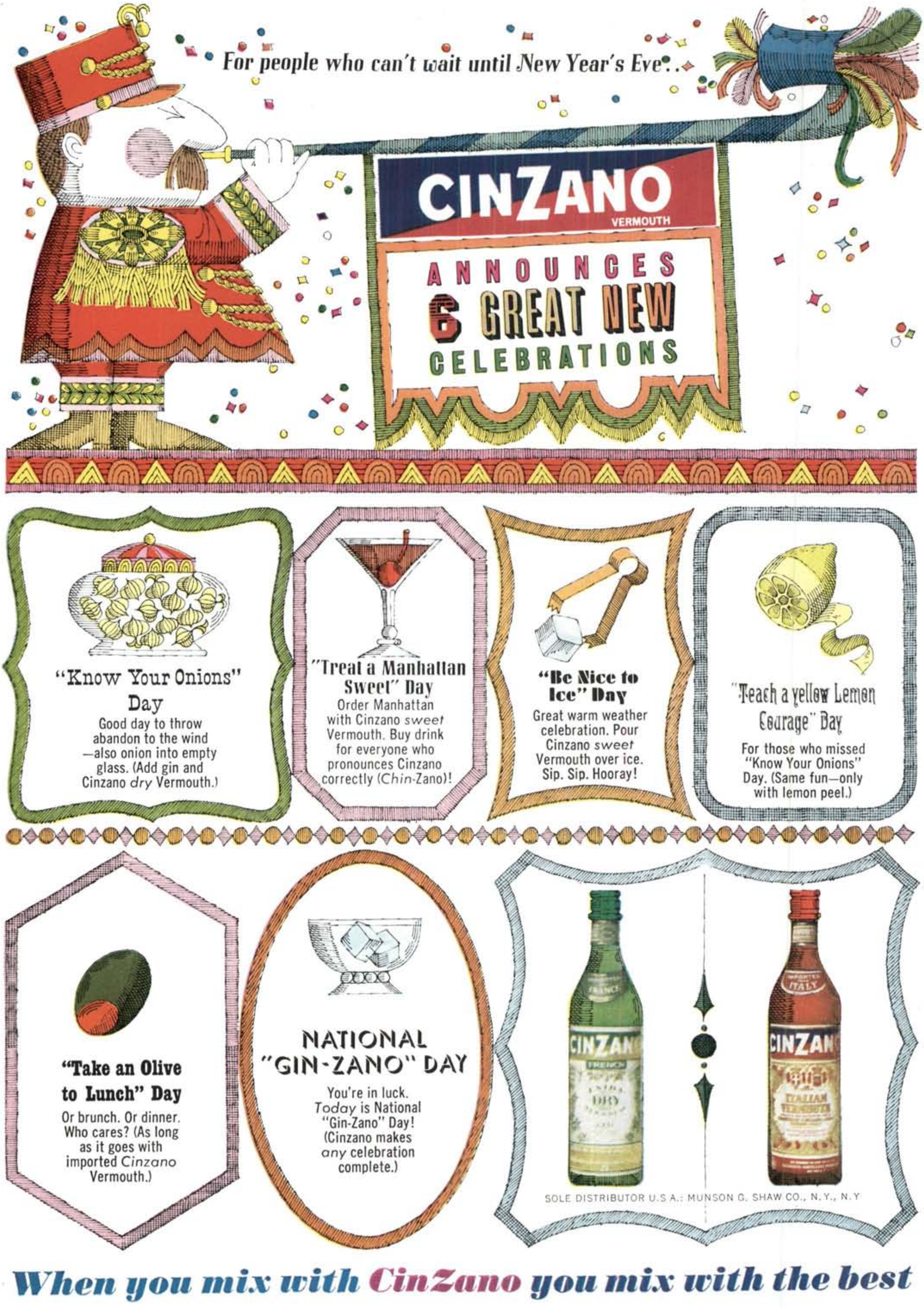

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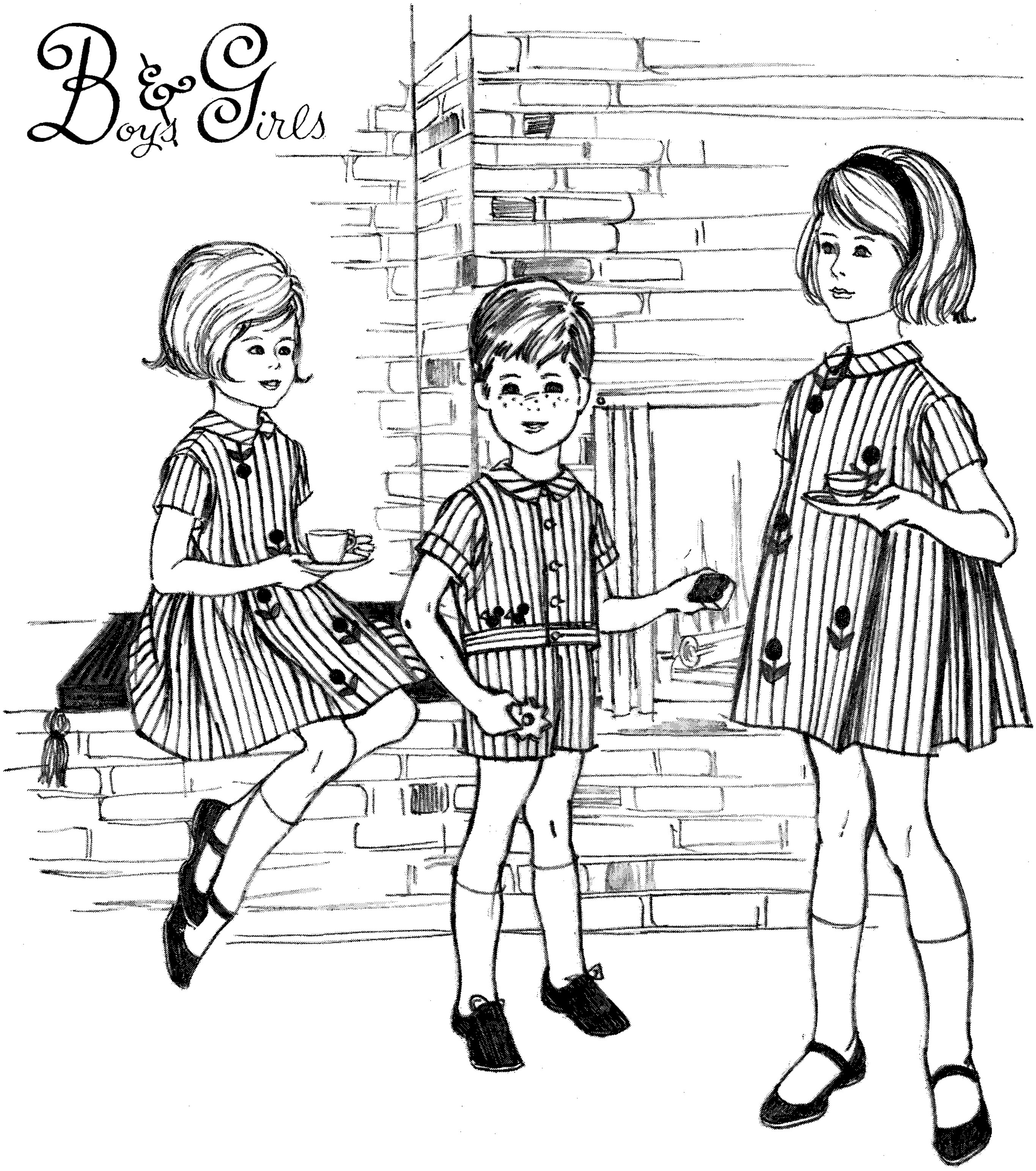

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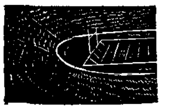

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Absence of a Cello—Droll stuff by Ira Wallach having to do with a freewheeling scientist's attempt to conform to the standards of a stuffy corporation. Fred Clark is splendid as the scientist, and he has plenty of help from an excellent cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Any Wednesday—A sprightly farce by Muriel Resnik about a girl who is a rich man's plaything and lives in an executive suite maintained by her lover's company. Sandy Dennis is full of bounce and charm as the girl, and Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter lend her admirable support. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Beekman Place—Samuel Taylor's drawing-room comedy is situated in a stylish but pretty dull building. Fernand Gravet and Arlene Francis are among the tenants. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Committee—Eight enthusiastic performers, late come from San Francisco, who successfully (about half the time, anyway) project a series of vaudeville skits. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 14.)

The Deputy—The famous drama in verse by Rolf Hochhuth, which examines in some detail the relations between the Vatican and the Third Reich during the Second World War. David Carradine is currently in the leading role. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. Circle 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Physicists—A murky effort by the Swiss playwright Friedrich Dürrenmatt, which has to do with some allegedly crazy nuclear scientists immured in an institution populated by not only the quick but the dead. Hume Cronyn, Robert Shaw, George Voskovec, and Jessica Tandy are capably on hand. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window—A parcel of sorely mixed-up characters in Greenwich Village. Gabriel Dell, Rita Moreno, and Alice Ghostley figure prominently in Lorraine Hansberry's play. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Subject Was Roses—A tedious account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. Frank D. Gilroy is the author. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** About a young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . .**MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Mindy Carson, William Prince, and Howard Morton are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Dennis O'Keefe, Martha Scott, Will Hutchins, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A Severed Head—Robin Bailey, Heather Chasen, Sheila Burrell, and Paul Eddington in a British comedy adapted by Iris Murdoch and J. B. Priestley from Miss Murdoch's novel. Produced by David Merrick and Donald Albery, and directed by Val May. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Fade Out - Fade In—Kicking Hollywood around is pretty old stuff, but this musical, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, with music by Jule Styne, makes the most of the theme. Mitzi Welch has recently succeeded the ailing Carol Burnett. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel at his best in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. The choreography and direction are by Jerome Robbins, and there are nice tunes by Jerry Bock, whose music has lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. Joseph Stein did the adaptation. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice in a show that is big, loud, and colorful but a trifle short on warmth. Written by Isobel Lennart, the play has music and lyrics by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and, along with Miss Streisand, it features Sydney Chaplin and Kay Medford. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Golden Boy—A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's play about a highly sensitive boxer. It comes in very aptly and goes out very aptly, but there are many arid areas in between. The boxer on display is Sammy Davis, and the music and lyrics are by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, respectively. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—A musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," in which Beatrice Lillie cavorts about as a mad, mad medium. Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray wrote the music and lyrics, which are amiable, and Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward also contribute to the generally festive enterprise. Mr. Coward is the director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh What a Lovely War—All about the way things were when the War to End Wars was in progress. Sardonic would be the word for this one, and so would hilarious. The cast, directed by Joan Littlewood, is laudable. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A foot-dragging musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. Prominent in the cast are Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**HELLO, DOLLY!:** Carol Channing romping through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Ronnie Welsh is the youth on the upswing, and Jeff De Benning (who has replaced Rudy Vallée) is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!:** An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 14.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Ben Franklin in Paris—A musical starring Robert Preston, with book and lyrics by Sidney Michaels and music by Mark Sandrich, Jr. Staged by Michael Kidd and presented by George W. George and Frank Granat. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Something More!—A musical taken from Gerald Green's novel "Portofino P.T.A." Nate Monaster wrote the book, Sammy Fain composed the score, Marilyn and Alan Bergman did the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Arthur Hill, Barbara Cook, Ronny Graham, and Joan Copeland. Presented by Lester Osterman and directed by Jule Styne. Opens Thursday, Nov. 5. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30;

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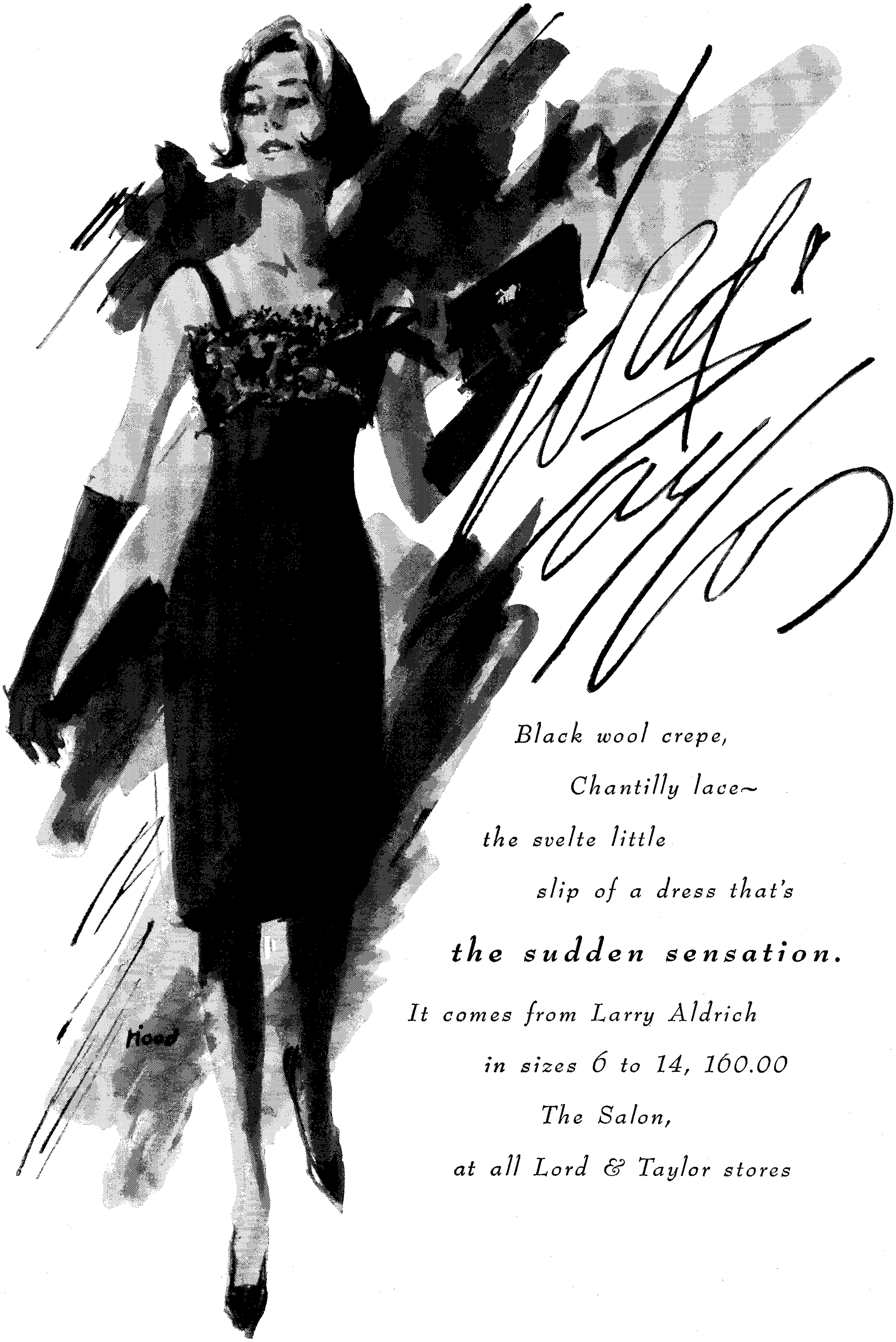

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—"The Changeling," the 1622 English melodrama by Thomas Middleton and William Rowley, is the first in this season's series of four plays. Opens Thursday, Oct. 29. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, Oct. 31: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Starting Friday, Nov. 6: "Madame Butterfly." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Evenings at 8:15.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. Good singing and dancing by a refreshing young cast. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays, except Nov. 3, through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Doctor Faustus—A prankish and tiresome production of Marlowe's masterpiece. Except for James Ray's Mephistophilis, there are no performances worth mentioning. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Dutchman and **The American Dream**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is as brutal as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Moves on Tuesday, Nov. 3, to the Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St., CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Kiss Mama—A volatile Italian family in New York is a source of innocent merriment in this comedy by George Panetta. Tom Pedi, Francine Beers, Val Bisoglio, and Julius La Rosa are most helpful as members of the second generation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—This English farce about seduction, which has been imported by the Establishment bunch and directed, with considerable ingenuity, by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello—This production, which is approximately the same one that played in Central Park last summer, has its ups and downs. Bette Henritze's fine Emilia is one of its ups.

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(Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty—A musical version of James Thurber's story, with a book by Joe Manchester, music by Leon Carr, lyrics by Earl Shuman, and a cast led by Marc London. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Shout from the Rooftops—A play by Jess Gregg. (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. AL 4-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

That 5 A.M. Jazz—A pair of bright, sharp satires about Eden and Hell, one of them set at the World's Fair and the other in Las Vegas. Will Holt is the author of both, and he has written some extremely effective songs for the second play. His cast does him proud. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Nov. 2, at 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—A production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War that is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Nov. 2, at 8:40.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Oct. 29: "Swan Lake," "Piège de Lumière," "Meditation," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 30: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 31: "Four Temperaments," "Fanfare," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 31: "Scotch Symphony," "Dim Lustre," "Ivesiana," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 1: "Serenade," "Firebird," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 1: "Swan Lake," "Prodigal Son," "Pas de Deux," and "Ballet Impérial." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 3: "Apollo," "Irish Fantasy," "Dim Lustre," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 4: "Clarinade," "Prodigal Son," "Ivesiana," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 5: "Swan Lake," "Interplay," "Tarantella," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 6: "Swan Lake," "Fanfare," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 7: "Scotch Symphony," "Agon," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 7: "Fanfare," "Interplay," "Tarantella," and "Gounod Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, Nov. 8. No seating at any performance after the curtain goes up.)

LÁSZLO
VOTE FOR P.J. McATIC

MISCELLANY

Folies-Bergère—The Parisian revue, with a cast of seventy headed by Patachou, Georges Ulmer, and Liliane Montevecchi. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:10 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Whoever thought of pairing Anna Maria Alberghetti, a small, beautiful, and high-pitched troupial, with John Bubbles, of the venerated hotfoot team of Buck & Bubbles, gets an A for the most successful merger of the season. Their song-and-dance act occurs at dinner and supper in the Royal Box, which begins a brief vacation at closing time on Saturday, Oct. 31. On Wednesday, Nov. 4, the establishment reopens as a recital hall for Rosemary Clooney, soprano.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The garden that grows on the walls of the restaurant is filled with flowers that are quite contrary, but all is normal at dance-floor level. George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. The musicians are at liberty on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A lot of new people have moved into the neighborhood, which gives the old settlers something besides their affairs, public and private, to talk about. They converse under cover of Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler waves a reasonably magic wand at a fiddle. Closed Sundays.

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—By now, as it approaches its eighteenth birthday, this is a link with our past, when the town went to bed much later. Angelo's band reports at the little dance floor around nine, and it and Bobby Gosh's songs and piano take turns for a long time thereafter.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Red sky at night (sailors' delight), brought about by the enormous supply of plush that upholsters this tribute to the Fall River Line. Stan Rubin, his Tiger Town Five, and a bunch of other musicians do dance music (in both past and present tenses) Mondays through Thursdays from seven to twelve and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; all quiet Sundays.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—In the Seven Hills, a plaza with Roman antecedents, I Cavalieri di Roma supply, from eight to one every night but Sunday, music that can be danced to by Americans but that never loses its Roman stripe.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band never calls it a day. Alex Geraldo, the resident guitarist, does, though; he disappears on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kay Starr, from the land of the surrey with the fringe on top, sings her quaint native arias in a voice that is clear, clamant, and cajoling. Her dinner and supper sessions end on Tuesday, Nov. 3. Next evening's arrival is Robert Goulet, matinée and night idol, who sings, too. The scene is the Persian Room, where Emil Coleman's big, sturdy band and Mark Monte's gadflies play around for hours on end. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs cut classes every Monday. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of

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Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. Sundays are silent.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—How the world looks at night from the topless towers of Ilium. George Cort's quintet can be heard but not seen on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Peter Duchin's fount of inspiration yields balm of Gilead, milk, and honey, on which his big band diets all evening long; Quintero's crew has looked upon Latin music, found it good, and plays it even better. They are in the Maisonette. Across the hall, La Boite, small and cozy and ornate as can be, provides dinner and supper to the strains of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano. Both of these establishments are shut Sundays.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The broken-field running on the dance floor, which gets machine-made music that is as chipper as the hand-made stuff, is one of the seven wonders of the modern world; the stage set is among the seven wonders of the ancient world. Eight to four is the deal.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Outdoor sports, boy and girl, take the floor from around eight until a fair piece past midnight every evening underneath the same stars they use in Heaven. The indoor rink, which now lies in wait for sudden sinking spells on the thermometer, becomes the permanent winter headquarters on Sunday, Nov. 1.

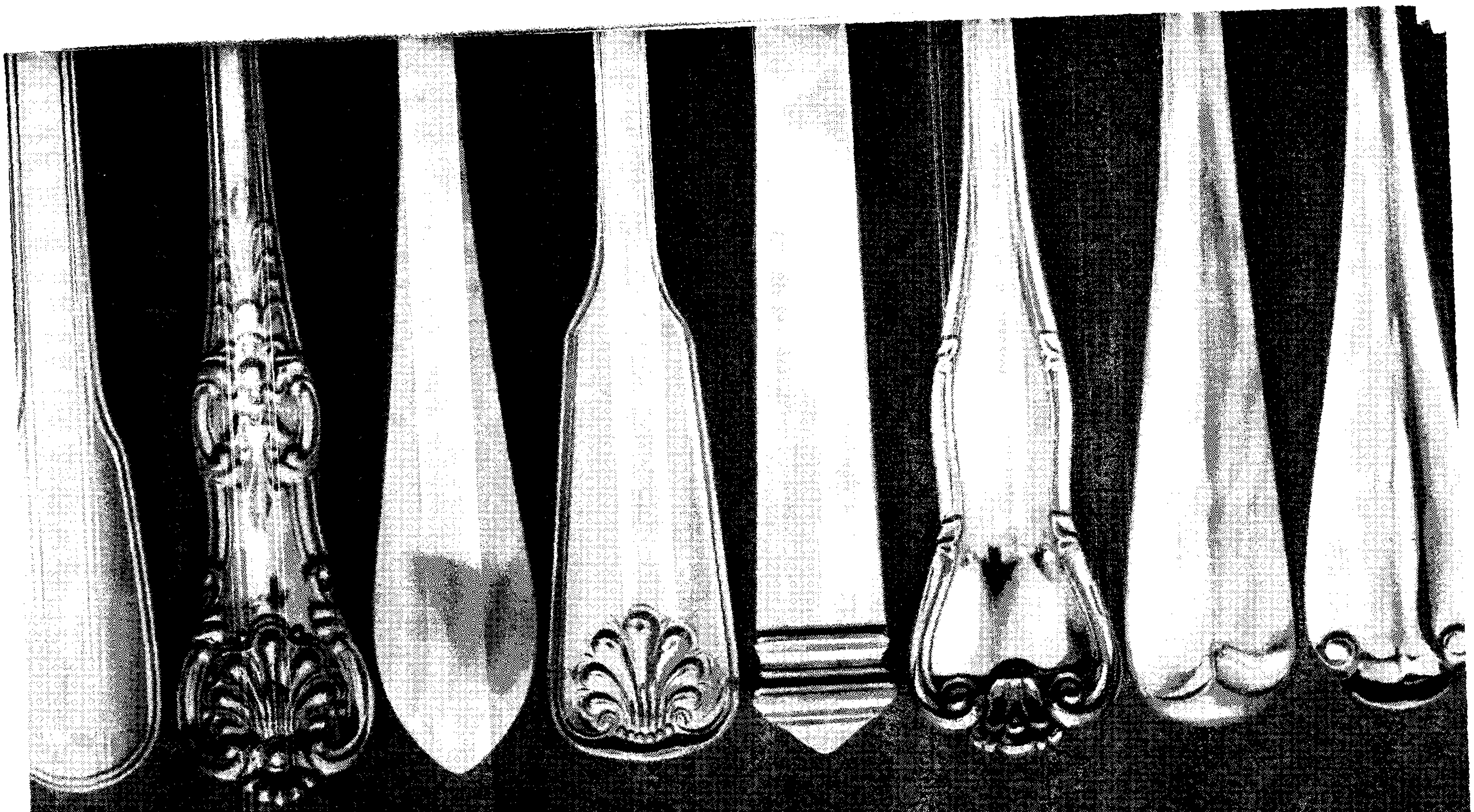
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Once again, little Leslie Uggams is essaying the transition from air waves to solid earth—which is to say the Empire Room, where she is singing for her dinner and her supper. The best of the Meyer Davis bands, run by Emery Davis, and a group run by Horace Diaz are perpetually on duty. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The giant, economy-size floor (a hundred and fifty feet long) is polished to within an inch of its life by couples who lead a fairly sedate life. (The Twist and its in-laws have been ruled off this course.) The music, both Latin and local, usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. There are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-forty-five to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, Tuesdays at eleven-fifteen. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coeducational discussion group of all ages keeps steady hours and steady talk at both bar and grill. The moderator is Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano off and on during the evening (Wayne Sanders is his alternate), and then does double piano with Mr. S. after the theatre. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Florence, by the look of it. Aldo Bruschi, basso profundo and robusto, and pianist as well, is the patron saint of the young Rodolphos and Mimis and Cio-Cio-Sans who pour their hearts out a couple of times an evening. Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, he leads a tiny dance band, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short, playboy of what remains of the Western World, is applying supercharged technique to both piano and lyrics in a scene taken from a terribly fashionable spa—quite possibly this summer at Marienbad. He checks in at ten-thirty, flanked by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his faithful sidemen. There's solo piano too, from five-thirty until nine by Jules Kuti, and from nine to two by Otis Clements. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Every *geste* is *beau* in this grandiose assemblage of scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fifty civilized ways of dealing with a paramount problem—what on earth to do about your loved one—are set forth in the sad and/or owlish songs of Mabel Mercer, who has seen all, known all. Her seminars, which are on a daily-except-Sunday schedule, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the perfect background. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The many nimble fingers of Cy Walter make one clean sweep of the keyboard after another without tripping anything but the light fantastic. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one are his hours in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The trappings of this medieval banqueting hall must certainly represent every bit of King Henri's ransom. Through its pomp and circumstance Norbert Faconi, president emeritus of the League of Romance Violinists, is audible with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The oldest cottage industry in the Village—one wholly concerned with such handicrafts and footwork as flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): An ambulatory song fest goes on from six until two every night but Sunday, and so does the chef. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation, providing room for the restrained but calorific Andalusian guitar wielded from eight to one by Gustavo Lopez. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a Central Casting Office. Three of the office workers play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, two other office workers do the job. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday—Rack Godwin, whose piano combines opulence with a very mild Regency rakishness. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life moves at such a becomingly petty pace every night of the week that the diners (the banquets are Roman and North of Italy) hardly notice when it's time to go home. Joe Candullo's persuasive dance trio begins at eight-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays a brace of singers join in . . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian rhapsody here involves a mingling of zimbalon, violin, tenor, and soprano, all of them prepared to demonstrate, gently but firmly, that silence is not golden. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The utterly unassuming Marina Fedorovskaya sings those great big heartbreaking Russian ballads in her contained fashion. Likely as not, the customers join in as a mighty Cossack chorus. Betweentimes a piano and violin collaborate on kindred tunes. Seven-thirty until two is the extent of the operation. Closed Mondays. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC,** in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In this bit of the many-chambered Hilton nautilus, Mario Peralta manipulates, from cocktails until ten, an implausible confection of wood and leather called the bandonion—a hundred-year-old concertina with extra heart and soul. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Camelot redivivus, and on the fifth floor, which makes the Hudson a very visible front yard. From seven to nine, Joyce Rosenfield plies a concert sort of harp. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A small but vocal set of pedestrians, guitars in hand, make one circuit after another of a plaza in which the dining, like the music, has more than a touch of Latin America. The circuit riders function from five-thirty to eleven; on Sundays, there are, from one to nine, several perpetually travelling troupes of singers and dancers from wherever Spanish is spoken. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The music in this counting-house parlor is strawberry jam from the piano of George Feyer, who intersperses home-made jokes among his chords. He is on duty from eight-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was brought up to be a really dizzy sort of soubrette, is showing how it's done, in song and sidelong glance, at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Kurt Maier's trio produces casual dance music now and again. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL-5-2070): Time and tide operate on the Roman calendar, and the tide bears along a six-man troupe of strolling musicians. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera is fired, point-blank, as soon as the waiters see the whites of their customers' eyes. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, a split-level living (and dining) room for which "sumptuous" is the word, Steven Weltner gives his knowledgeable piano an air that is as much Chopin as it is Gershwin. Five-thirty to midnight is the run of his play. No music Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The captain's bar of a well-appointed small cruise ship, with—from nine-thirty until one—guitar of American (not Andalusian) persuasion by Al Valenti. He is not around Mondays. . . . **IL SOLE,** 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): From Glen Cove and Syosset, from St. James and the Hamptons come the customers to visit Ralph Strain, who is playing



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

piano that makes one think of summer sailboating with one's best girl or walking her along a moonlit coral strand. His stretch is seven-thirty to two every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): When the roll is called up yonder, it will be answered by Edlee, Darlene, Judi, Tanna, Barbera, Uli, and the rest of the Latin Quarter girls with the wonderful names and wonderful figures. On earth, their companions are the Wazzans, a swatch of acrobats who leap to death-defying conclusions, and the Marquis, as nice and antic a bunch of chimpanzees as you would ever want to meet. Van Johnson (in the flesh, not a film) chips in with one of those "and then I sang" parades. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Buddy Greco, an easygoing balladeer who does lots of pop tunes lots of good turns, and Shecky Greene, whose jokes are strictly conformist, are rollicking in the midst of all that South Sea Island cuisine. On Monday, Nov. 2, the principals will be succeeded by Sarah Vaughan, a voice at command level, and Mongo Santamaria's band. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): As a singer, Tony Bennett, in residence here, is interchangeable with Rex Harrison; as an offhand, unaffected spellbinder, he is unimpeachable. The incumbent humorist, Allan Drake, is a squanderer of time and space, but the eight Copa ballerinas are all welcome sights. On Thursday, Nov. 5, Connie Francis and her beep-beep ballads will head a new show. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle, part of it done by the foursome of Erskine Hawkins. Ten to four every night is the scheme of things. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): "Minsky's Follies of '65" is a euphemism for burlesque, but burlesque with bigger, prettier, livelier girls than ever before, not to mention better singers, belly dancers, and strippers, two splendid comics (Irving Benson, Jack Mann), and a remarkable pantomimist, George Carl. Twice a night is the rule during the week, three times on Saturdays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): A course in speedwriting (and also speedreading) is given, at nine and eleven-thirty every night but Sunday, by Julius Monk's star pupils in "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the fourteenth, the fastest, and the funniest of this entrepreneur's series of treatises upon the world's foibles and frailties. Its Delphic language is managed by Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason, who bring owlishness to the pink of perfection, as well as by Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers, a fine set of junior executives. The pit band is again the pianos of William Roy, Robert Colston, and Carl Norman. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Inexhaustible cheer, augmented by a very busy assortment of Latins intent upon a hoof-and-mouth floor show, to say nothing of a marionette act too clever to be believable. They appear at dinner and supper every night except Sundays when there is one show at ten-thirty and also tea dancing in the afternoon. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The best thing that "The Game Is Up," a new miniature revue, does is to restore R. G. Brown and his keen sense of the preposterous to our night life. His principal companions are Carol Morley and Marian Mercer, who have their moments, too. The sketches run the gamut from fair to first-rate. The zero hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "Cambridge Circus," the English revue, has just been transplanted, along with its six men and solitary girl, from Broadway. Its jocosities, mostly second-*cru* "Beyond the Fringe" stuff, will be repeated at eight-thirty during the week, including Sundays, and at eight-thirty and eleven Fridays and Saturdays; Mondays are dark. . . . **STROLLERS CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Hail and farewell can be simultaneous hereabouts, but it's a likely story that the trio of Marian McPartland, which is modern with discretion, goes onstage at around eight, and that Betty Furness arrives around ten to conduct an open-to-all discussion of whatever. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A call to arms (mostly loving) is issued by Felicia Sanders in a voice filled with animal magnetism. Her glittery support is led by Irving Joseph's piano. Norene Tate and Warren Vaughn play double piano now and then; the other doings are yes-and-no. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): Vaughn Meader, who once ran for President himself, is now filling the role of Elder Statesman (j.g.) in a revue called "The Populace—Vox, Vice, and Versa," and it is easy to guess what *that* is about. Every night but Monday is the plan. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Diosa Costello, still working hard at being tropical-torrential, is cavorting at nine-thirty and twelve in a small floor show whose chief ingredient is bustle. Her last evening is Sundays, Nov. 1. Next evening, Miguelito Valdes begins singing firm, articulate Latin. There is dancing during the evening, and on Sunday afternoons from two to seven.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Max Roach likes his music to be meaningful and out of the ordinary, so what he composes, what his quartet plays, and what Abbey Lincoln sings is frequently *sui generis* instead of the usual progressive chop *sui*. The group appears Sunday afternoons, beginning at four-thirty, as well as every evening but Monday. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Hugh Masekela's band, which plays with vast feeling the newest new African jazz, *retires on Sunday, Nov. 1; on Tuesday, Nov.* 3, Cannonball Adderley's hard-driving sextet moves in, and so does the triad of folk singers headed by John Hammond the younger. Buffy Sainte-Marie, the Cree folk singer hitherto known solely as a performer on wax, operates on an odd timetable of four days on, three days off (she's absent Mondays as well as Fridays and Saturdays; during the two latter days she is replaced by Gloria Lynne, who adds fuss and feathers to most lyrics). Gerry Mulligan's foursome makes its last stand on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31. Mondays are assigned to drop-in performers. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Far and away the best of the Village coffeehouses. Its specialty is folk music, which at the moment is overshadowed by Danny Meehan's calisthenic delivery of a bunch of good Broadway musical-comedy songs. The folk program will be augmented on Wednesday, Nov. 4, when the team of Jim, Jake & Joan reappears to spoof the whole genre. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A furnace perpetually on the verge of blasting. Assault-and-battery noise prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then a good-old-days band run by Max Kaminsky and a firebrand group run by Red Allen take the stand. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The hallowed Earl Hines, who should always play piano without fringe benefits, such as any other musician at all, removes himself, his quartet, and his girl singers on Sunday, Nov. 1; on Tuesday, Nov. 3, Charlie Mingus, now at the Five Spot (see below), and his eleven-man laboratory check in. Jam sessions happen on Mondays, when the regulars lay off. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The alterations in this home of the hero sandwich and the new jazz come thick and fast: Art Farmer's quartet is being replaced, on Friday, Oct. 30, by Wes Montgomery's foursome, which, on Friday, Nov. 6, is to be followed by the quintet of Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, who will probably never discover an instrument that can transmit all he has to say, bravely keeps on trying. Five

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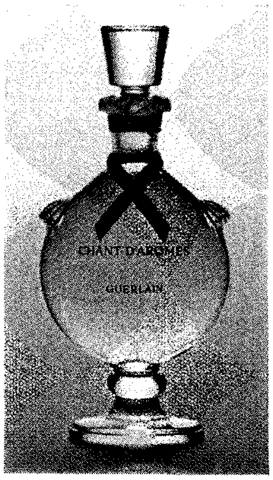

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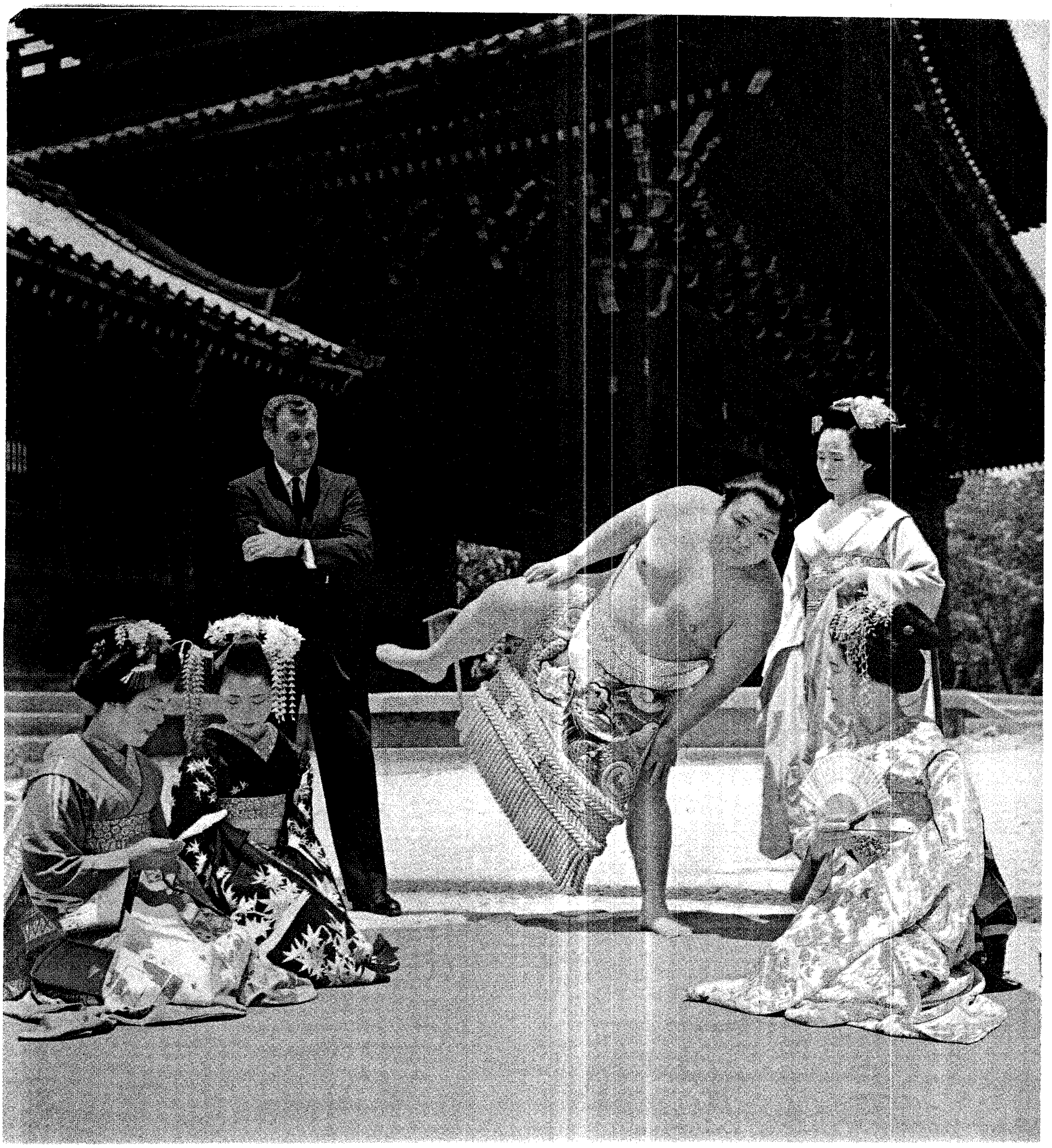

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sidemen assist him in his staggering projects. Bland, blithe, and buoyant is the mood of the noble Teddy Wilson and his trio. They all close out on Sunday, Nov. 1; on Tuesday, Nov. 3, a new assortment—within it Randy Weston's sextet—arrives. Mondays, a quartet headed by David Amram hangs out instead.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, a pride and joy in the art of playing piano, indulges herself in many a flight of fancy. Two sidemen do their best to keep up with her. John Bunch, the intermission pianist, also leans toward self-expression. No music Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, and Tony Parenti are the administrators. No sound on Sundays.... **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A New Wave youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so venerable are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, Dixieland has its say from four-thirty to eight-thirty.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Joe Mooney is shouting (but softly, intricately, and even weirdly) from the rooftops as he does jazz touches on an organ and a piano. He begins at ten, and the place is closed Sundays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Peanuts Hucko keeps changing the cast of his steeped-in-tradition band, but it is plausible that among his current crop of assistants you will find Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, and Yank Lawson. Closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Wilbur de Paris is conducting a warm and rackety band (Sidney de Paris is also in it) that declares its faith in the past. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

IBRAHIM MAHFOUD AJAY—Constructions; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—"Man, Beast, and Nature," a showing of oils and drawings; through Nov. 14. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER BLUME—Two paintings, "Winter" (on which he has worked for two years) and "Children in the Tree," together with preparatory (and other) drawings; through Nov. 21. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

BILL BOMAR—Semi-abstractions of nature; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

LOUIS BOUCHÉ—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figure studies; through Nov. 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JAMES BROOKS—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD—Drawings (1915-64); through Nov. 14. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—"Circus," a group of ink drawings (1931-32); through Nov. 14. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM CLUTZ—Landscape and figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

MARINA NUÑEZ DEL PRADO—Semi-abstract stone figure sculptures; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ANDRÉ DERAIN—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits; through Nov. 21. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM DINE—Paintings by this New Realist; through Nov. 21. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

PAUL FEELEY—Optical abstractions; through Nov. 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN FENTON—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

DAVID V. HAYES—Semi-abstract figure and animal sculptures in forged steel and bronze; through Nov. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HELD, JR.—Linoleum-block prints; through Sunday, Nov. 1. (Northwest Lobby, New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St.)

GOTTFRIED HONEGGER—Paintings and reliefs by this Swiss-born artist; through Nov. 19. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Paintings in white (1952-60); through Nov. 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

KARL KNATHS—Semi-abstract still-lifes and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

RICO LEBRUN—Expressionist paintings (1961-64) by this artist, who died in May; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Landscapes; through Nov. 19. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER TODD MITCHELL—Oil paintings based on D. H. Lawrence's book "Sea and Sardinia;" through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Griffin, 32 E. 58th St.)

MALCOLM MORLEY—Abstractions; through Thursday, Nov. 5. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

PICASSO—Portraits of Dora Maar, painted between 1937 and 1943; through Nov. 14. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE RICKEY—Kinetic sculptures; through Nov. 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK ROTH—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT SANDECKI—Landscapes, seacoast scenes, and birds; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER SAUL—Paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

ETHEL SCHWABACHER—Portraits and abstract pastels; through Nov. 14. (Greenross, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN SENNHAUSER—Semi-abstract collages; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

DAVID SMITH—Stainless-steel and painted-steel constructions, bronze planes, and lost-wax bronzes; through Nov. 14. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYD SOLOMON—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH STELLA—Drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

BART VAN DER SCHELLING—Gouache landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Fulton, 799 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.)

ÉDOUARD VUILLARD (1868-1940)—A benefit loan exhibition of sixty paintings by this French artist; through Nov. 21. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

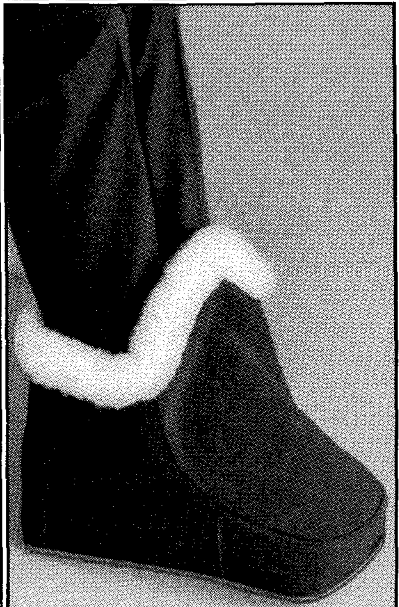
ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ—"Improvisations of New York," a show of paintings and drawings from the early part of the century; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

SIDNEY WOLFSON—Geometric paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MANOUCHER YEKTAI—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figures; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

SCULPTORS GUILD—Their annual exhibit, made up of pieces by seventy-two members, including Cleo Hartwig, Louise Nevelson, and William Zorach; through Nov. 26. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AFRICAN ART—At the **KAMER**, 965 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: "Iron Sculpture of the Dogon;" through Saturday, Oct. 31.... **SEGY**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: "Magic and Religion in African Art," an exhibition of masks, statues, and various implements in



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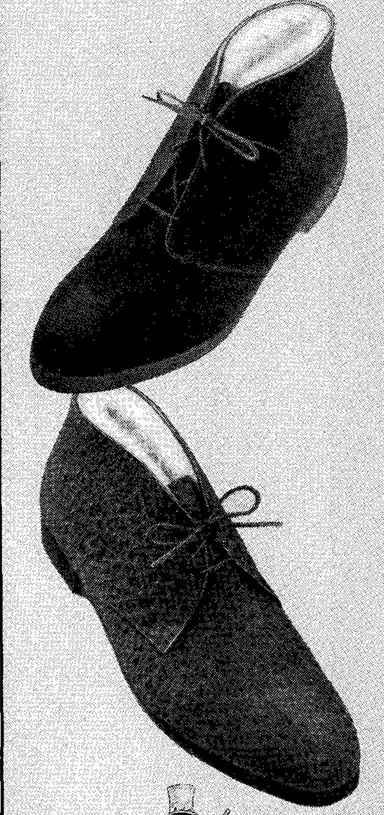

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

wood, ivory, and cast bronze; through Nov. 28. (Saturday hours: *2* to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **aca american heritage**, 63 E. 57th St.: This new gallery, devoted to art of the 1880-1930 period, in its opening exhibit has works by (for instance) Marsden Hartley, Childe Hassam, and Ernest Lawson; through Nov. 14. . . . **bianchini**, 16 E. 78th St.: Among the participants in a show of pop art called "American Supermarket" are Jasper Johns, Bob Watts, and Andy Warhol; through Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . **downtown**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings and sculptures by George L. K. Morris, Isami Doi, John Storrs, and other artists on the gallery's roster; through Saturday, Oct. 31. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by five artists who live and work in Maine—William Thon, Edward Betts, Jason Schoener, Hans Moller, and Waldo Peirce; through Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils and watercolors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century painters, including Childe Hassam, Ogden Pleissner, and Adolf Dehn; through Saturday, Oct. 31.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—"Black on White," a selection of original prints, from Goya to the present, is the first offering in the gallery's new quarters; through Nov. 28. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

Europeans; Group Show—The first of two twenty-fifth-anniversary exhibitions, this one presenting works chiefly by Expressionists. Oskar Kokoschka, Gustav Klimt, and Egon Schiele are three of the artists represented. Through Nov. 14. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Ancient Peruvian Ceramics," an exhibition of pre-Columbian pottery from the Nathan Cummings Collection. . . . ¶ "Aesop, Five Centuries of Illustrated Fables," a display of illustrations ranging from anonymous fifteenth-century woodcuts to prints by Antonio Frasconi. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, drawings, prints, and posters by the French modernist Pierre Bonnard; through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Four aluminum sculptures and a selection of silk-screen prints by the British artist Eduardo Paolozzi; through Nov. 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty woodcuts and lithographs and a dozen illustrated books from the past twenty years by Antonio Frasconi; through Nov. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Masters of the Japanese Print: Moronobu to Utamaro," a showing of a hundred woodcuts, dating mostly from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through Dec. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Sumi paintings by Hozan Matsumoto; through Friday, Oct. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5:30.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A painting or sculpture apiece by more than twenty artists (Robert Motherwell, Ben Shahn, and Theodore Roszak among them), each of whom has also selected for this exhibit one work by a younger artist; through Dec. 15. . . . ¶ "Genoese Painters from Cambiaso to Magnasco," a show covering the period 1550 to 1750; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective of more than three hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, and prints by the German artist Lovis Corinth (1858-1925); through Sunday, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Paintings by the contemporary French artist Jean Hélion; starting Tuesday, Nov. 3. (Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays and Election Day, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the French abstractionist Albert Gleizes (1881-1953); through Sunday, Nov. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent American sculptures by John Chamberlain, Lee Bontecou, Richard Stankiewicz, and four others; through Nov. 29. (Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 5; Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," a two-part fifteenth-century Dutch illuminated manuscript, with color transparencies of its hundred and fifty-seven miniatures; through Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Selections from the Library's collections; namely, cylinder seals, papyri, illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, illustrated books, autograph manuscripts, and master drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 7. (Weekdays, except Election Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Recent Venetian art glass from ten Muranese factories, plus contemporary Czechoslovak glass; through Nov. 8. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The American Image," an exhibition composed chiefly of folk sculptures—the Presidents, the American eagle, Uncle Sam, the flag, and so on; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the Americas," comprising pre-Columbian jewelry and other objects of gold, Eskimo masks, Mexican stone sculptures and ceramics, South American textiles, and the like; through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"New York City: Host to the World, 1679-1900," a display of engravings and lithographs of city views and landmarks, as well as invitations, menus, and theatre programs illustrating how the Prince of Wales, in 1860, and other prominent guests have been entertained. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"West Side Artists—New York City," an exhibit of eighty paintings and sculptures by as many artists, among them John Koch, Theodoros Stamos, and Herbert Ferber; through Nov. 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

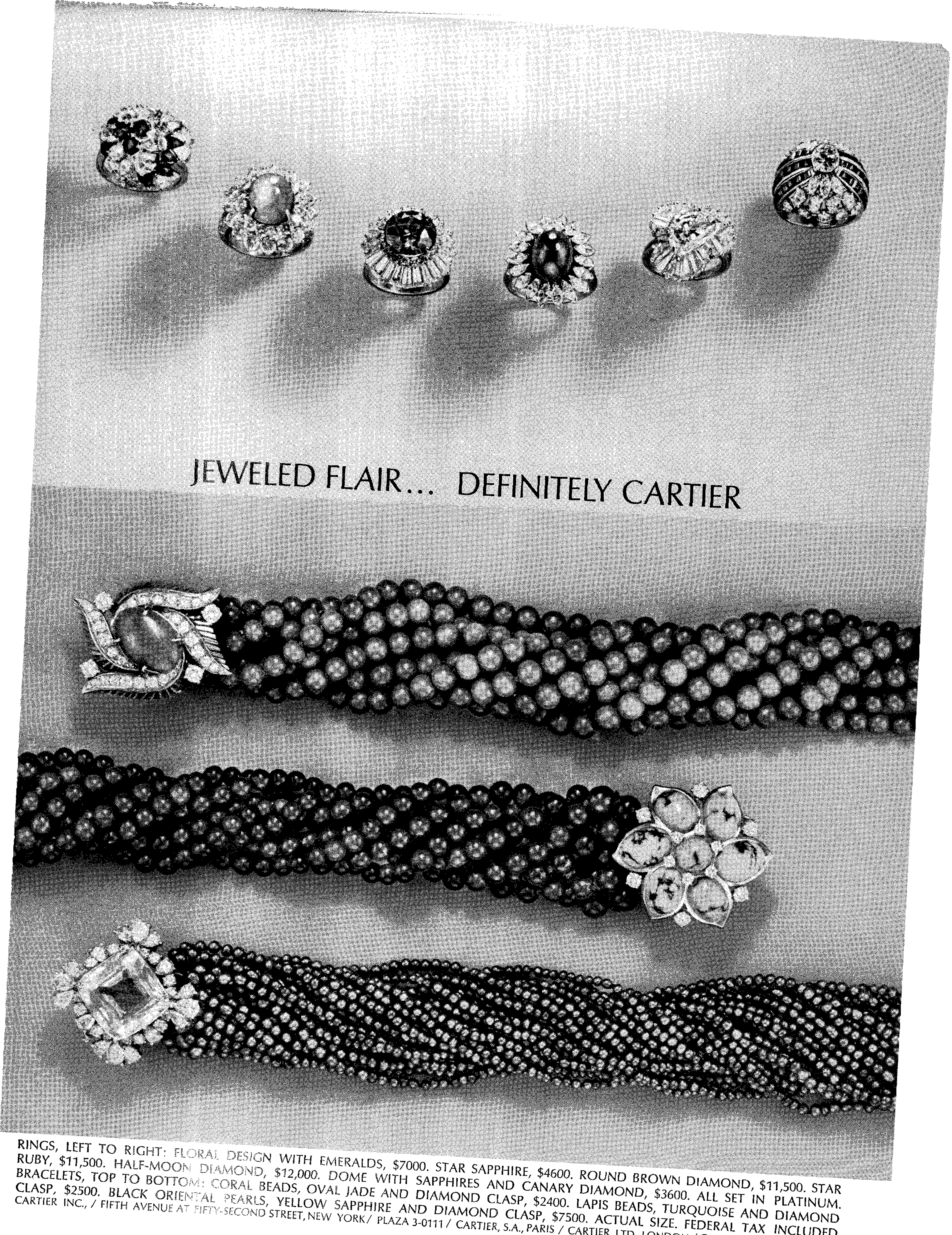
Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of realist paintings, drawings, and black-and-whites by Edward Hopper; through Nov. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Flaviano Labò, Robert Merrill, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2: "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, and Calvin Marsh. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, and Michael Langdon. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Rita Gorr, Jess Thomas, Norman Mittelmann, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Flaviano Labò, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna d'Angelo, Arturo Sergi, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 6, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Ingrid Bjoner, Gladys Kriese, Sándor Kónya, Otto Edelmann, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Nicolae Herlea, Barry Morell, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Otello," with Raina Kabaivanska, Joann Grillo, Dimiter Uzunov, Cornell MacNeil,



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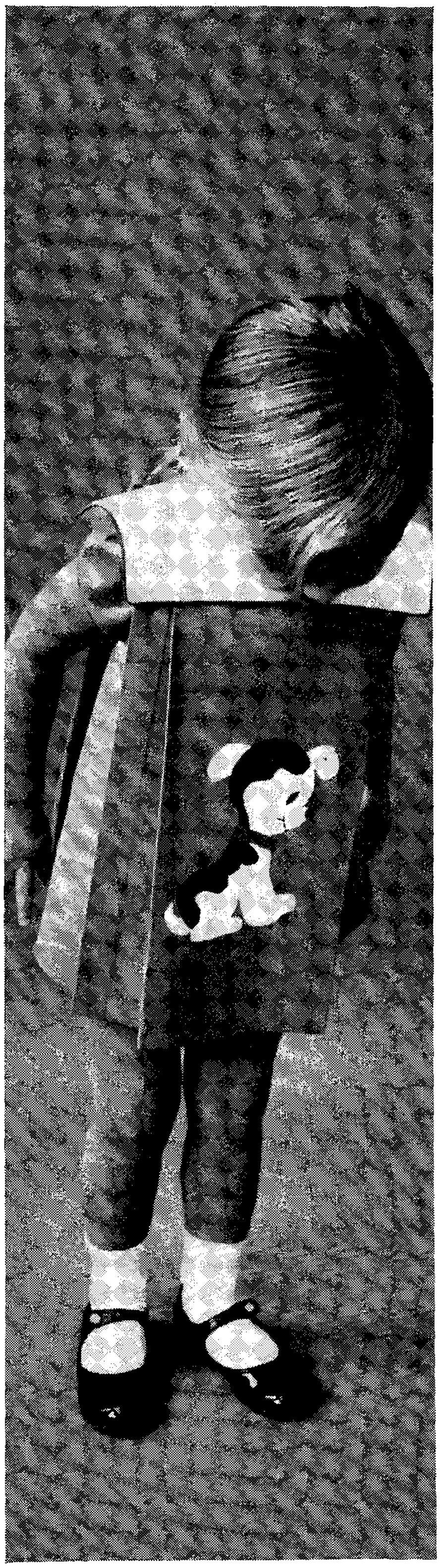

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and John Alexander. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call GR 7-4720 Mondays through Thursdays, 9 to 5:30, and Fridays, 9 to 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Oct. 29: "Salome." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 31: "Don Giovanni," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 31: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 1: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 1: "The Merry Widow." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 3: "Boris Godunov," in English. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 4: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 5: "Natalia Petrovna." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 6: "Don Giovanni," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 7: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 7: "Die Fledermaus," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:30: "Tosca." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Josef Krips conducting—Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 30, at 2:15; and Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3 (all with Lorin Hollander, piano); and Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 6, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 8, at 3 (all with Robert Casadesus, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Hermann Scherchen conducting a Haydn-Mahler program. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling conducting, with Victoria de los Angeles, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Festival Orchestra of New York—Thomas Dunn conducting an all-Mozart program, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Luigi Dallapiccola conducting and playing the piano in a program of his own works, with Adele Addison, soprano. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 4, at 8:30; and Philharmonic Hall, Friday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting—Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 8:30: With Janos Starker, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 7-8, at 8:30: With Guiomar Novaes, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. All seats for the first two concerts have been sold and only standing room is left.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in an all-Haydn program, with Patricia Brooks, soprano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 3 and 9.)

Roger Wagner Chorale and Orchestra—Roger Wagner directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Joanna Hodges—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Pierre Fournier—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Ralph Votapek—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Galimir Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

John Williams—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Bob Dylan—Folk singer. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Fritz Magg—Cello. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 5:30.)

Jacob Lateiner—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Emil Gilels—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

George Shirley—Tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

William Clauson—Folk singer. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Philadelphia. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 31: Amherst vs. Tufts, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Army vs. Iowa State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Lehigh, at Hamilton, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Boston University, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 7 (all at 1:30.): Army vs. Syracuse, at Yankee Stadium. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Maryland vs. Navy, at College Park. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Boston Patriots. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Nov. 1, at 7:30.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Nov. 3, through Tuesday, Nov. 10. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:45.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 31.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 7.)

Racing—UNITED HUNTS AT AQUEDUCT: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 29-30, at 12:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 30. . . . BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Saturday, Oct. 31, at 12:30; the Jockey Club Gold Cup is the feature race. . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30, from Monday, Nov. 2, through Saturday, Dec. 12. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 14. The Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Thursday, Nov. 12.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 12.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—A program of folk music, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 3.)

Ballet—The Westchester Ballet Company presenting "Peter and the Wolf." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 11.)

Stage Shows—By the AIRY GROUP: "I Wish I May." (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . B. GAY PUPPETS: "Cinderella." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.) . . . EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE: "Red Shoes." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 11.) . . . EXPLORE, INC.: "Androcles and the Lion." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2:30.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Cinderella," a marionette show, Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Rumplestiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.) . . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30, and Sundays at 12:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 1.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Messages from Space." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Election Day at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"Ichabod and Mr. Toad," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2. Admission is free.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Election Day from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

ELECTION DAY—Tuesday, Nov. 3; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Randall Jarrell reading from the works of Elizabeth Bishop as well as from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.) . . . ¶ Donald Hall and Richard Murphy reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

WINSTON CHURCHILL EXHIBITION—First editions of his fifty-one books, four paintings signed W.S.C., three hundred photographs, a palette and paint brushes, and other memorabilia, in a show arranged to celebrate Sir Winston's ninetieth birthday. Through Nov. 30. (Hallmark Gallery, 720 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, 9 to 5:30.)

AUCTIONS—at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 29, at 1:45: School of Paris and other modern paintings and drawings by such artists as Buffet, Mané-Katz, and Poliakoff; from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, at 1:45: English and American furniture and silver; a group of Staffordshire and other stirrup cups; Dr. Wall Worcester, Derby, and other old porcelains; paintings by Thomas Birch and others; and Oriental and hooked rugs. From the estate of Dr. Norman Treves. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 5, at 1:45: Oriental art, including a Ch'ien Lung table screen, porcelains of the K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien Lung periods; and Sung and Ming period scroll paintings; from the collection of Tonying & Co. and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 31.

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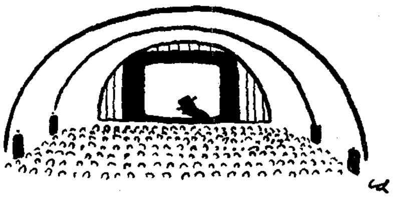
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Babo 73—A rough-and-tumble satire, filmed at very low cost and in very high spirits by Robert Downey and featuring the molasses-tongued Taylor Mead. (Nickelodeon, 152 Bleecker St., SP 7-3810. Mondays through Thursdays at 9 and midnight; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 5, 8, and 11.)

Becket—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop, and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Chalk Garden—Dame Edith Evans, Hayley Mills, Deborah Kerr, John Mills, and Felix Aylmer have a marvellous time acting out this rather old-fashioned tale of tangled family matters. The setting is green England. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 2.)

Fail Safe—This serious version of the "Dr. Strangelove" theme is a first-rate thriller, with Henry Fonda, Frank Overton, and Walter Matthau, and directed by Sidney Lumet. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Nov. 3.)

From Russia with Love—As the Duke of Wellington came close to saying on another occasion, if you believe this, you'll believe anything. Sean Connery is splendid as the indestructible James Bond. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 2.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad comedy about young love in old Dublin, with the marvellous Rita Tushingham. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Nov. 2.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

Let's Talk About Women—Vittorio Gassman is the star of this Italian comedy about an inexhaustible and nearly always invincible womanizer. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through Nov. 2.)

The Luck of Ginger Coffey—Married love and muddled life in Montreal, with Robert Shaw and Mary Ure. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Mafioso—A laughing-on-the-outside, crying-on-the-inside glimpse into the workings of the Honored Society, here and in Sicily. Alberto Sordi, as the funny, eloquent hero, and Alberto Lattuada, the director, deserve equal credit for the film's success. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 2.)

Mary Poppins—A picture-postcard version, by Walt Disney, of a creature who would have had no patience with picture postcards. Starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This modest movie about the marriage of a white woman and a Negro man is often charming but seldom credible, in spite of a splendid performance by Bernie Hamilton as the hero. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

A Shot in the Dark—Peter Sellers splendidly inept as a French policeman determined to keep a pretty doxy from having her head chopped off for killing her lover, a chauffeur. Blake Edwards, who collaborated on the script and directed the film, deserves high honors. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 3, tentative.)

The Soft Skin—François Truffaut's compassionate examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress, all of whom behave as well as they can but with sorry consequences. Starring Jean Desailly, Nelly Benedetti, and Françoise Dorleac. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Topkapi—A band of clever thieves (Melina Mercouri, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley) and a born bungler (Peter Ustinov) steal gems and crack jokes in old Istanbul. Directed by Jules Dassin. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The World of Henry Orient—Two little girls named Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth and quite a big boy named Peter Sellers having a merry time in Manhattan. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 3, tentative.)

REVIVALS

. . . And Suddenly It's Murder (1964)—An Italian suspense comedy, starring Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Nov. 3, tentative. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 4, tentative.)

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 1-2, last showing on Nov. 2 at 3:10.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Nov. 2.)

Billy Budd (1962)—A rousing sea story, starring Peter Ustinov, Robert Ryan, and Terence Stamp. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Nov. 4.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 3.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 1-2, last showing on Nov. 2 at 4:35.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuele Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 4.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Nov. 2.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 30-Nov. 2.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—A director named Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 30-Nov. 2.)

Lolita (1962)—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; starting Nov. 3.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 3.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 3.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Nov. 2.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Nov. 3.)

Picnic on the Grass (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 30.)

Romeo and Juliet (1936)—The Montagues and the Capulets, played by Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, and Basil Rathbone. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Nov. 2.)

The Silence (1964)—Another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's study of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; and Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 29.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 29.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 29.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, and many others. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-4130; Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn (1962)—A French picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 29.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 30-Nov. 2.)

We Are from Kronstadt (1936)—A Russian film of the 1919 civil war. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; Nov. 2-3.)

The Youth of Maxim (1935)—Revolutionary affairs in the Russian manner, with Shostakovich music. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Oct. 30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 31: "Theatrical and Social Dancing in Film," a program made up of excerpts from various movies, including "In Seville" (1909), "The Skeleton Dance" (1929), and "Blue Skies" (1946). . . . ¶ Nov. 1-4: "Opera in Film," a program made up of excerpts from such movies as "Carmen" (1915), "Moonlight and Romance" (1930), and "The Big Broadcast of 1938." (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
TOPKAPI.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Oct. 31: "Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)
From Nov. 1, at 8: "Where Love Has Gone," Susan Hayward, Bette Davis. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for tickets, call JU 2-2100, Ext. 723.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
MARY POPPINS.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Nov. 3: "Rio Conchos," Richard Boone, Stuart Whitman; and "Moro Witch Doctor," Jock Mahoney.
From Nov. 4: "Kitten with a Whip," Ann-Margret, John Forsythe; and "Sing and Swing," David Hemings.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Nov. 4: "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Young Swordsman" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 31: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**; and "633 Squadron," Cliff Robertson.
Nov. 1-3: "The Thin Red Line," Keir Dullea, Jack Warden; and "El Cid," revival, Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.
From Nov. 4: "Kitten with a Whip," Ann-Margret, John Forsythe; and "Sing and Swing," David Hemings.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 2: "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner.
From Nov. 3: **FAIL SAFE**; and "Under the Yum Yum Tree," revival, Jack Lemmon. Carol Lynley.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 3 (tentative): . . . **AND SUDDENLY IT'S MURDER** (in Italian), revival; and "Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates.
From Nov. 4 (tentative): "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner; and "Honeymoon Hotel," Robert Goulet.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Nov. 3: "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.
From Nov. 4 (tentative): "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina. Jean-Paul Belmondo.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Nov. 3: "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian).
From Nov. 4: **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Nov. 4: "Lili" revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Outrage," Paul Newman, Claire Bloom.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
TOPKAPI.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 3: "Rio Conchos," Richard Boone, Stuart Whitman; and "Moro Witch Doctor," Jock Mahoney.
From Nov. 4: "Kitten with a Whip," Ann-Margret, John Forsythe; and "Sing and Swing," David Hemings.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Nov. 4: **TOM JONES**, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Lilith," Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Murder Ahoy," Margaret Rutherford.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-4130)
Oct. 29: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish), revival.
Oct. 30-Nov. 1: **TOM JONES**, revival; and **BILLY BUDD**, revival.
Nov. 2: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival.
From Nov. 3: **LOLITA**, revival; and "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BECKET.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 3 (tentative): **A SHOT IN THE DARK**; and **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.**
From Nov. 4 (tentative): . . . **AND SUDDENLY IT'S MURDER** (in Italian), revival; and "Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 3: "That Man from Rio," Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Nov. 4: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 2: "The Thin Red Line," Keir Dullea, Jack Warden; and "El Cid," revival, Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.
From Nov. 3: "Kisses for My President," Fred MacMurray, Polly Bergen; and "PT 109," revival, Cliff Robertson.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 2: "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," Debbie Reynolds, Harve Presnell.
From Nov. 3: "The Moon-Spinners," Hayley Mills, Eli Wallach.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 29: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT**, revival; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.
Oct. 30-Nov. 2: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival.
From Nov. 3: **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; "On the Bowery," revival, a semi-documentary film; and "Come Back, Africa," revival, a semi-documentary film.

Nickelodeon, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-3810)
BABO 73.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 2: **MAFIOSO** (in Italian); and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From Nov. 3: "La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell; and "I Like Money," revival, Peter Sellers.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 2: **THE CHALK GARDEN**; and "Bedtime Story," Marlon Brando, David Niven.
From Nov. 3: **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival; and **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 2: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**
From Nov. 3: "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 2: "The Night of the Iguana," Richard Burton, Ava Gardner; and "Duel of Champions," Alan Ladd.
From Nov. 3: **FAIL SAFE**; and "The Reluctant Saint," revival, Maximilian Schell.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates; and "Love on the Riviera," Marcello Mastroianni, Alberto Sordi.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 2: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival.
From Nov. 3: "The Moon-Spinners," Hayley Mills, Eli Wallach.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Oct. 30: **THE YOUTH OF MAXIM** and "The Lady with the Dog" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "Pudovkin," a documentary on the Russian film director; and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (in Russian), revival.
Nov. 2-3: **WE ARE FROM KRONSTADT** and "The Safety Match" (both in Russian and both revivals).
From Nov. 4: "Chapayev" and "The House I Live In" (both in Russian and both revivals).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Nov. 2: **LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN** (in Italian).
From Nov. 3: "Where Love Has Gone," Susan Hayward, Bette Davis.

Cinema Rendezvous (formerly 57th St. Normandie), 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Anatomy of a Marriage: My Days with Jean-Marc" (in French), Marie-Jose Nat, Jacques Charrier.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Anatomy of a Marriage: My Nights with Françoise" (in French), Marie-Jose Nat, Jacques Charrier.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Nov. 2: **ROMEO AND JULIET**, revival.
From Nov. 3: To be announced.

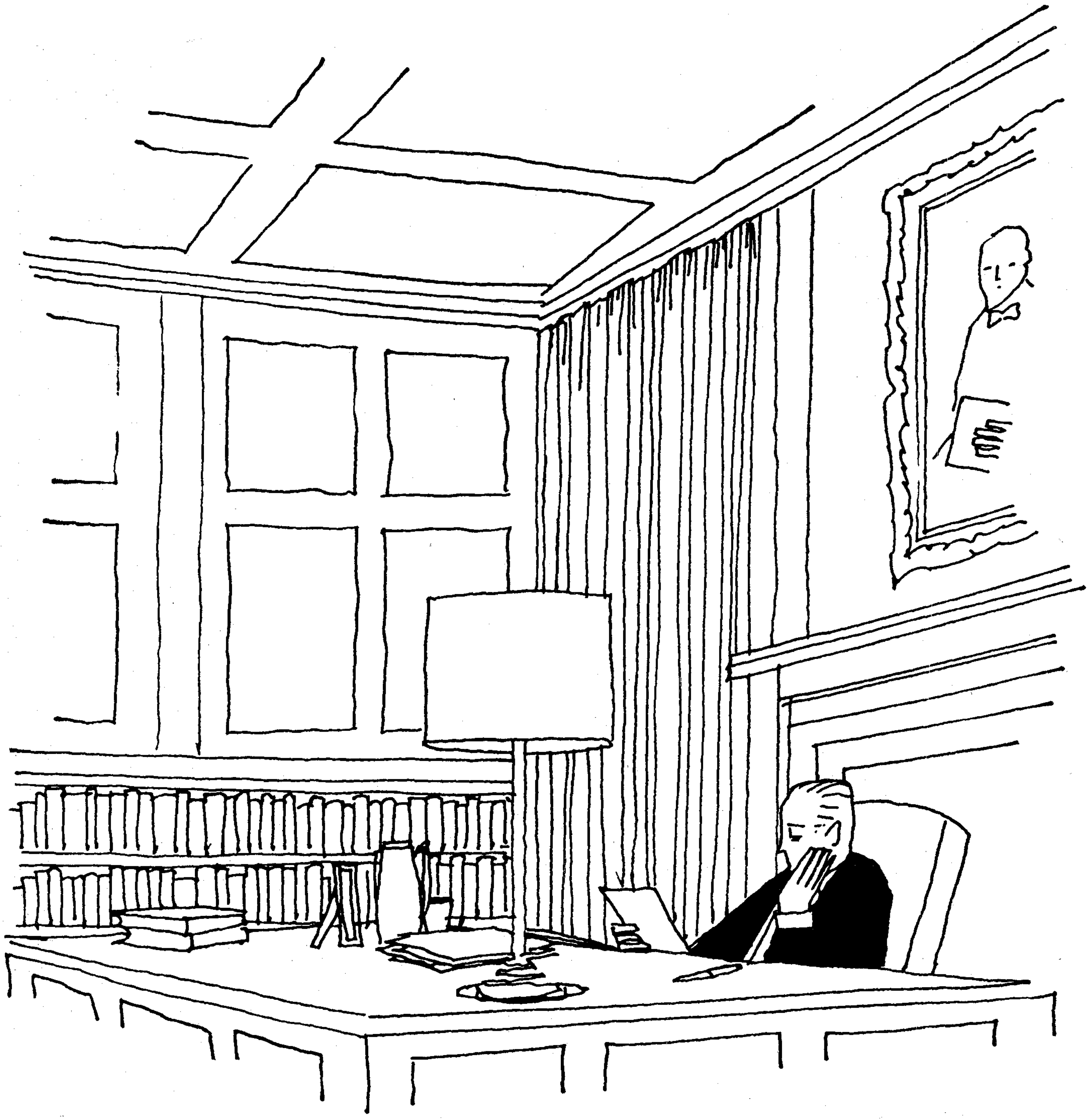
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE SOFT SKIN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Oct. 29: **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French), revival; and "Landru" (in French), revival, Michèle Morgan.
Oct. 30: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.
Oct. 31: "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain; and "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
Nov. 1-2 (last showing on Nov. 2 at 3:10): **THE 400 BLOWS** and **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (both in French and both revivals).
Nov. 2, at 7:15 and 9:30: "Merry-Go-Round" (silent), Erich von Stroheim.
Nov. 3: "Chronicles of a Summer" (in French); and "Thérèse" (in French), revival, Emmanuele Riva.
Nov. 4: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival; and "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." (in French), revival, Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 3: **TOM JONES**, revival; and **8½** (in Italian), revival.
From Nov. 4: "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 29: **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish), revival; and **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival.
Oct. 30-Nov. 2: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From Nov. 3: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt.

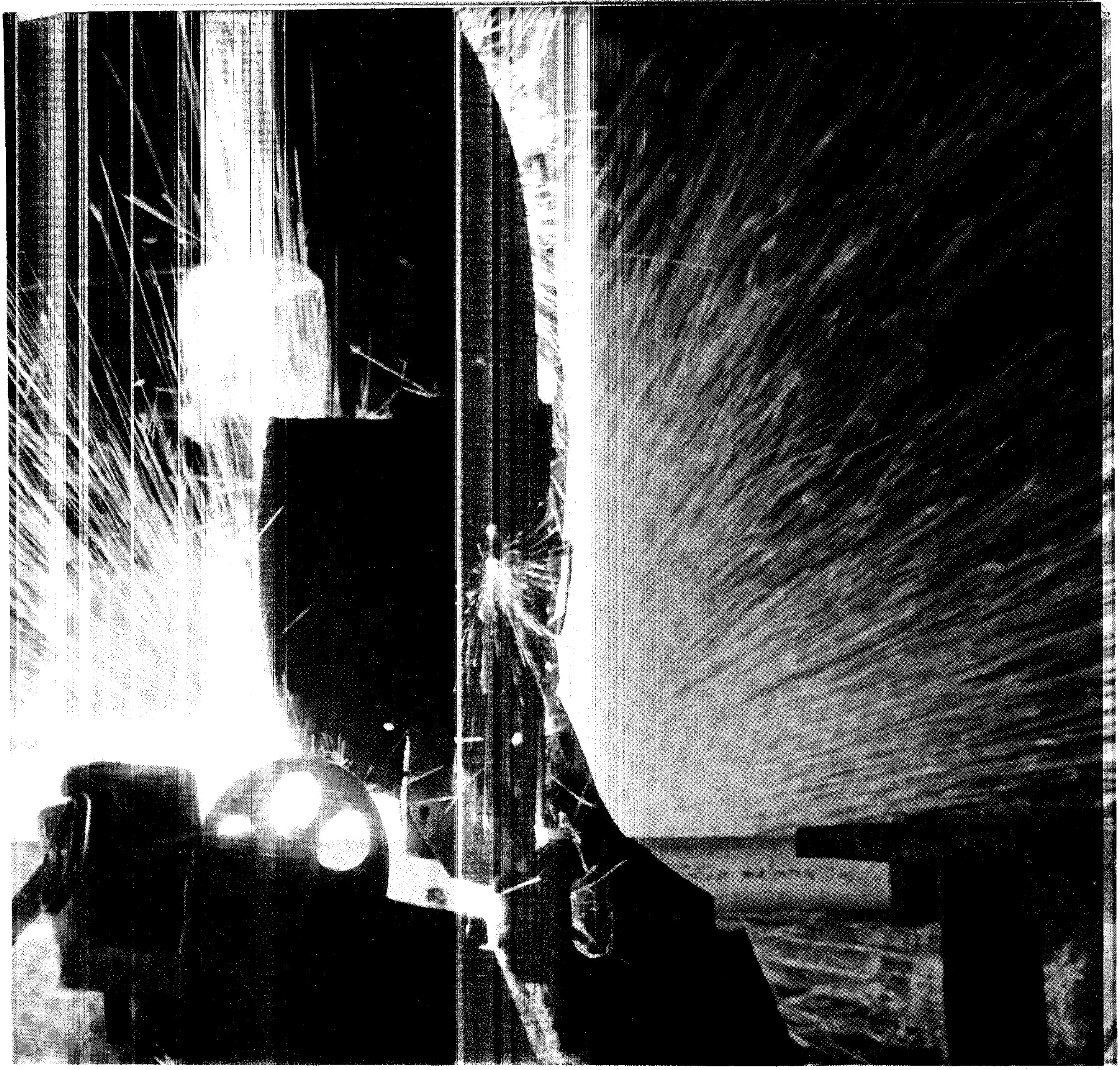
Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates; and "Love on the Riviera," Marcello Mastroianni, Alberto Sordi.



What do you give a college dean
that will make him feel as important
as the football coach?
Try Parker's important new fountain pen,
the Parker 75. It will be available soon at $25. PLUS TAX

To be one of the first to examine this new pen, write The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, for name of dealer nearest you.

©1964 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.



Steel rail being cut at Dosco in Sydney, N.S.

The train to Mexico City leaves from Nova Scotia

Sydney, Nova Scotia, is approximately 3500 miles from the Rio Grande. Yet each year DOSCO (Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation Limited) produces over 300,000 tons of steel rail for the Mexican railway system. Why does a Mexican railway buy steel from a Nova Scotian mill? The answer is simple: price.

Nova Scotia is ideally situated near the iron ore fields of Labrador and the limestone quarries of Newfoundland. It has its own abundant supply of coal and cheap hydro-electric power. Thus steel can be produced at a cost competitive with world prices. Excellent year-round shipping facilities provide further competitive factors.

These competitive factors are apparent in most products manufactured in Nova Scotia.

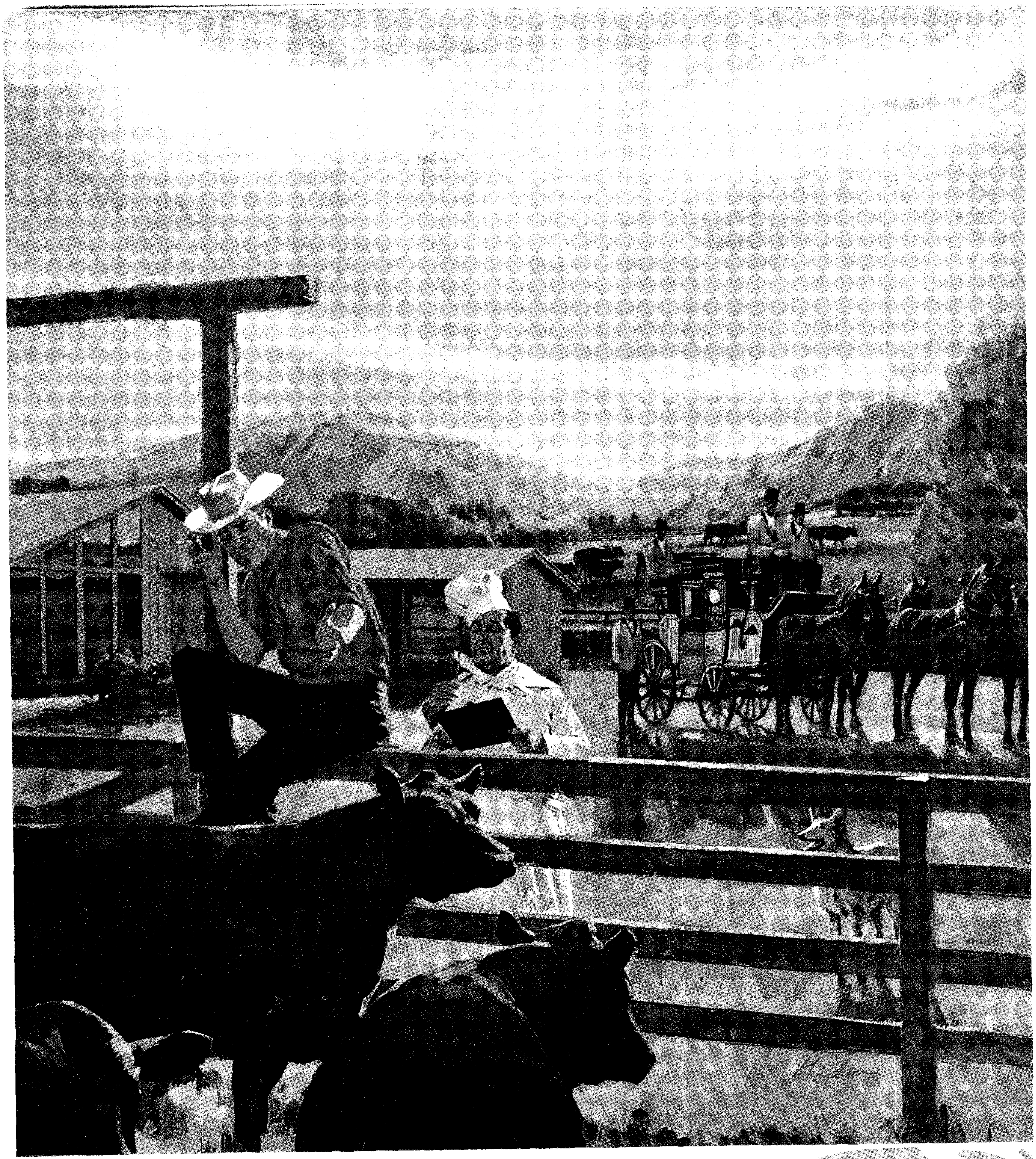
It will pay you to investigate the benefits of locating in Nova Scotia. Production costs are lower; a skilled, co-operative labour force is available; assistance with plant construction and expansion can be obtained through Industrial Estates Ltd. (a Crown Corporation of the Province of Nova Scotia).

For further information, write the Department of Trade & Industry, Halifax, or any of the Information Offices listed below.

THE CANADIAN PROVINCE OF

NOVA SCOTIA

30 W. 54th St., New York 19, N.Y.; 607 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.; 43 Eglinton Ave. E., Toronto 12, Ont.; Central Station, Montreal, Que.



The Red Coach Chef replenishes his private stock

Indefatigable describes the Red Coach Chef when he gets on the trail of a prime side of beef. But the man becomes a master with a charcoal fire, a generous steak, and a word from you on how you like it. Come see for yourself why particular people come back to the Red Coach…often.

Massachusetts: Boston, Saugus, Hingham, Framingham, Wayland, Middleboro, Hyannis
New York: New York City, Yonkers, Westbury, L. I. • **Connecticut:** Darien, Wethersfield
Florida: Miami, Fort Lauderdale

Red Coach Grill

RED COACH GRILLS
a division of Howard Johnson Company

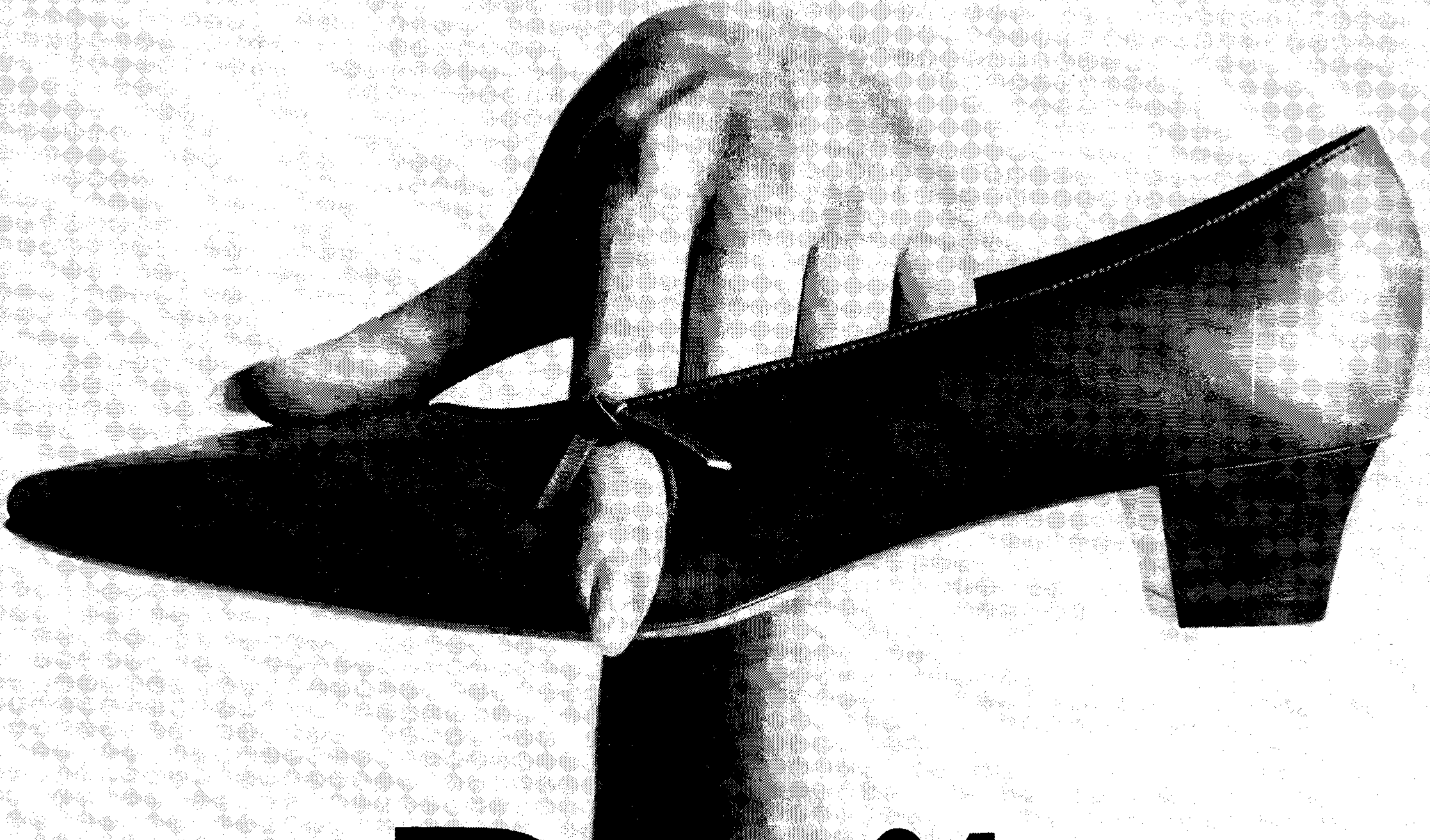
Now for only $5.60* you can enjoy the same great Scotch that sold a million bottles in Scotland last year.

Scotsmen can pick from many top-quality Scotch whiskies. For over a century, **Crawford's** has been their particular favorite. Now you can buy this superb Scotch in the U.S. at a modest price. Just $5.60 is all you pay to discover what the Scots call "one of the good things of life."

ESTD 1860
Crawford's
Special Reserve
Blended
Scotch Whisky
100% Scotch whiskies blended and shipped by
A & A Crawford Ltd
Leith Scotland
Product of Scotland

*New York price 4/5 Qt. Somewhat higher or lower in other states.

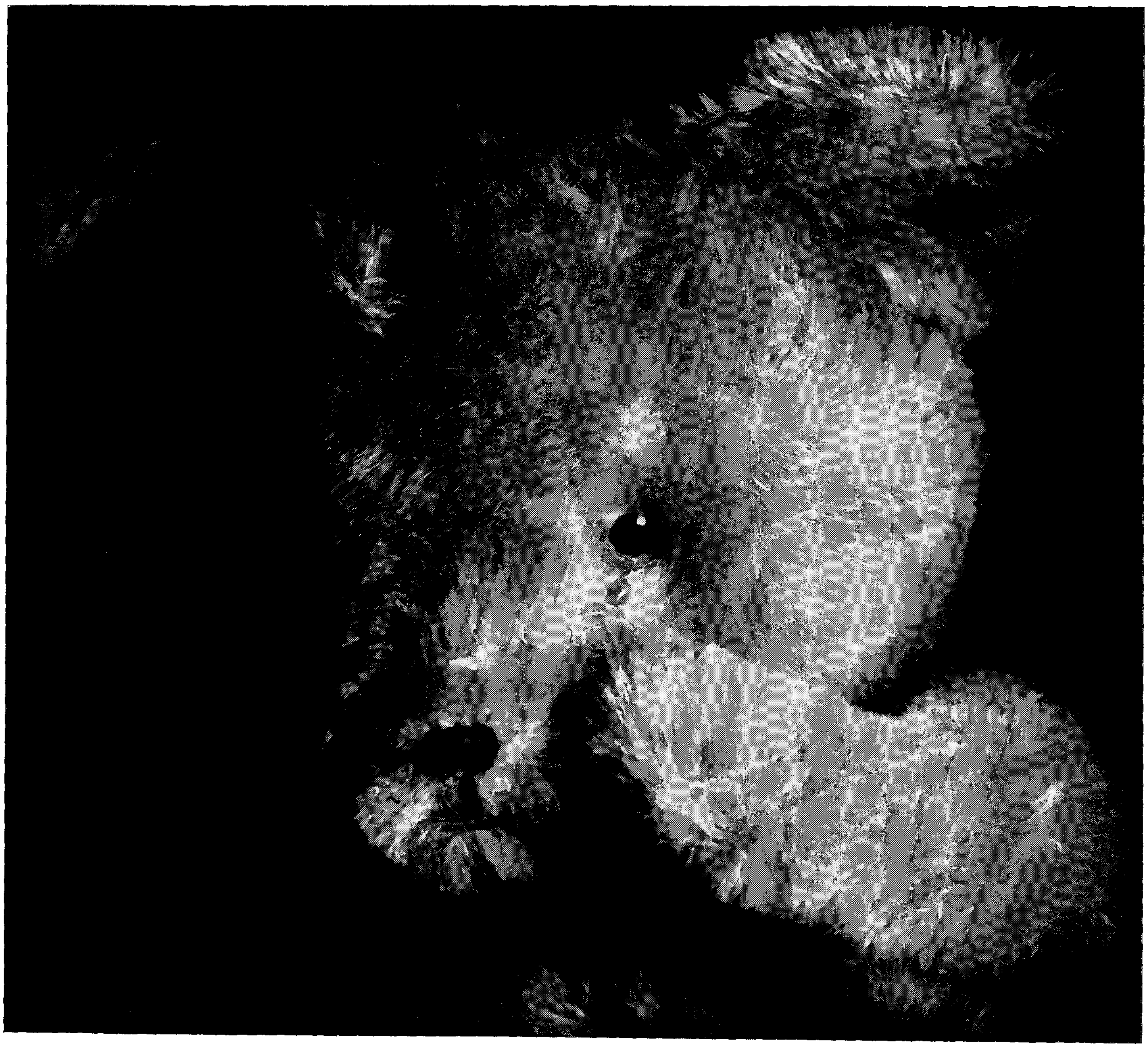
CRAWFORD'S BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 80.6 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, N.Y.



Don't forget to vote!

And this is a Gamin for the stroll to the polls. It takes its stand on a low stacked heel that's extremely comfortable for the left, the right and the middle of the road. In black or mocha, this Gamin wins in a walk for about $20. at Andrew Geller stores.

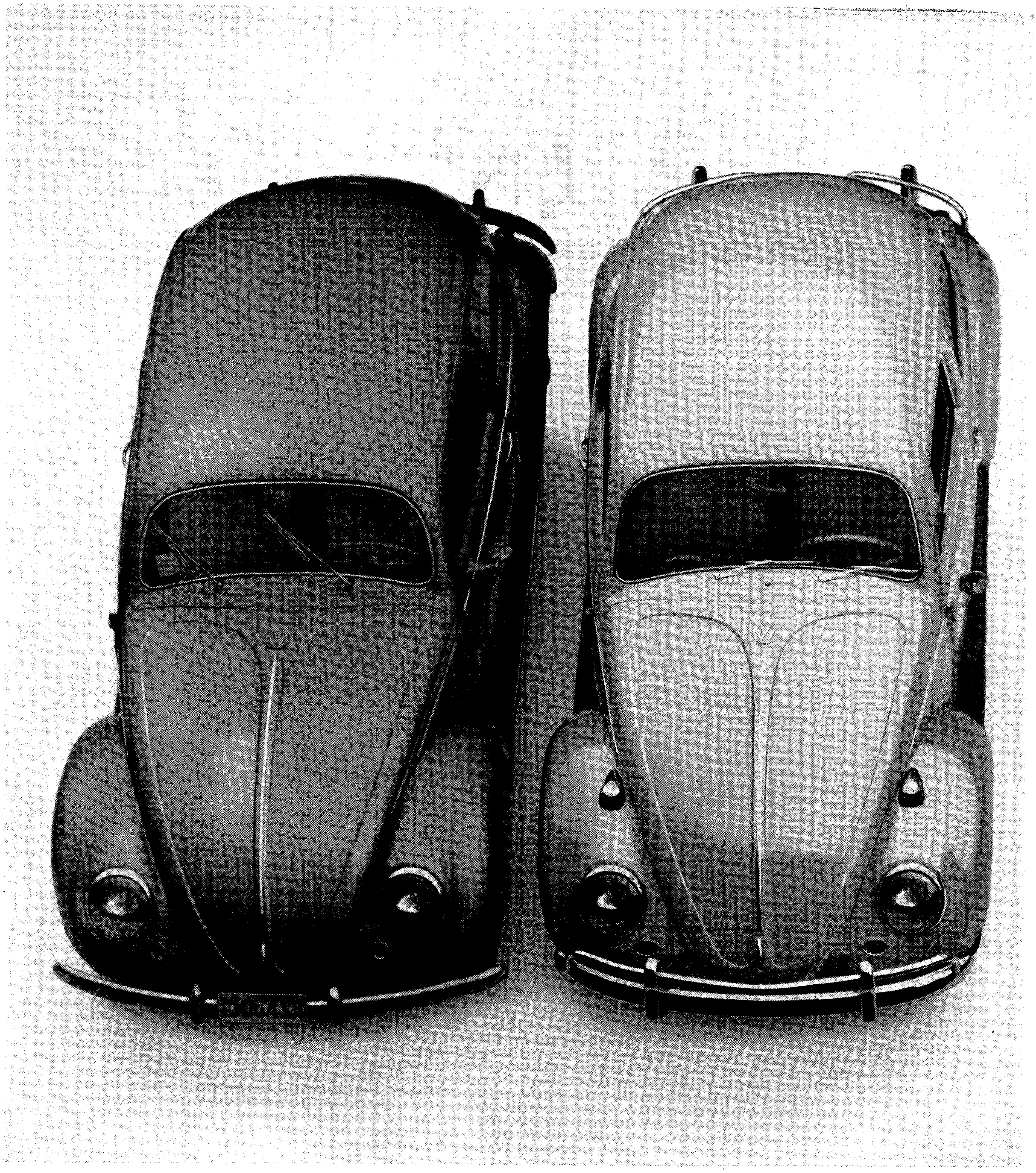
Gamins



every toy should have a child

We're looking for good homes for lonesome teddy bears. As little as six ninety-five will take care of one for life. And these orphan animals are made of real fur which makes them the nicest things to hug. We seem to have more of them — kittens, dogs, lions — than anyone else. So please, the next time you're in Chicago, come to our Toy Center, Fourth Floor. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company



All that the 1948 and 1965 Volkswagens have in common

If you think that those 2 Volkswagens are the same, you're making about 5,000 mistakes.

Because that's roughly the number of parts we've changed between 1948 and 1965.

Except for the 4 parts in the picture, the 2 cars are completely different.

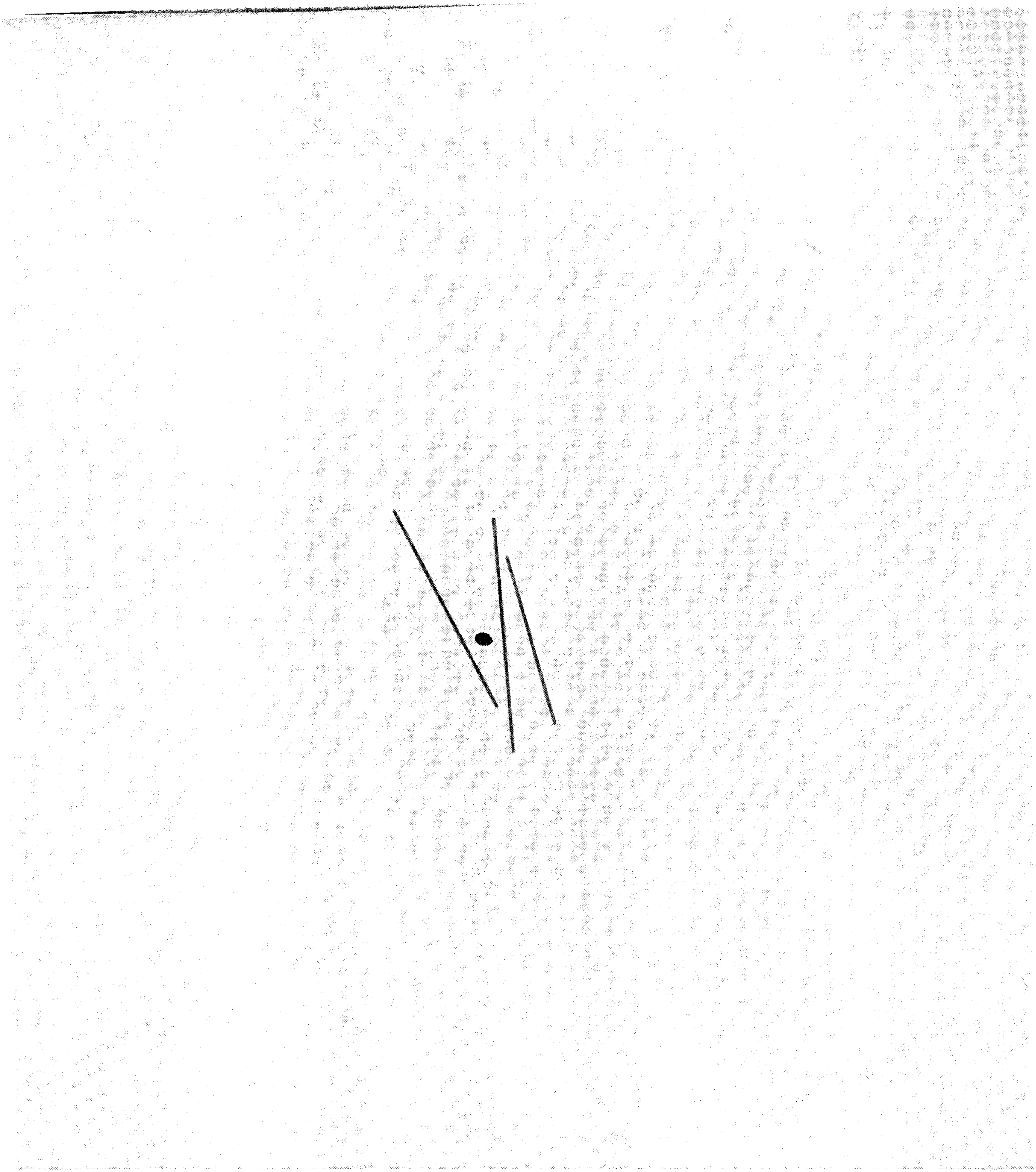
You can't see most of the other changes because we don't work on the looks. We work on the works.

For example, the VW's air-cooled rear engine had its horsepower upped in 1954 and again in 1961.

In 1959, we put 33 teeth on the second gear instead of 32; it made it a touch smoother.

We've changed the oil dipstick 5 times.

We keep making changes in the VW all the time. And



© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

are these 4 little parts.

we always try to make new parts fit older models, too.

There are 22 changes for 1965 alone.

This year, every window is bigger. There's more legroom in back. The windshield wipers do a better job. And the brake pedal takes less pressure.

But it still looks very much like the '48 version.

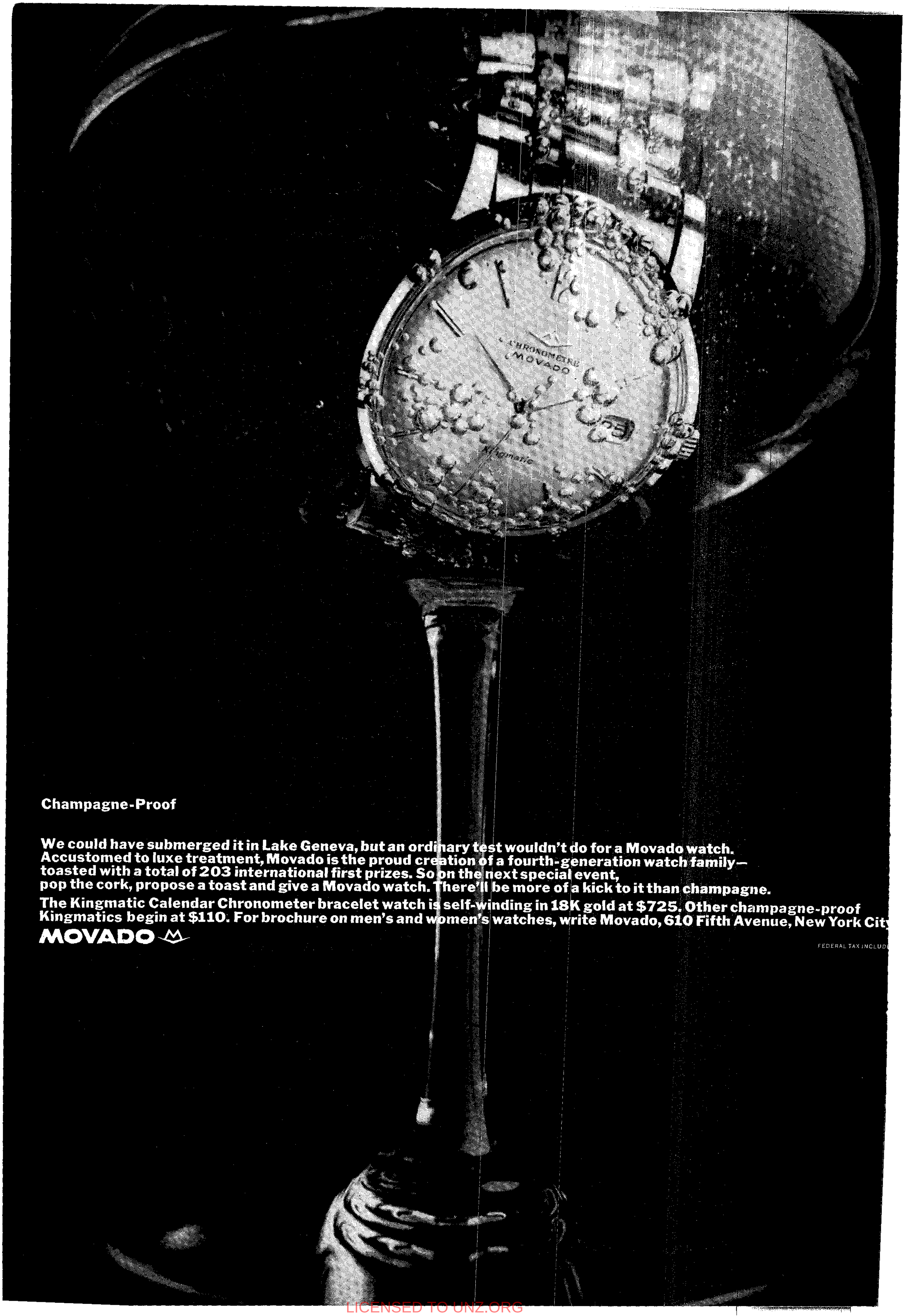
If you owned that '48 VW, you could still get parts for it at any Volkswagen dealer.

You'd still be driving a car, not an antique.

And it could still bring $250 or $300 cold cash.

We don't know how long it takes for a VW to get ready for the junk heap.

But it may be the only car in the world that will get there under its own steam.



Champagne-Proof

We could have submerged it in Lake Geneva, but an ordinary test wouldn't do for a Movado watch. Accustomed to luxe treatment, Movado is the proud creation of a fourth-generation watch family—toasted with a total of 203 international first prizes. So on the next special event, pop the cork, propose a toast and give a Movado watch. There'll be more of a kick to it than champagne.

The Kingmatic Calendar Chronometer bracelet watch is self-winding in 18K gold at $725. Other champagne-proof Kingmatics begin at $110. For brochure on men's and women's watches, write Movado, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York Cit

MOVADO

FEDERAL TAX INCLUD

Its components say this is the finest stereo you can own. So does its cabinet.

Sylvania's Maestro Stereo has attained state-of-the-art perfection in a stereophonic high fidelity console.

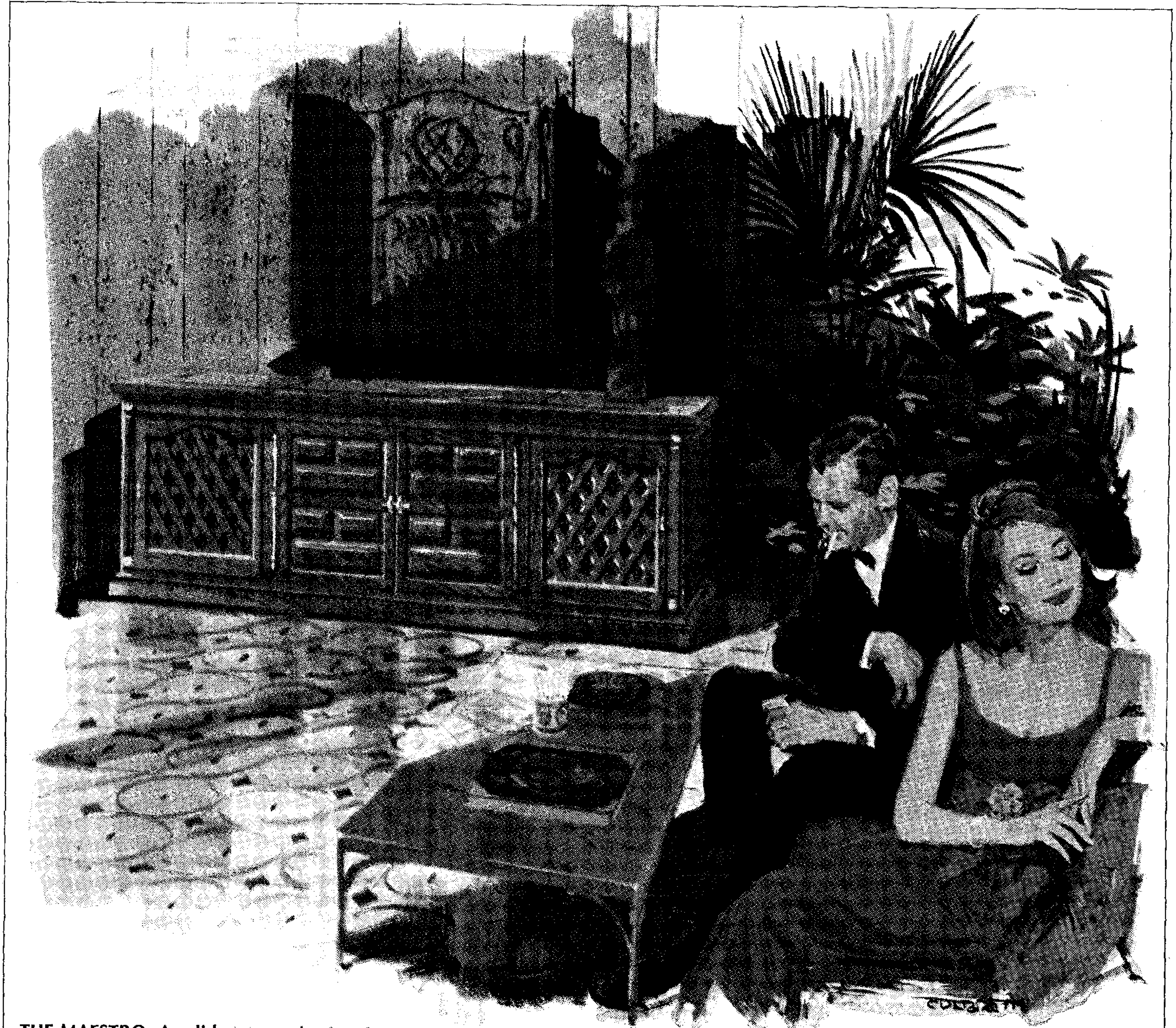
Its solid-state amplifier and tuner are part of a chain of balanced components—engineered, without compromise, to a single consideration: the highest quality obtainable in console stereo.

Its music is as close to "live" as stereo systems costing hundreds of dollars more—with or without cabinets.

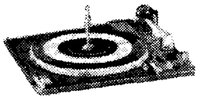
Trebles are clean. Bass has depth, no distortion. Mid-ranges are pure, crisp. You can pick out the sections of an orchestra, and separate the instruments.

The Maestro's professional components are enclosed in hand-finished all-wood cabinetry. Shown: Spanish Provincial in genuine Oak. Speaker grilles glide to the center, decorative drapery may be changed to match any room. You'll find many other authentic furniture designs on display at your Sylvania Dealer's.

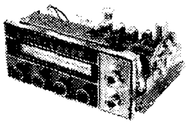
Look for your Sylvania Dealer in the Yellow Pages. For a copy of the new booklet, "An Introduction To Sylvania Stereo," send 25c in coin to Sylvania, Dept. NY, P.O. Box #7, Station C, Buffalo, N. Y.



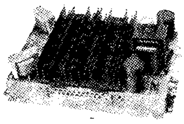
THE MAESTRO: A solid-state professional component system in a console.



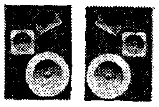
Dual 1009 Auto/Professional Changer
The world's finest turntable-changer. Used by audiophiles who would never before own automatic equipment. Tone arm tracks at less than .5 gram. Maintains speed accuracy within .1%. Pickering V-15 cartridge.



AM/FM, Stereo FM Solid-State Tuner
Meets stringent FM Stereo demands. Separate FM/AM tuning, heavy individual flywheels for speed, accuracy. 4 IF stage FM. 10-button control panel. Sound level control. FM sensitivity 2.5mv. Quieting 1.5mv.



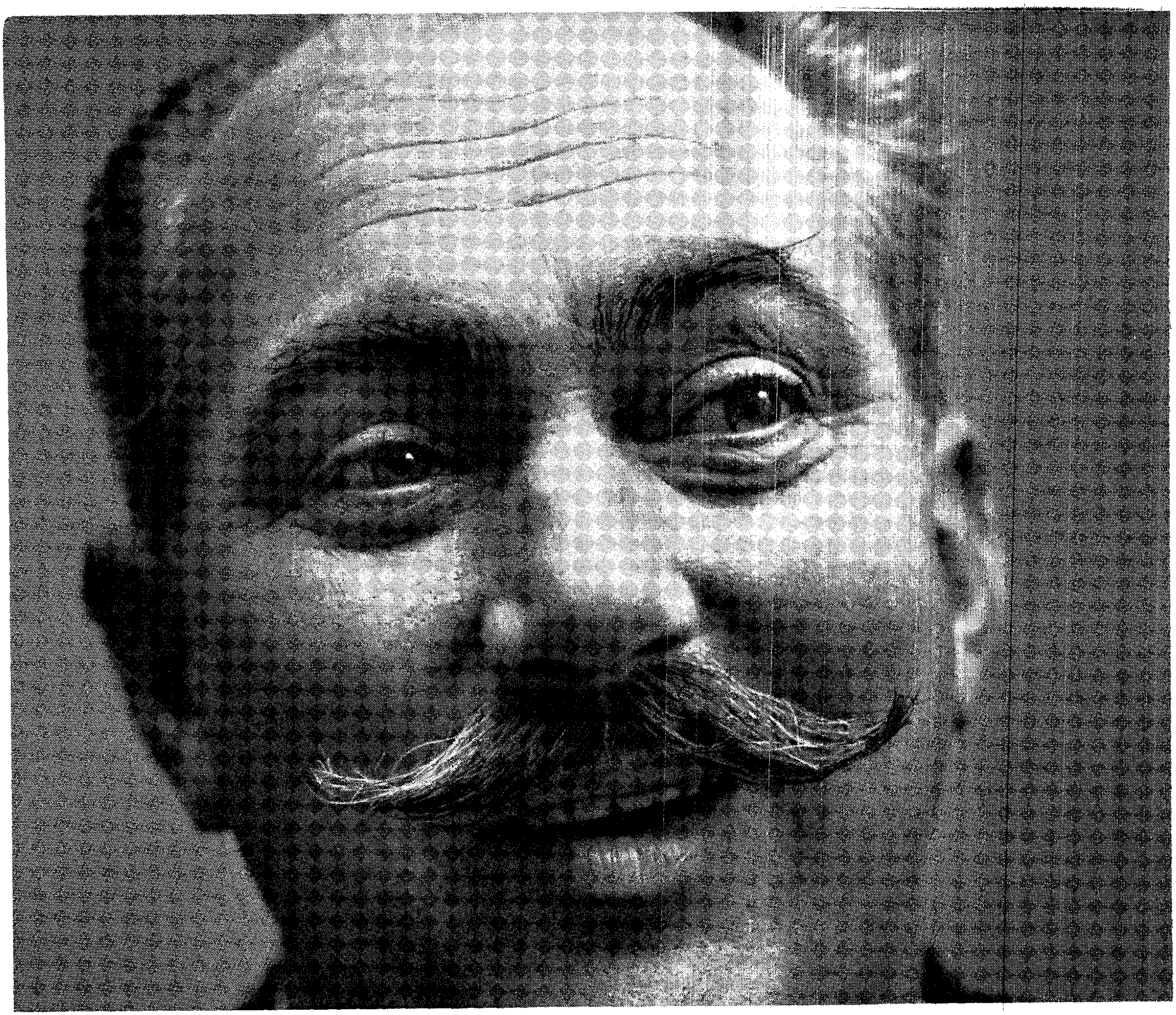
200-Watt EIA Solid-State Amplifier
Solid-state circuitry for long-term reliability. 320 peak watts. A perfect match to Sylvania's balanced system. Freq. Resp.: 5 to 70,000 cps., ±3db. Less than 0.35% harmonic distortion for 50 watts each channel.



New Air-Suspension Speaker System
This is the air-sealed infinite baffle system that gets highest performance in limited space. Now console sound can match the component systems. 6 matched speakers include 2 Jensen high-frequency horns.

SYLVANIA
SUBSIDIARY OF
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GT&E

a flair for elegance



Robert Dove began his career as a waiter
at London's famous Savoy.
He first served Royalty at the age of 17.
Since then he's waited on Counts, Earls, Dukes,
Duchesses and even a Sheik complete with harem.
Now at 43, he's a Senior Steward in First Class for BOAC.
If you want to find out what the words "first class"
really mean, let Robert show you. He's English.
And after all, they invented the phrase.

All airlines are alike.
Only people make them different.

One more thing: BOAC has lowered first-class fares by 20% from New York to London, Manchester and Glasgow, so you can now enjoy our superb first-class service for less than ever before. Similar low fares on our Rolls-Royce 707 fan jet flights direct from Boston, Washington D.C., Miami, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco and Honolulu. See your Travel Agent or call British Overseas Airways Corporation. Services operated for BOAC-Cunard by BOAC.

All over the world BOAC
takes good care of you

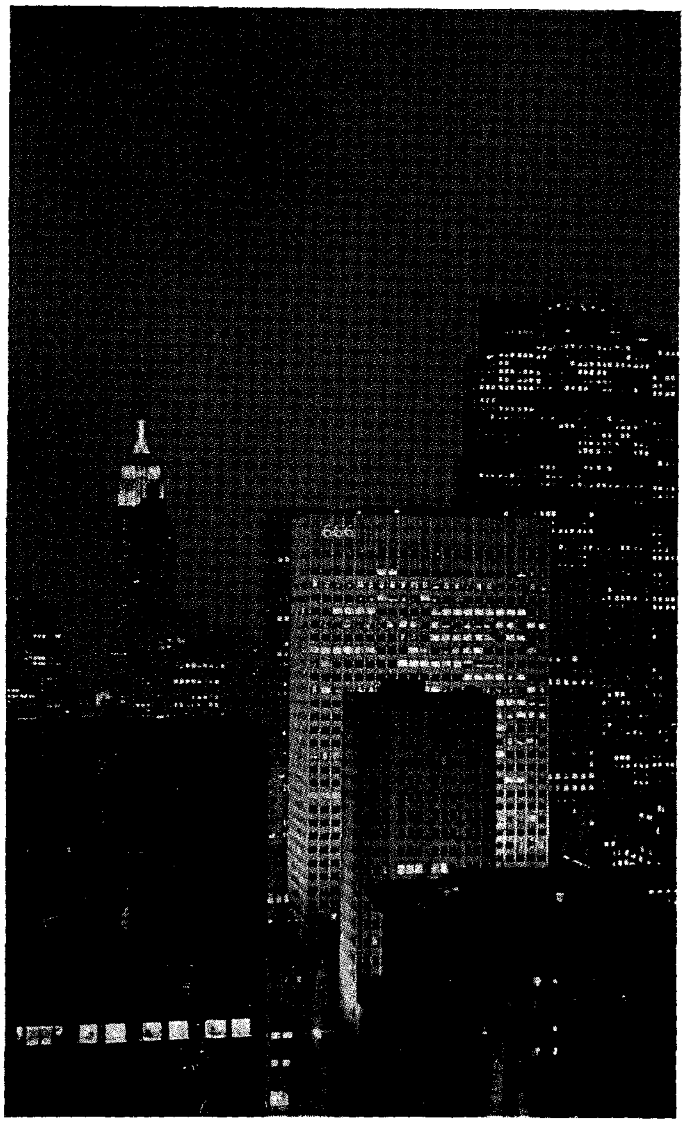
B·O·A·C
AND
B·O·A·C-CUNARD

QUALITY IMPORTERS, NEW YORK.

Alex told
Geoff who
told his wife
who told
her editor
who told Harry
who told
his golf partner
who told
Ellen who
told Jonathan
who told
his secretary
who told the art
director who
told Kathy
who told
her roommate
who told

Ambassador
SCOTCH WHISKY
WORLD'S
LIGHTEST SCOTCH
TRADE MARK
Ambassador
Deluxe Scotch
Blended Scotch Whiskies
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF

The
World's
Lightest
Scotch is
on the move!



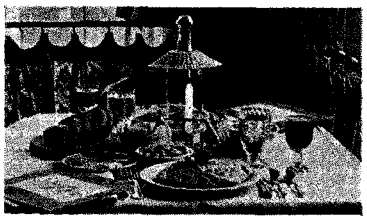
Restaurant in the Sky, New York.

You dine while the night presses in around you and Manhattan flickers and honks 39 stories below.

Off to the northwest, if you look carefully on a clear autumn night, you can see the stately George Washington Bridge as it strides the wide Hudson about eight miles up river. And sometimes you can even glimpse the Ramapo Mountains another thirty miles beyond.

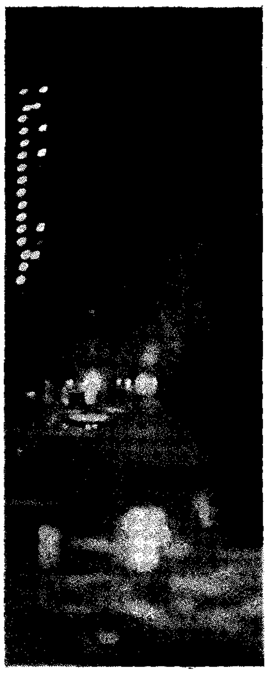
Or look to the east, and watch the glow from those 646 acres that make up the World's Fair. See both of New York's airports, all of the fashionable East Side, and the shape of Wall Street at the Island's tip.

Inside, at your own table at the Top of the Six's, you relax and enjoy the special care that marks any Stouffer's restaurant: good food, superb cocktails, friendly service. But here, at the top of the world's most celebrated skyline, it somehow seems even more wonderful.



Other Stouffer's restaurants in the sky are located in seven great American cities.

In Milwaukee, Top of the Marine
In Cleveland, Top of the Town
In Chicago, Top of the Rock
In Detroit, Top of the Flame
In Atlanta, Top of the Mart
In Denver, Top of the Rockies
In Boston, opening Spring, 1965



Stouffer's *Top of the Six's*

666 Fifth Avenue, New York • PL 7-6662

This car is 44 mph slower than the rest of the cars in its class. It's also $6000 cheaper.

The Volvo 1800 S costs $3995.* Who puts it in a class with cars costing $6000 more? Road & Track magazine for one: "The 1800 S is a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or Aston Martin will be able to pay."

That's all true. But don't get the idea that any corners were cut to keep this car $6000 cheaper than its look-alikes. The 1800 S is built like a Volvo. If you don't know how Volvos are built, this quotation from Sports Car Graphic about the Volvo engine will give you an idea:

"Project Volvo came off the dynamometer at the Autolite Test Facility after one of the most severe tests we have ever put a Project engine through. Perhaps the foremost bit of education we acquired was learning that the Volvo B-18 engine is one of the most, if not THE most, reliable, rugged and unbreakable car engines being built today."

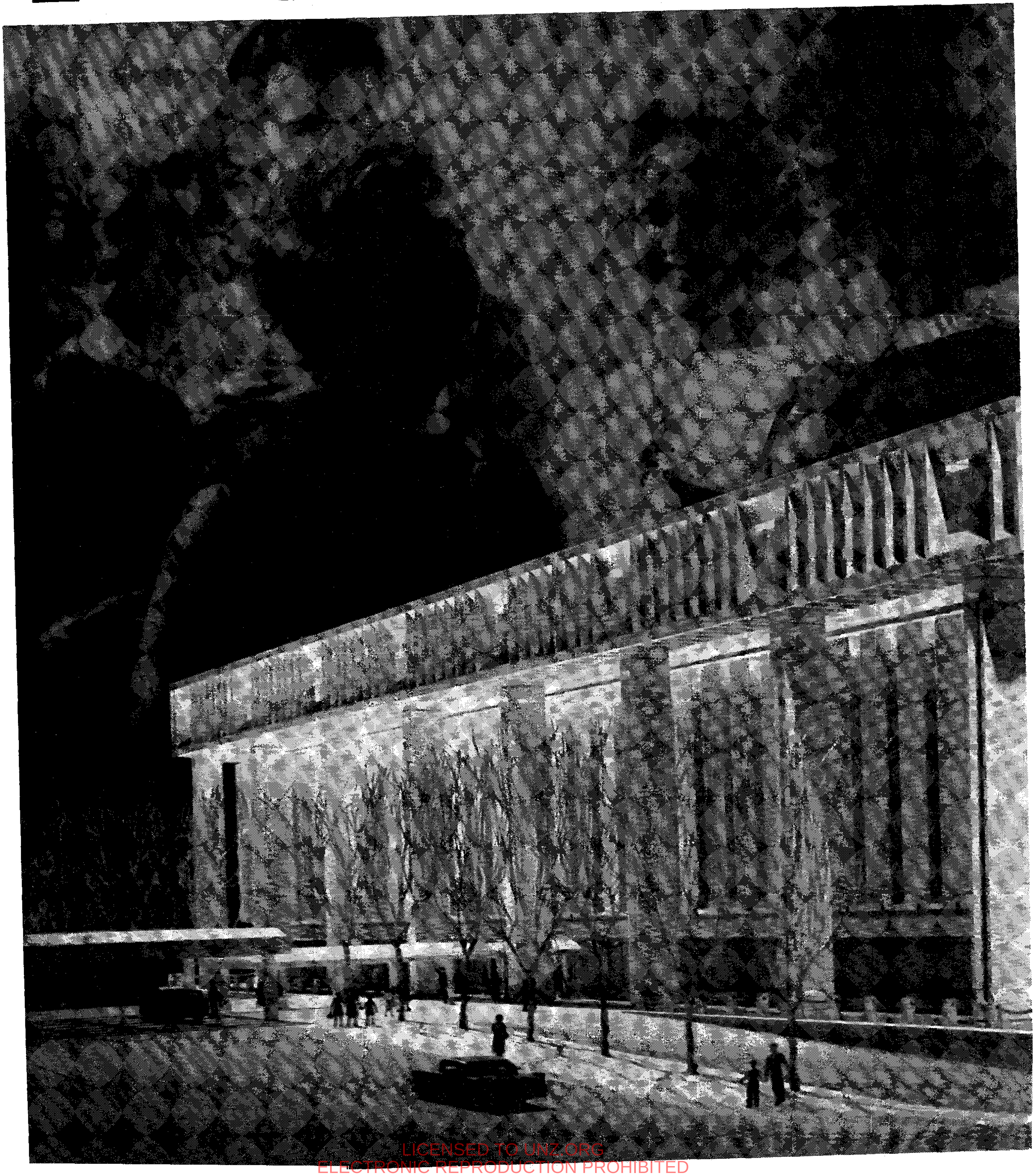
But, as we said, there is one thing the Volvo 1800 S won't do. It won't go 150 mph like those $10,000 cars. However, it will do an honest 106 mph, and at 70 mph it uses less gas than the leading economy car does at the same speed.†

Of course, if you've got your heart set on doing 150 mph, go man. It just seems like $6000 is a lot of money for an extra 44 mph.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price East and Gulf Coast POE. West Coast POE slightly higher. Overseas delivery available. See the Yellow Pages for the Volvo dealer nearest you. †With overdrive.

VOLVO 1800S

Atlanta



. . . where on a typical day you'll find at least a dozen cultural events in session. Art exhibits. Concerts. Dance performances. Plays. Lectures. And, during the season, opera.

Atlanta's awareness of the arts is exemplified in its desire to strengthen them with a new $8,000,000 Atlanta Memorial Cultural Center. The Center will be built by the people of Atlanta as a home for the arts; for those who study, for those who look, listen and appreciate. Beautiful and versatile, this Center will be to the entire South what Lincoln Center is to New York.

Its School of the Arts, an expansion of the existing Atlanta Art School, will be the heart of the Center with classrooms, studios and library for students of both fine arts and performing arts.

The present art museum will be enlarged. The concert hall will become a permanent home for the Atlanta Symphony and a developing resident ballet company.

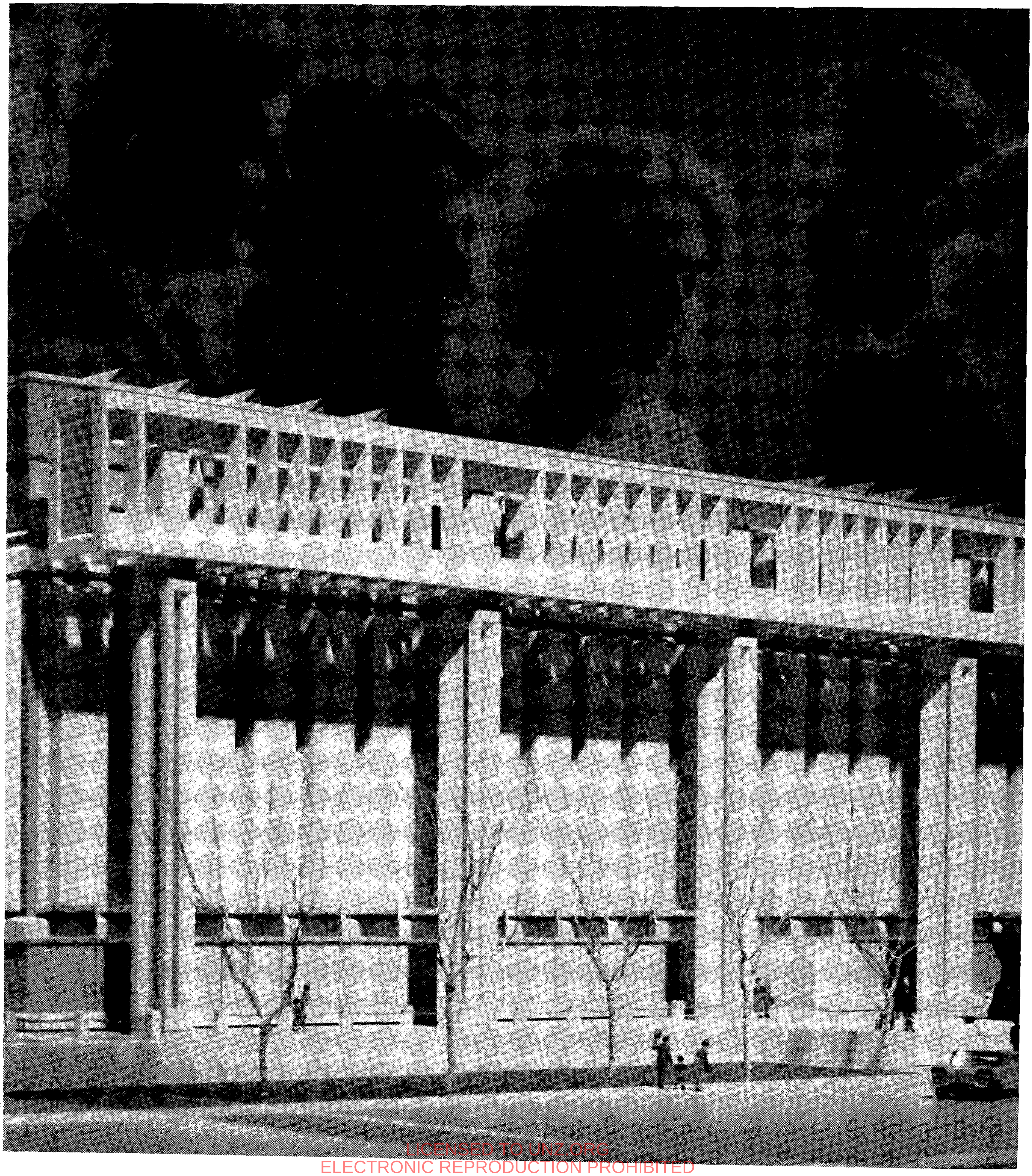
An 800-seat theatre will house Atlanta's repertory company and touring productions.

The Center's architecture, gardens and restaurant will make it a showplace as well as a showing place.

The Atlanta Memorial Cultural Center is a dynamic project of the people of Atlanta . . . people who support their community's cultural progress . . . people like you, people you'd like.

If you wish to learn more about the arts in Atlanta, write to: The Atlanta Arts Alliance, 1280 Peachtree Street, N.W., Atlanta, Georgia 30309.

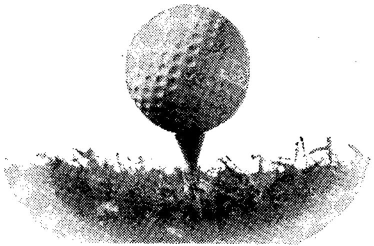
ATLANTA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



(Advertisement)

FAIRWAYS, FLOWERS & FORTRESSES IN PUERTO RICO

Dorado/Mayaguez/San Juan



by Peter Griffith

Most people think of a Puerto Rican vacation in terms of beaches and basking. And it's true that you'll find the world's best right here. But there's a lot more. And three splendid Hilton Hotels here are ideally equipped to show you all this golden island has to offer...with all the comforts of Hilton. Air conditioning ...exciting decor...superb cuisine... friendly Hilton service.

SAN JUAN
DORADO HILTON HOTEL
CARIBE HILTON HOTEL
FAJARDO
PUERTO RICO
CAGUAS
MAYAGUEZ HILTON HOTEL
HUMACAO
COAMO
LA PARGUERA
PONCE
GUAYAMA

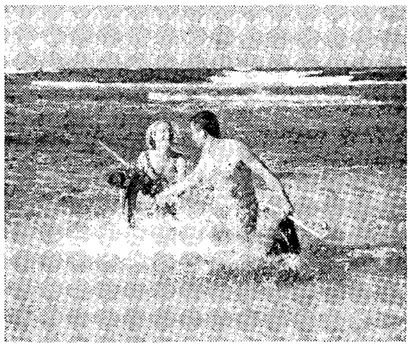
Blue seas and emerald greens at Dorado

On the 18-hole golf course of the secluded Dorado Hilton Hotel and Country Club you'll have a wonderful golfing vacation, as long as you keep your head down. If you lift it, you may notice a lot of palm trees, white sand and blue water. Distracting. And there's more: Four superb tennis courts. An olympic-size swimming pool. 1200 feet of palm-fringed beach front. Fishing, sailing, water-skiing and skin diving nearby.

For fun, try La Fuente Cocktail lounge and for delicious Caribbean and international cuisine, Las Palmas Room. Rates from $20 a day, single, $29 double...including breakfast and dinner.

A riot of color in Mayaguez

On the West Coast you'll discover the Island's newest tourist area...and the new Mayaguez Hilton...with its leisurely atmosphere, excellent cuisine, huge swimming pool, tennis courts...and deep-sea fishing that's some of the best in the world.

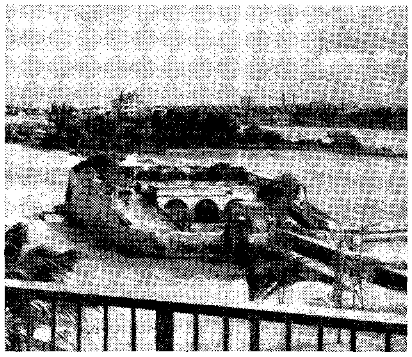


There's a lot to look at in this 16th century city...and it all seems to be in technicolor. It's famous for beautiful needlework, its wonderful collection of tropical flowers and for an exciting new trade center. And not to be missed is the amazing phosphorescent bay at La Parguera... just a short drive away. Rates at the Mayaguez Hilton start as low as $10 a day, single, $14 double.

Blue cobbles and bright lights in San Juan

The Caribe Hilton has its own Spanish fortress right next door. And a short cab ride brings you to the four-hundred-year-old Spanish city of Old San Juan, where the streets are paved with the blue ballast stone of the Spanish Galleons.

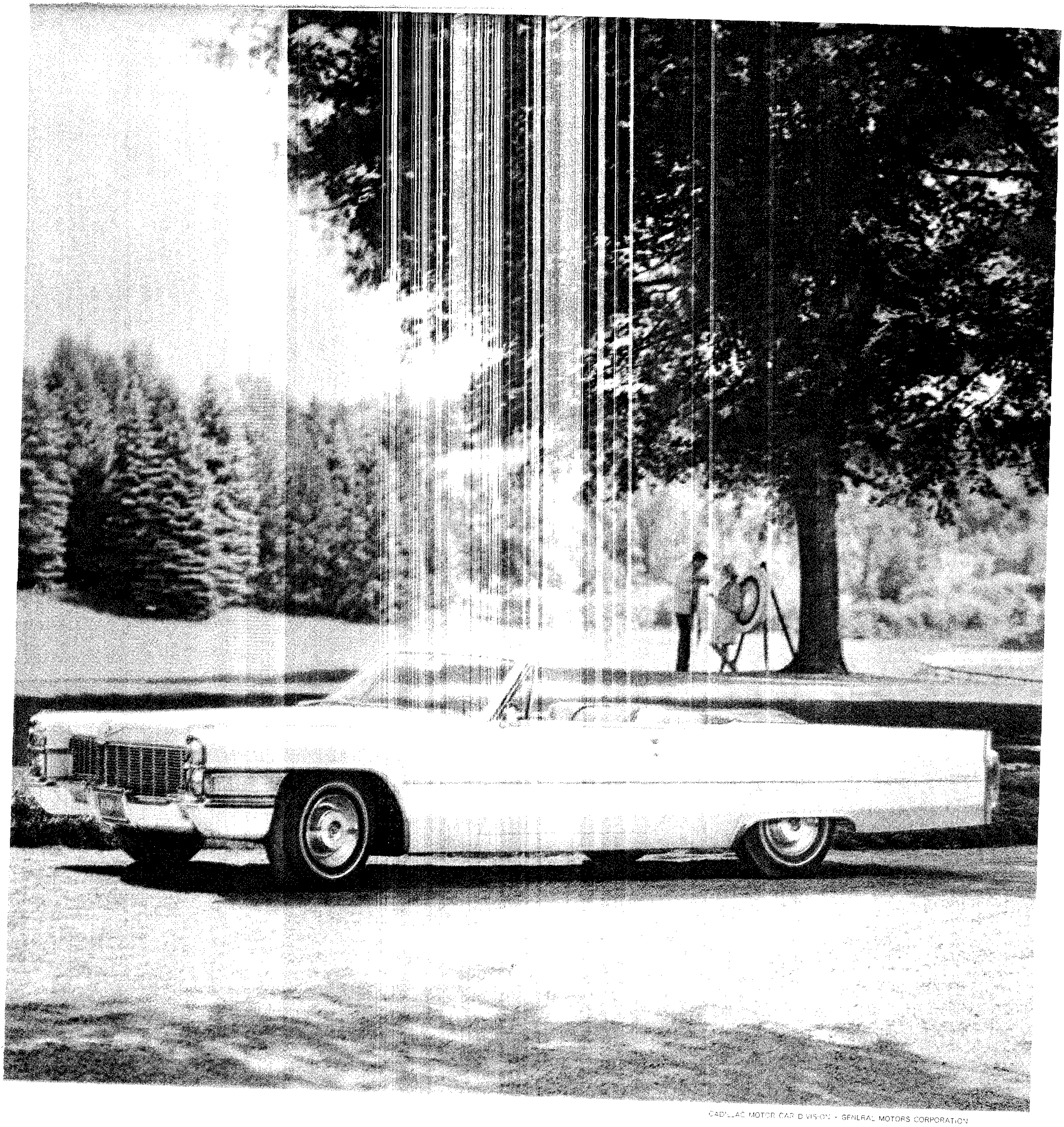
The sweeping, reef-protected beach of the Caribe Hilton is perfect for sea and sun-worshippers...and all water sports. For land worshippers there are championship tennis courts, two huge swimming pools, dining and dancing at the Club Caribe. The finest cuisine in Puerto Rico at the Rotisserie Castillo. Exotic delicacies at Trader Vic's. Rates from $17 a day single, $21 double.



Put some s's in your life, like sunshine, sand, sparkling seas and something Spanish. Write now for color brochures and full details to Peter Griffith, Hilton Hotels International, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York 22, N.Y.

For reservations, see your travel agent, or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (see phone book). In New York, call LO 3-6900. At all Hilton International Hotels, charges can be paid for on your Carte Blanche Credit Card or Hilton Credit Identification Card.

GO INTERNATIONAL...WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HILTON

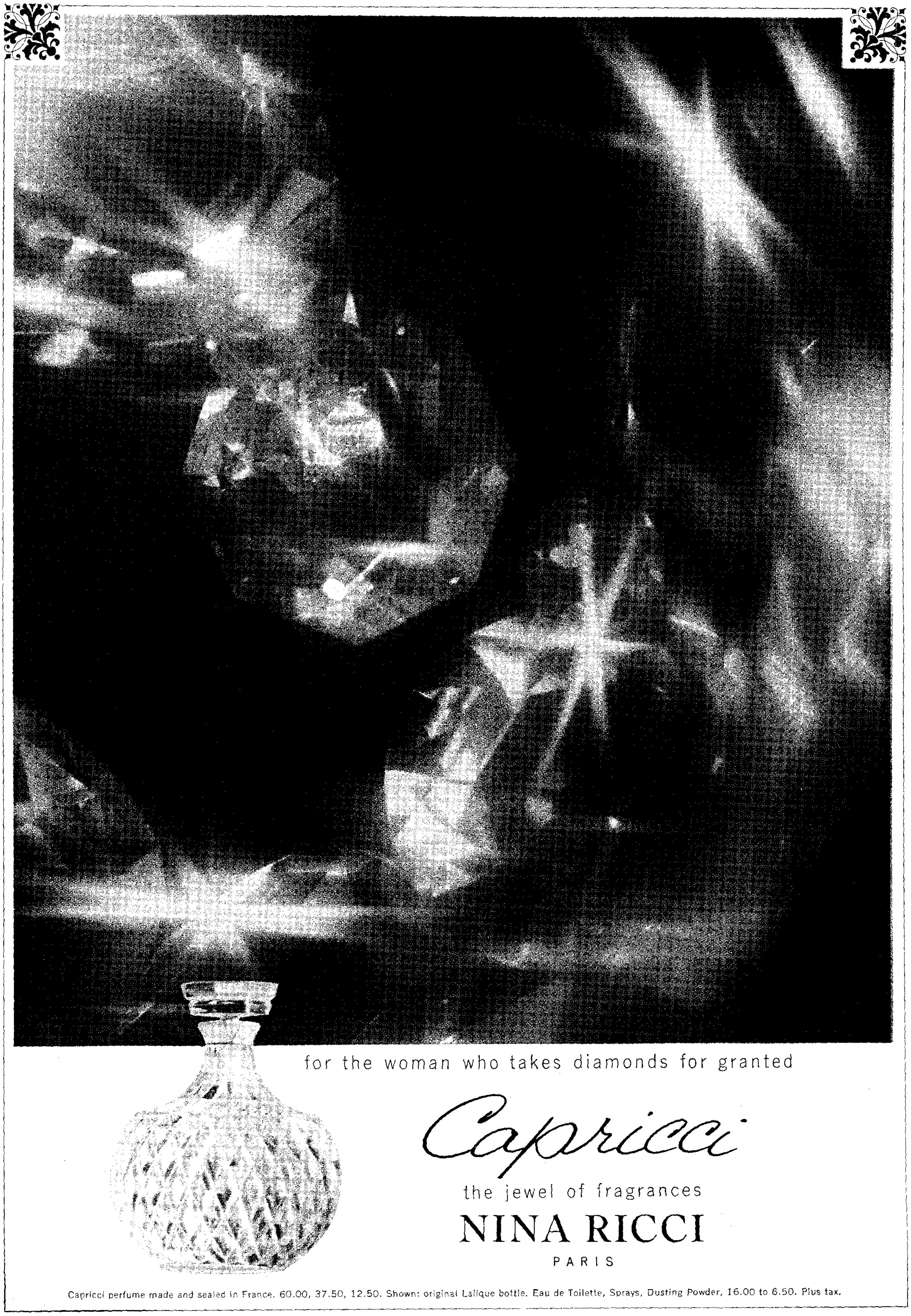


CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

THIS IS THE YEAR TO SPOIL YOURSELF...FOR LIFE!

The new 1965 Cadillac is as inspiring to drive as it is to look at. Its many new engineering advances provide a stability and handling ease never before known—and this performance is delivered with an almost unbelievable quiet. And consider Cadillac's many new comforts and conveniences. For example, you can enjoy a new tilt and telescope steering wheel that is exclusive to Cadillac—and Comfort Control that automatically maintains a pre-selected interior temperature. An impressive array of power equipment is standard on all models. Have you experienced Cadillac for 1965? Go ahead—spoil yourself and your family. You'll never be satisfied with anything less!

So new! So right! So obviously Cadillac



for the woman who takes diamonds for granted

Capricci

the jewel of fragrances

NINA RICCI

PARIS

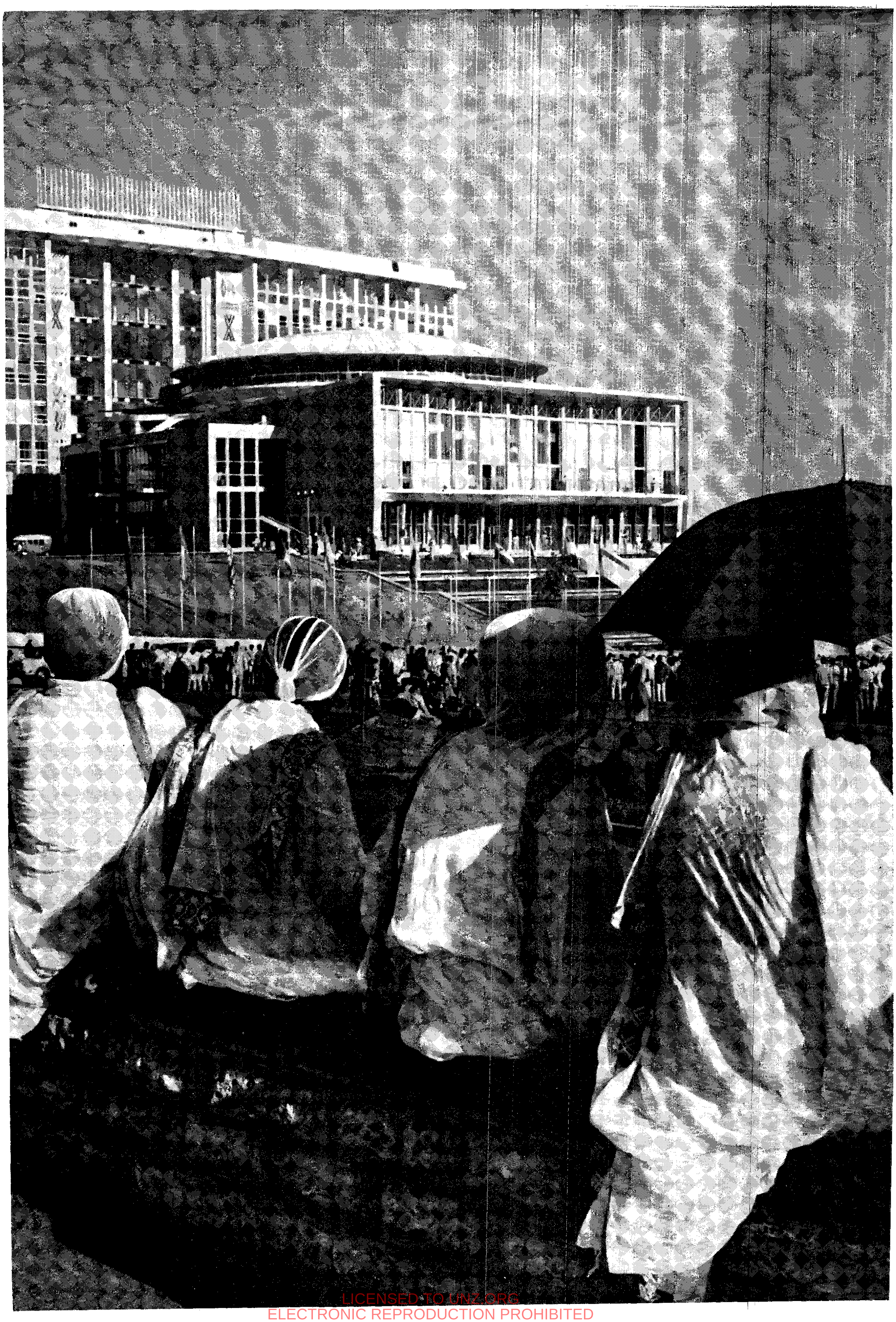
Capricci perfume made and sealed in France. 60.00, 37.50, 12.50. Shown: original Lalique bottle. Eau de Toilette, Sprays, Dusting Powder, 16.00 to 6.50. Plus tax.

The Nauticals: Great American Knits in lively, luscious "Orlon"®

SERBIN lands two looks to sail into the sunshine with chic and shape unshakable. They're "Orlon"* acrylic, that's why! Impeccable, packable knits of "Orlon" that no southbound suitcase is worth its weight without. Right: 2-piece middy suit in white/navy. About $25. Left: 2-piece skipper costume in yellow, pink, blue. About $25. Both, sizes 6-16. At Gimbels, New York and branches; C. Crawford Hollidge, Ltd., Boston; Burdine's, Miami; T. A. Chapman Co., Milwaukee; Joske's of Texas, San Antonio; Hafter's Haggarty, San Diego; California and branches.

*Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabrics or the clothes shown here.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Better Things for Better Living
...through Chemistry



Report from Africa and Asia:

IBM computers help nations build brighter futures

HOW QUICKLY can a developing country catch up with twentieth-century technology? How soon can a few well-educated people obtain the skills to manage a modern economy?

These questions face many nations, both new and old, in Asia and Africa.

"At least we have this advantage," one African government official observed. *"We can leapfrog the trial-and-error stages, and begin fresh with your newest tools and guidance."*

That is why—in the most unlikely places today—you will often see the latest in IBM computers.

Computers don't think. They are only machines. But they can help men speedily analyze a nation's resources and needs—and can help them plan steps in future economic growth.

For instance, the United Nations used IBM equipment in making the first all-out attack on Africa's massive problems of education, housing and health.

The computer shortcut

In Nigeria today, IBM equipment helps manage the nation's railroads, and handles government trade statistics, too.

A computer is the heart of the first Social Security System for Morocco. Elsewhere, IBM computers are helping determine the right places to build roads, to harness waterpower, to establish industry and agriculture—and even the most profitable crops to grow.

India has completed the first of four computer training centers, with an advanced scientific IBM computer at Kanpur. Other IBM computers will serve Thailand and Malaysia. These will also play a part in training a new generation of much-needed scientific, professional and business leaders.

In addition, IBM has initiated its own educational assistance program in Africa.

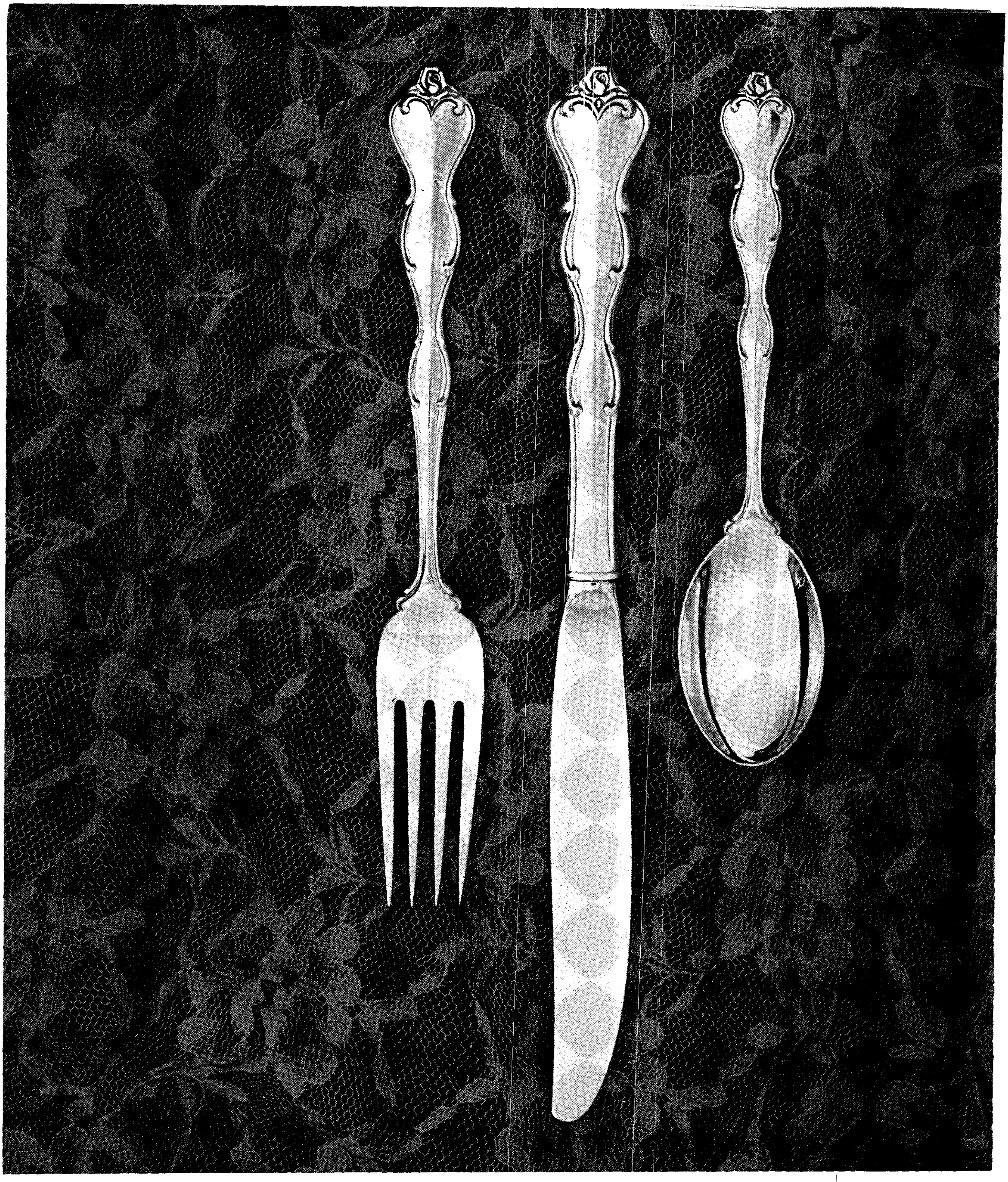
Training Africa's future professionals—at IBM schools

For many years, the IBM World Trade Corporation has conducted training schools for employees in many developing countries. Now IBM World Trade is opening new schools in Africa which offer greatly expanded technical training as well as general business college courses.

One school is now in session in Ibadan, Nigeria. A similar school is being planned for French-speaking Senegal. After two and one-half years' training, students may then be offered the choice of working for their respective governments, or in private industry, or with the IBM World Trade Corporation.

IBM®

The UN's Africa Hall in Ethiopia—one of many places where IBM equipment is serving Africa's nations.



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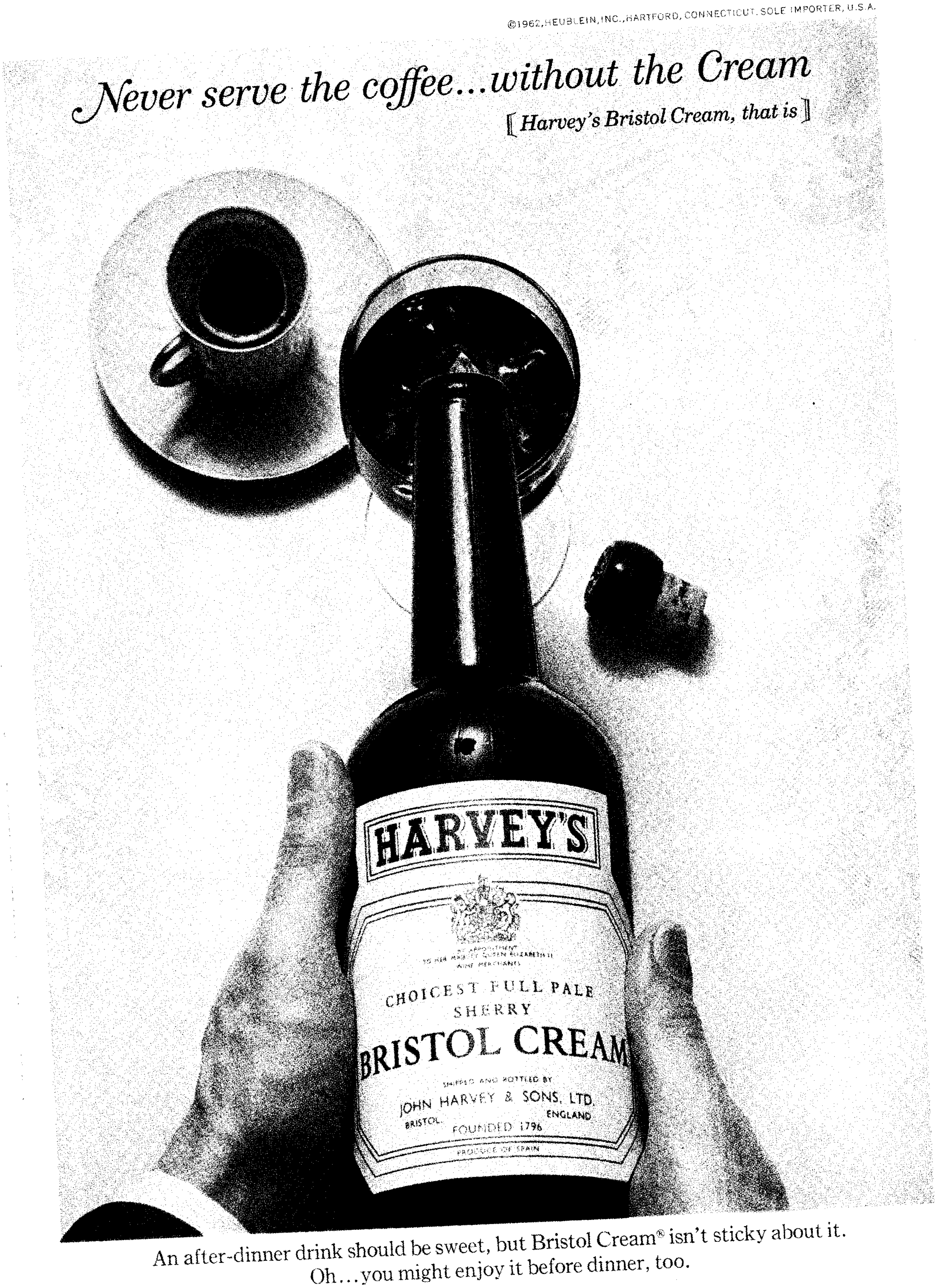
[Harvey's Bristol Cream, that is]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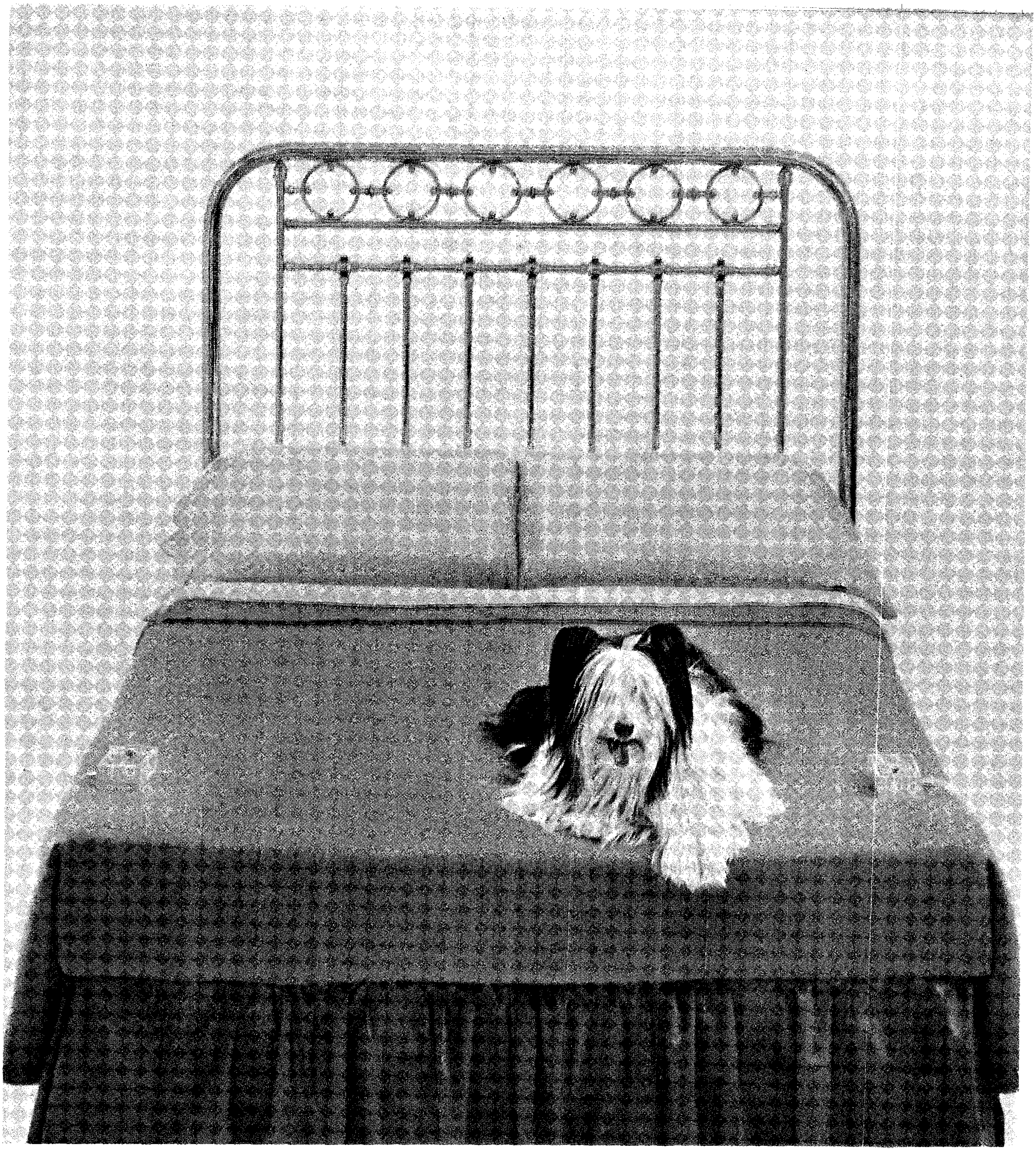

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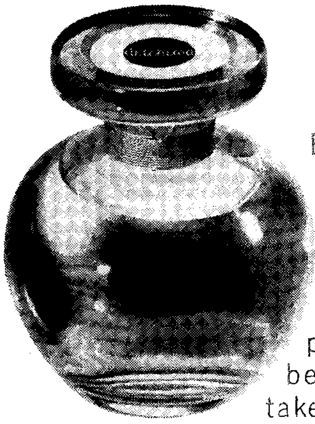
You don't have to go to Paris for Revillon (but wouldn't you rather?)



Either way it's great. You can get your Revillon fur and perfume before you take off for Paris (the furs are exclusive with Saks Fifth Avenue in the U.S.). Then you can go blithely to Paris (by Air France, of course) swathed in Revillon and looking every inch an heiress. Or you can pick up your Revillon fur and perfume in Paris, enjoy them during your trip abroad, and impress everybody when you step off your Air France jet on your return. It's the fun way to shop, the fun way to travel.

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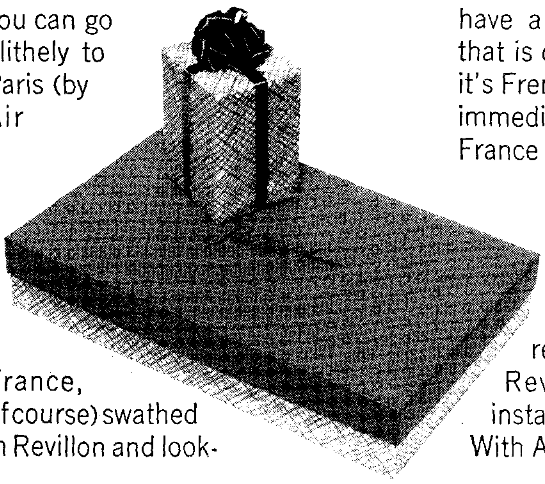

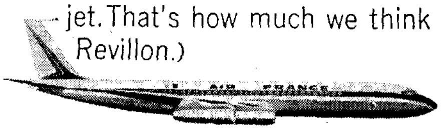

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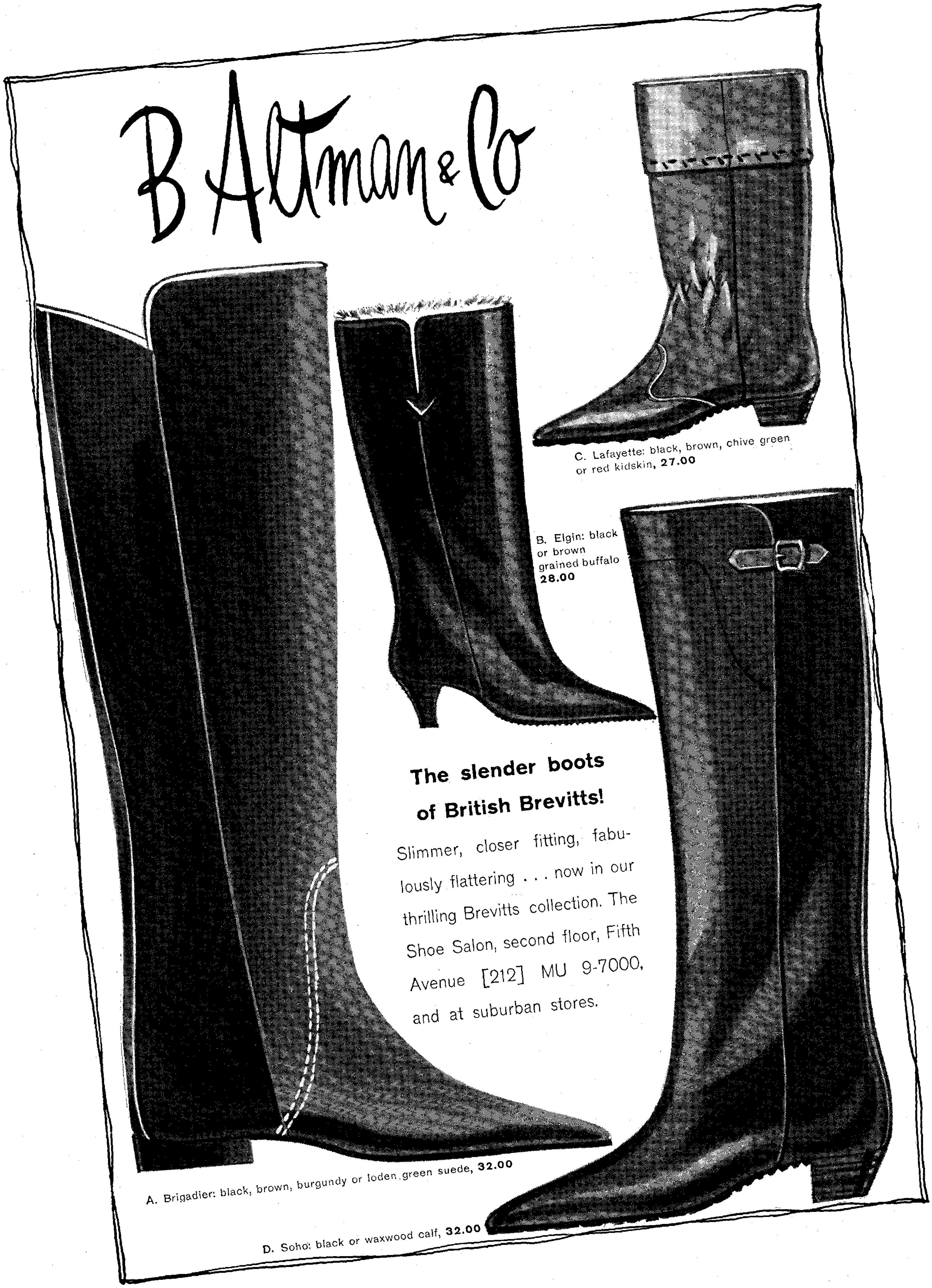

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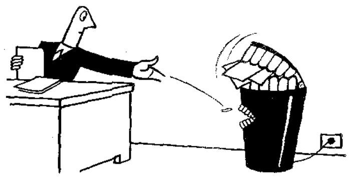
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE were recently warned by mail that the common wastebasket could be our enemy if its contents should get into the hands of "the 'disgruntled,' the 'troublemaker,' or even an unethical competitor." Our correspondent was the Michael Lith Sales Corporation, distributors of the Destroyit electric wastebasket, with which the corporation suggested we defend ourself. For ninety-nine dollars, we were told, we could buy a thirteen-pound electric wastebasket that not only would chew up, quietly and quickly, three or four strategic pieces of paper at a time into one-eighth-inch strips but also had a separate opening for hand-crumpled non-strategic papers and cigarette butts. After glancing down at our current wastebasket, which looked no more or less hostile than usual, and listening for the footsteps of disgruntled troublemakers outside our office door, we wrote a letter. We addressed it to bankers, industrial engineers, fashion designers, advertising executives, politicians, and civil servants who might be considering adding Destroyit to their present supply of paper shredders, and to small businessmen who have no paper shredders and have been looking for a relatively inexpensive way to transform their old memos and plans, outdated stock certificates, incomplete and unsatisfactory designs, and obsolete credit cards, I.B.M. cards, microfilm, and love letters into indecipherable shreds. We wrote to remind them all that just as the development of more complicated locks has resulted in shrewder lockpickers, and as sure as Mao Tse-tung or Secretary McNamara, inspired by some new Soviet announcement, will soon unveil a hyperultimate weapon, so the Destroyit electric wastebasket will produce a race of exceptionally clever disgruntled troublemakers, skilled at piecing together one-eighth-inch strips of paper. On second thought, we crumpled our letter up and threw it in the wastebasket.



Truffaut

IN the winter of 1960, when we met François Truffaut, the French director-producer-writer of the movie "The 400 Blows," on his first visit here, we resolved to have a talk with him every five years or so, and we acted on that resolve last week, when Truffaut, now thirty-two years old, was here for a few days for the opening of his new film, "The Soft Skin." We called on him at his midtown hotel suite, and it was a pleasure to find him looking just about the same—slight of build, no more than a pound or two heavier, and as keen and alert and unnoisy as ever. He still speaks no English, and, as before, his American friend and colleague Mrs. Helen Scott, who did the English subtitles for "The Soft Skin," served smoothly and unobtrusively as his English voice. He quickly brought us up to date on the major developments in his life: he now has two daughters, aged four and six, whom he has trained to cry out "*Vive Papa!*" as soon as he comes home; he still has his own film company, Carrosse, in Paris; he has made three films besides "The Soft Skin" since we first saw him—"Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," and a half-hour untitled movie that was one part of an international five-parter called "Love at Twenty," produced by French, Italian, and Japanese film-makers and including segments by a Pole and a German; and, in collaboration with Mrs. Scott, he has been writing a book about Alfred Hitchcock. In addition to making five trips to the United States, he has left France for working visits to Argentina, Brazil, and Canada.

"All right," we said. "Now, to begin with, will you explain why and how you are writing a book about Hitchcock?"

"Because I have long been sure that he is the greatest director of films in the world," Truffaut said. "And with every passing day I am surer than ever. Each week for the past few years, I have been going to see at least two of his pictures. 'Vertigo' I see at least every two months. When I undertook to write the book, I went to the Cinémathèque in Brussels—the best archives for Hitchcock—to see all his pictures over again. The more I see of Hitchcock's pictures, the less desire I have to see pictures other than his."

CINÉMATHÈQUE

"And the book?" we asked.

"It will be published in six months, and it will be published simultaneously in France and America, as 'Conversations with Hitchcock,'" Truffaut said. "It will have a unique aspect—two hundred and fifty photographs, each appearing at exactly the point in the book at which the scene in the photograph is being described. In the summer of 1962, I wrote a letter to Hitchcock, which Helen translated into English, and I told him I wanted to write the book. I suggested a series of interviews over a period of eight days. He agreed. On August 13th, Hitchcock's birthday, Helen and I arrived in Hollywood. We stayed at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Every day, Hitchcock would come and pick us up at eight in the morning and take us to his office at Universal City Studios, and we would sit in his office and talk until six at night. We spoke to him with microphones around our necks, and a sound engineer stationed in the next room recorded what was said. We kept the microphones on even during meals. Every day we ate with Hitchcock, and every day we ate what he ate—steak, fried potatoes, and ice cream."

"Well, how did you like Hollywood? What else did you do there?" we asked.

"In the evening, at the hotel, Helen and I sat up until midnight and talked about Hitchcock," Truffaut said. "Many people called up and invited me to come to parties and to meet producers and to see actresses and to see studios. Many columnists wanted to interview me. But I didn't want to do any of this. Out of respect to Hitchcock, I didn't want to see anybody else."

"What about your pictures?" we asked. "What did Hitchcock think of them?"

"I gave instructions to Helen never to mention my pictures to him, and he did not bring them up," Truffaut said. "Hitchcock has made forty-nine pictures. I have made four real features, in addition to 'Love at Twenty' and my very first attempt, a short film called 'The Mischief Makers.' I had come to see Hitchcock and talk about his pictures and talk about Hitchcock—only Hitchcock."

"How did it go?" we asked.

"I think Hitchcock was happy that I knew his pictures so well," Truffaut said. "He had never before had an opportunity to speak of himself and his work in forty years—since he began making pictures. We talked about all his pictures—how he had come to make each one, about the actors, about the construction of the scenario, and about the technical problems of shooting. From the third day on, his sensitivity emerged. He became self-critical. He described scenes in which he thought he had done something that was foolish or pretentious or careless. I was struck by the contrast between the public man, so sure of himself, so cynical, and what seemed to me to be a very vulnerable man, very emotional. And I learned what I needed to know—all the things I had sensed but had never clearly formulated. For instance, the principle, extremely important, that an emotion must be created on the screen and then must be sustained—on the technical level as well as on the scenario level. Many can create an emotion on the screen, but very few know how to sustain it. It is so important to sustain it, even after the character eliciting the emotion leaves the room, goes off the screen. There is so much to learn from Hitchcock—how to keep the camera on the character you want the audience to be interested in, and not cut, even when the character walks all the way across a room. That is just one small example of what one learns from Hitchcock."

"Will you talk about your own pictures now?" we asked.

"Freely," Truffaut said. "I am very critical of my pictures. I would like them more if they had been made by somebody else. Because I used to be a film critic who wrote strongly about pictures, people say that if I had been a critic of my own films, I would have knocked them strongly. Quite the contrary. I think I prefer 'Love at Twenty' to my feature films. Perhaps because it lasts only thirty minutes, I don't see any weaknesses in it. In 'Shoot the Piano Player' I can see now that the story is not well narrated. If I were to make 'The 400 Blows' today, I might be more indulgent toward adults, a little more shaded. In 'Jules and Jim,' the first half hour is the best; the rest of it should have been as good. The book it was based on, by Henri Pierre Roché, is truly a hymn to life. The author wrote it when he was seventy-four. Up to then, he had spent all his time living. There are forty women in the book—enough for forty pictures. I wanted the picture, too, to be a hymn to life, but I'm not sure it's as complete as the book. Perhaps I made it too early in my own life. You are at a disadvantage when you choose too large a subject. The picture has everything—all the seasons, war, fights, reconciliations, farewells. It is a résumé of life. I made 'Shoot the Piano Player' as a sort of antithesis to 'The 400 Blows.' And 'The Soft Skin' I made as a violent answer to 'Jules and Jim.' It's as though someone else had made 'Jules and Jim'—as if I were now saying 'Jules and Jim' is a lie. To some people 'The Soft Skin' might seem to be sordid, but to me it is about love in the city, instead of love in the country, as in 'Jules and Jim,' and love is necessarily less beautiful in the city. 'The Soft Skin' is truly modern love; it takes place in planes, in elevators; it has all the harassments of modern life. It may be too early for me to criticize the picture, but I think I did not establish the man's profession clearly enough; he is a specialist in the history of literature, he has published a book about Balzac, he is supposed to enjoy fame, because he has been on television broadcasts, but I think I did not show enough of what he *is*."

"Is there anything different about the way you work on a film these days?" we asked.

"I am less worried about what will happen to the picture, and I have more of a sense of continuity," he said. "When I was here in 1960, I was very anxious about choosing my next picture; I thought the choice was very important. Now I am philosophical about it. I no longer have doubts. I know that whatever picture I choose to make will inevitably contradict the one I have just made. I work harder on a scenario than I used to. I am less instinctive as I try to be more professional—about the music, about the sound. To be a film-maker, you are almost forced to be surrounded by contradictions. It is a social act, unlike the work of the painter, who attempts to impose his individuality on society. As a film-maker, you must work alone, and yet you must handle actresses, you must deal with producers who may work against the best interests of your picture, you must face technicians who only want to go home. You must have talents of so many different kinds—talents that are contradictory. You must be timid and bold. You must be modest, in order to create scenes that are intimate, that are delicate, yet you must be authoritative and arbitrary, to enable yourself to do it as you must."

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SIGN observed on the side of a messenger-service truck:

SERVICE IS OUR ONLY AND
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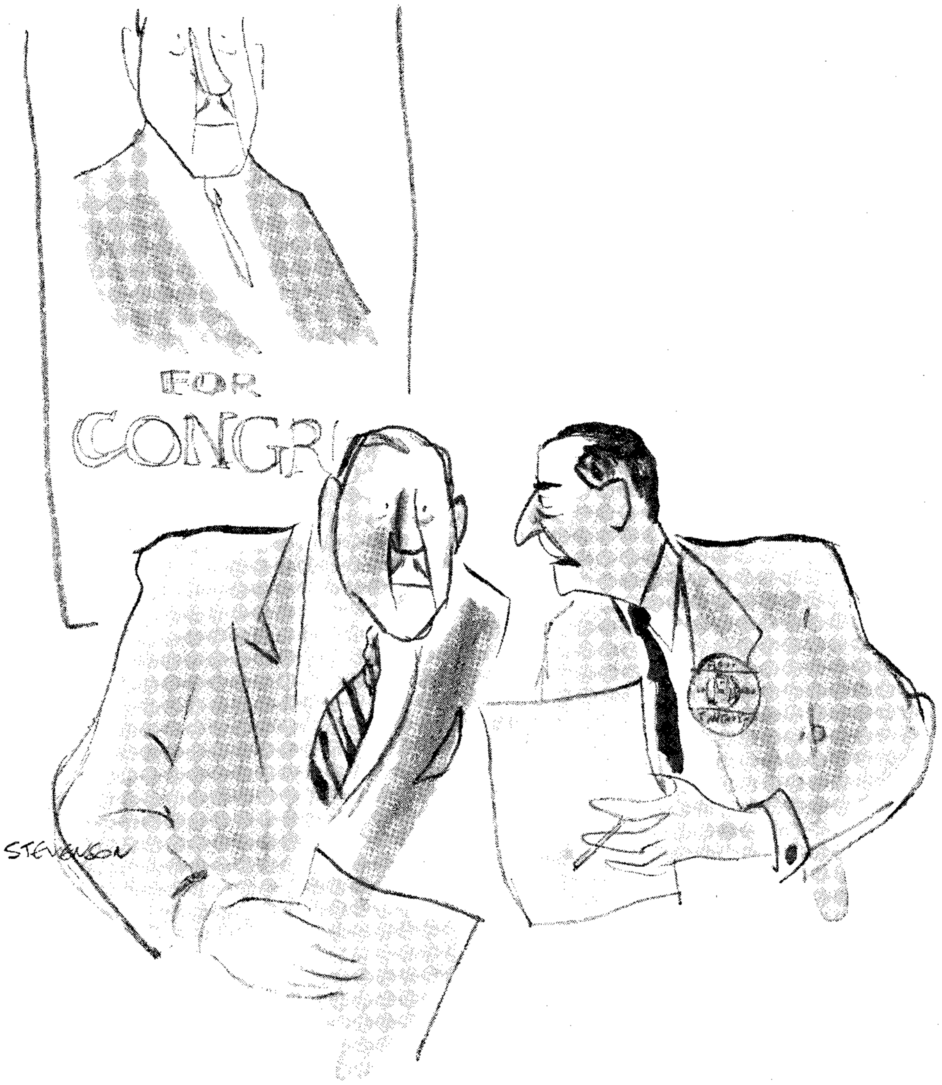
Symposium

OUR man Stanley trundled a heavy metal dolly into our office one day last week, deposited a stack of used mimeograph paper beside our desk, affixed a batch of notes to the top, and trundled his dolly out without a word. The notes read as follows:

"Recently attended three-day symposium on problems of planning for New York City's future. Symposium officially entitled 'The Future by Design.' Listened to all speakers, read all advance papers (see attached stack), absorbed great quantities of information. Big city, big problems. Symposium sponsored by optimistic City Planning Commission, under chairman William F. R. Ballard, also optimistic. Twenty-five experts were invited to share views with nearly four hundred and fifty delegates. Conference opened with cocktail party Wednesday evening in Petit Trianon Room of New York Hilton Hotel. Room too *petit* for crowd. Cocktail party followed by dinner in Hilton's Trianon Ballroom. Rousing speech delivered by Lady Jackson, better known to underdeveloped-nations fans as Barbara Ward. 'Urbanization is a worldwide problem,' she said. 'It transcends ideology. Moscow is just as nasty as New York or London.' Honored guests on raised dais numbered thirteen. Inauspicious start for planning conference.

"Business sessions held in auditorium of Museum of Modern Art, dealt with such topics as 'The Forces Shaping New York's Future,' 'Determining Priorities for New York City,' and 'Coping with the Future: What We Can Do, Can't Do, How and Why.' Thursday morning, Edward Banfield, professor of urban government at Harvard, warned cities must learn to stress 'systems analysis,' which means calculating most economical way to use limited resources, as Secretary McNamara does in Pentagon. We must learn we can't do everything. Fellow-panelist Harrison Brown, professor of geochemistry at Cal Tech, said we can do anything we want. We have resources, technology. Must count people's needs, not cost. Money should be no object. Brown seconded by August Heckscher, executive director of Twentieth Century Fund, and Banfield seconded by Daniel Bell, Columbia University sociologist. Bell said New York is a palimpsest of four cities—port, manufacturing, corporate headquarters, cultural—whose interests can be reconciled through master planning, systems analysis. No good guys, no villains, just conflicting interests, Bell said. Bayard Rustin, civil-rights leader who organized 1963 March on Washington, said planning impossible until 'overt racism' in city is overcome. Must declare war on prejudice, poverty, slums. Print money, if necessary. Only speaker who escaped involvement in major argument was Daniel P. Moynihan, Assistant Secretary of Labor, who read statistics showing city population is rising again after decade of decline. 'New York's employment base is in serious trouble,' he said. Automation threatening unskilled workers and office workers, city's major categories. Only solution is help from federal government.



"But if, heaven forbid, you should lose, here's your speech charging irregularities at the polls, and your demand for a recount."

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"Thursday afternoon, Adolf A. Berle, Jr., professor of law at Columbia University, urged liberation of city resident from 'imperialism of architects.' Called for stronger local planning board in every coherent neighborhood—'like Gramercy Park, where I live.' Roger Starr, executive director of Citizens' Housing and Planning Council, cautioned, 'Everyone is for the principle of planning until his own ox is gored.' Meant local ox. Starr used stalled Lower Manhattan Expressway project as example. Allan Temko, member of Center for Planning and Development Research at University of California, said London has already shown way by strengthening both over-all planning authority and local boards. Said paradoxical solution seems to be 'centralization *and* decentralization.'

"On Friday, William H. Whyte, Jr., author of 'The Organization Man,' spoke of soothing effect even a few trees can have if trees placed with imagination. 'Landscaping means dealing in illusion,' he said. Small green spots in center of town more important than acres of inaccessible greenery elsewhere. Charles Abrams, author of 'Man's Struggle for Shelter in an Urbanizing World,' told of city ordinance he once proposed to City Council to encourage planting of trees on New York streets. 'One councilman complained that trees cause crime, by hiding muggers, and break windows during high wind,' Abrams said. Ordinance didn't pass. Dr. Martin Cherkasky, director of Montefiore Hospital, sounded angry: 'The disparity between what we are doing in public health and what we could do, with what we know, becomes more obvious every year.'

"Unenviable task of summarizing results of symposium fell to Jean Gottmann, author of 'Megalopolis,' a study of rampant urbanization in northeastern United States. He said conference the most fruitful he'd ever attended. Described New York as 'symbol of what our civilization is trying to do.' Sense of crisis among our leaders very impressive, he said. Leaders recognize that we face enormous revolution—liberation from concept that man must earn living by sweat of brow. New York serving as laboratory for future. Eyes of world upon us. 'I am optimistic,' Gottmann concluded.

"Symposium itself concluded with lunch at Hilton Hotel. Robert Weaver, national administrator of Housing and Home Finance Agency, pledged federal support of city's efforts, Mayor Wagner pledged city's support of Chairman Ballard's efforts to draw up comprehensive plan for New York's future. *Everyone* optimistic."

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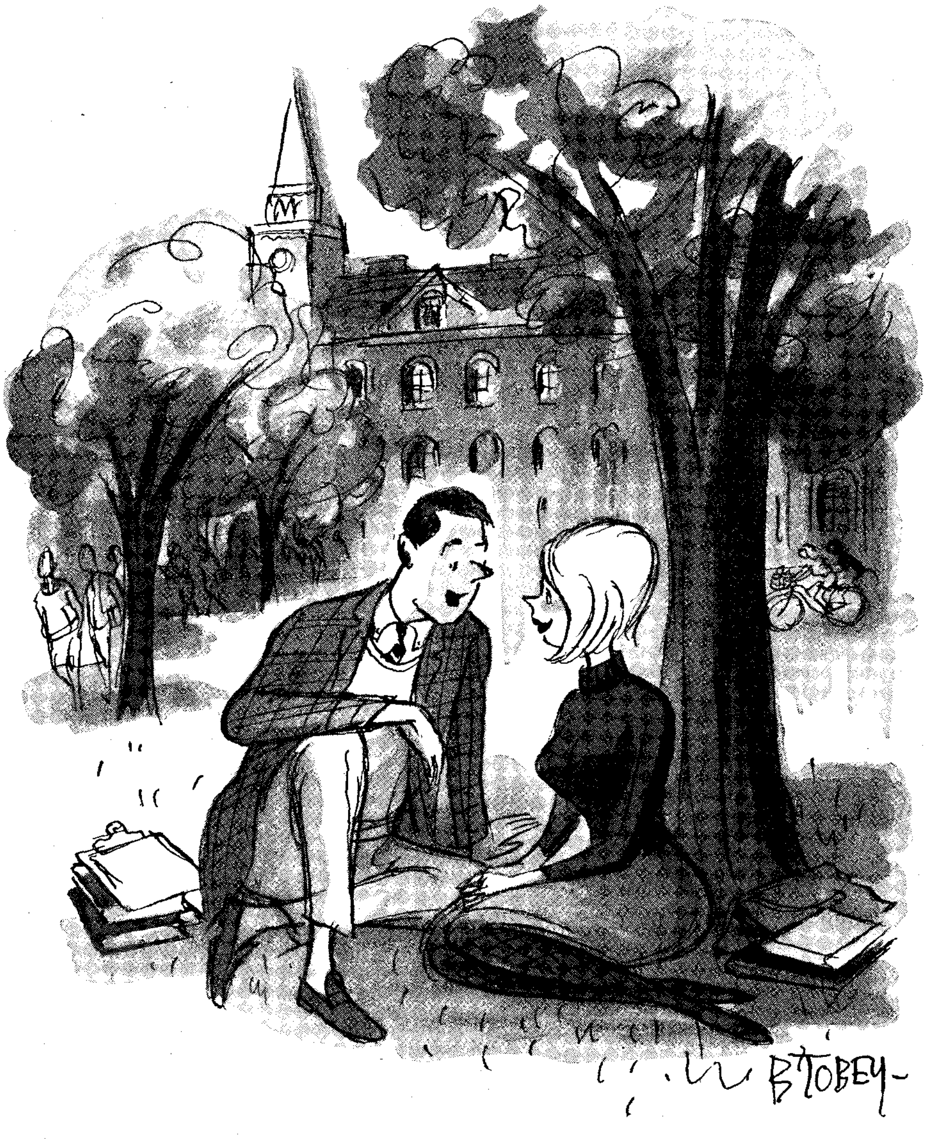
A RESTAURANT on lower Fifth Avenue, we've just learned, has the following item on its menu: "Chocolate Pudding, Whipped Topping .30 (In Season)."

Campaigning

LAST week, we reported on the start of a day of campaigning with United States senatorial candidate Robert Francis Kennedy, and a few days later we set out on a similar jaunt with the incumbent, Senator Kenneth Barnard Keating. We met the Senator, by prearrangement, in his suite at the Roger Smith Motor Hotel, in White Plains, as he was finishing breakfast and being briefed for the activities of the day by several aides. The hotel was old but sort of modernized. The suite consisted of two small rooms with low ceilings, fluorescent lighting, and jazzed-up air-conditioning. The Senator's aides were young and tense, and, like the Senator, wore dark, sedate suits and sedate ties. The Senator's breakfast, set out on a modern, plastic-topped table, had for a background wilting chrysanthemums and a tired-looking bowl of hotel fruit. The Senator looked untouched by his surroundings. His face was pink and his white hair unruffled, and he listened calmly as his aides conducted him downstairs in a self-service elevator and told him that he was going first to a breakfast-and-coffee hour in Scarsdale, at the residence of a Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Berkey, and would next be due at the Beach Shopping Center, in Peekskill, for the second of thirteen rallies scheduled for the day, with the Senator handshaking, greeting, and speaking.



"Gosh, Marilyn, it scares me when I think I might not have been rejected by the college of my choice."

"How do you do all this?" we asked him. "And what would happen if you didn't?"

"You'd probably be defeated," he said. "You'd give the impression that you were cold and didn't want to meet people. The people don't want anyone like that for their senator."

"What do you do to keep going?" we asked.

"I take vitamins," he said. "Want one?" He handed us an inch-long brown capsule and gave us a small smile. "I've been taking them for twenty years."

"You ought to see some of the places we've been!" one of the aides said. "That health spa in Dansville we had to stay over in! Surrounded by hikers! Health diets! Carrot juice! You couldn't take a shower! You couldn't get a drink! Old-fashioned wall telephones!"

"It was all right with me," the Senator said evenly, and went on, "The pace now is faster. We're covering more ground. All there's time for now is the campaign. I've got a pile of books a mile high at home, but I haven't been able to look at them. There are so many people to meet, and only fourteen days to go. I don't know how many speeches I made yesterday—from five to fifteen. Last night, in Syracuse, the people were yelling, showing their feelings. 'We want Keating!' 'Keating is our man!' 'Keating! Keating! Keating!'" The Senator didn't change his tone for the cheers but gave us another small smile. "At Syracuse University, the *Daily Orange* came out for me, and I understand that in polls it conducted the students favored me two to one."

Outside the hotel, the Senator's aides ushered him into the front seat of a white Cadillac sedan, and then all but one aide ran to cars that had formed a motorcade behind. We were invited into the rear seat of the Cadillac, along with Ogden Reid, an incumbent Congressman who is up for reëlection in Westchester, and the remaining aide, Dick Nathan, who appeared to be about thirty and was holding a large, worn briefcase. The driver, a chipper man with a small mustache who had on a tan Glen-plaid suit and a tan bow tie, turned around and shook our hand. "I'm Herb Grimsey, commonly known as J. Herbert," he said. "I'm the Republican campaign chairman for Westchester County."

"Let's go," Senator Keating said mildly.

Led by an escort of Westchester Parkway police, we started for Scarsdale.

"Berkey," Senator Keating said. "Now, let's see . . ."

"He's president and chairman of the board of Berkey Photo Incorporated," Mr. Nathan said. "And you know her. She's a personal friend of yours."

"Senator, you have a lot of personal friends," Congressman Reid said.

"All of Westchester County is a favorite of mine," Senator Keating said.

"And you're a favorite of Westchester," said Congressman Reid.

"This is my twenty-ninth appearance in Westchester since I've been a Senator, other than for social functions," Mr. Keating said.

"The Senator works like a tiger. He wears all us young fellows out," Mr. Nathan said. He had been studying a large card headed "Basic Speech Card," and now he handed it to the Senator. "You're going to speak from a stairway at the Berkeys' breakfast," he told Mr. Keating. "You'll have to adjust."

"I don't mind," the Senator said, staring at the card.

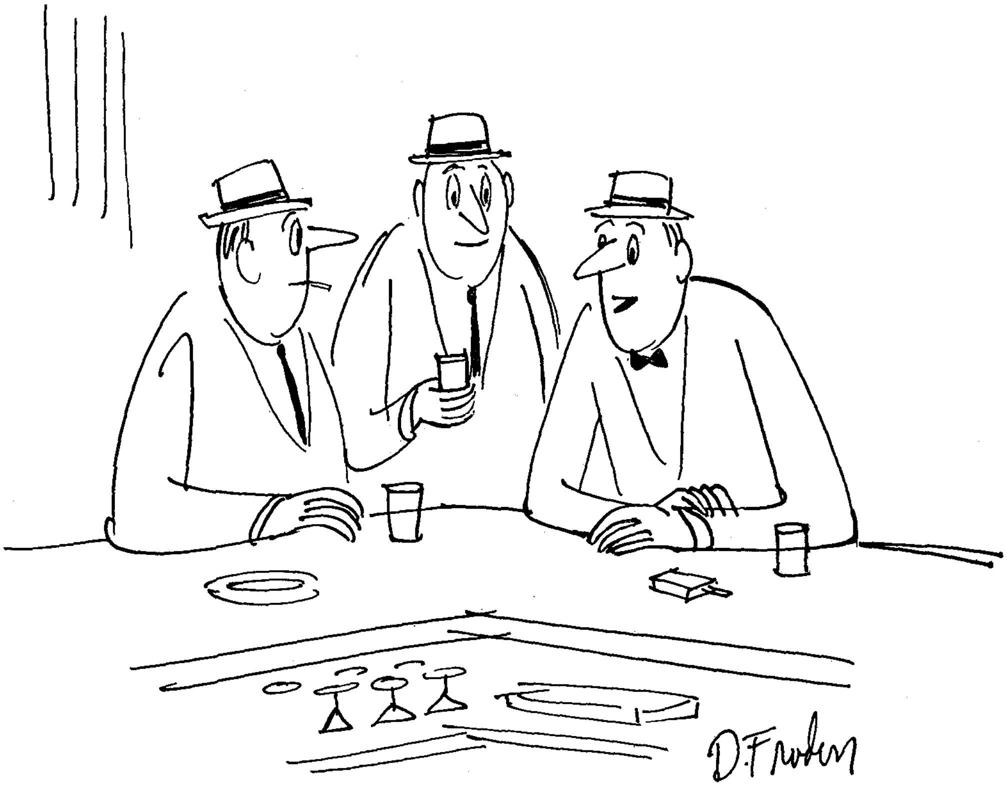
"Is there anything about this campaign that's different from past campaigns?" we asked the Senator.

"I've never been in a campaign like this, where my record has been so distorted," the Senator said. "Why, there was a letter in the *World-Telegram* yesterday saying that I was against the school-lunch program. That is preposterous! In 1958, we had a relatively clean campaign. My opponent was Frank Hogan. Very able. Very much the gentleman. I've been a candidate seven times, and this is the first time I've been up against such distortion."

"Is anything else different?" we asked.

"There are certain complications," the Senator said. "I'm not supporting Goldwater. But that cuts both ways. Some are happy about it, and some are not."

We asked the Senator if there was anything he liked about this campaign, and he replied that he liked getting out in the air. "October of '58 was the worst weather," he said. "We had only five days when it didn't rain or snow. This October has given us the best weather that I can recall."



"That time with Nixon in the kitchen was funny all right, but what I loved was when he banged his shoe at the U.N. And how about the time with that farmer out in Iowa?"

We had reached the Berkeys' residence, a large red brick house with large white Georgian pillars flanking the entrance, and as Senator Keating stepped out of his car and went inside, a three-piece combo (accordion, saxophone, guitar) started playing "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin' " and a couple of hundred women, all wearing suits, all with fresh hairdos, sang along with it: "We've got a wonderful feeling/Keating is going to stay." Senator Keating stood under a large crystal chandelier, not far from a wide circular staircase with a turquoise carpet, and shook hands with the women, many of whom were carrying cups of coffee and toasted bagels covered with cream cheese and Nova Scotia salmon, and many of whom asked the Senator to forgive their sticky fingers. On the walls were a couple of large tinted photographs of Mr. Berkey and one of Mr. and Mrs. Berkey together. A tall woman who was wearing ivory earrings in the shape of elephants said that invitations to the breakfast had become a genuine status symbol in Scarsdale, and that the affair was a big success. "It's a great omen," she said. "If only they could go from here to vote!"

We sampled a toasted bagel with cream cheese and salmon, and recommended the dish to the Senator, who told us quietly that he never gets a chance to eat anything at campaign breakfasts. "I don't even get a sip of coffee," he said, and then he hastily touched our arm. "But I *like* bagels," he added.

It was time for the Senator to make his speech, and he stepped to the turquoise circular staircase and told the women he was delighted to be there on such a beautiful morning. The women applauded, and one called out, "You're in!"

Senator Keating gave them a small smile and said calmly, "I'll try to be a good senator for those who vote against me as well as for those who vote for me."

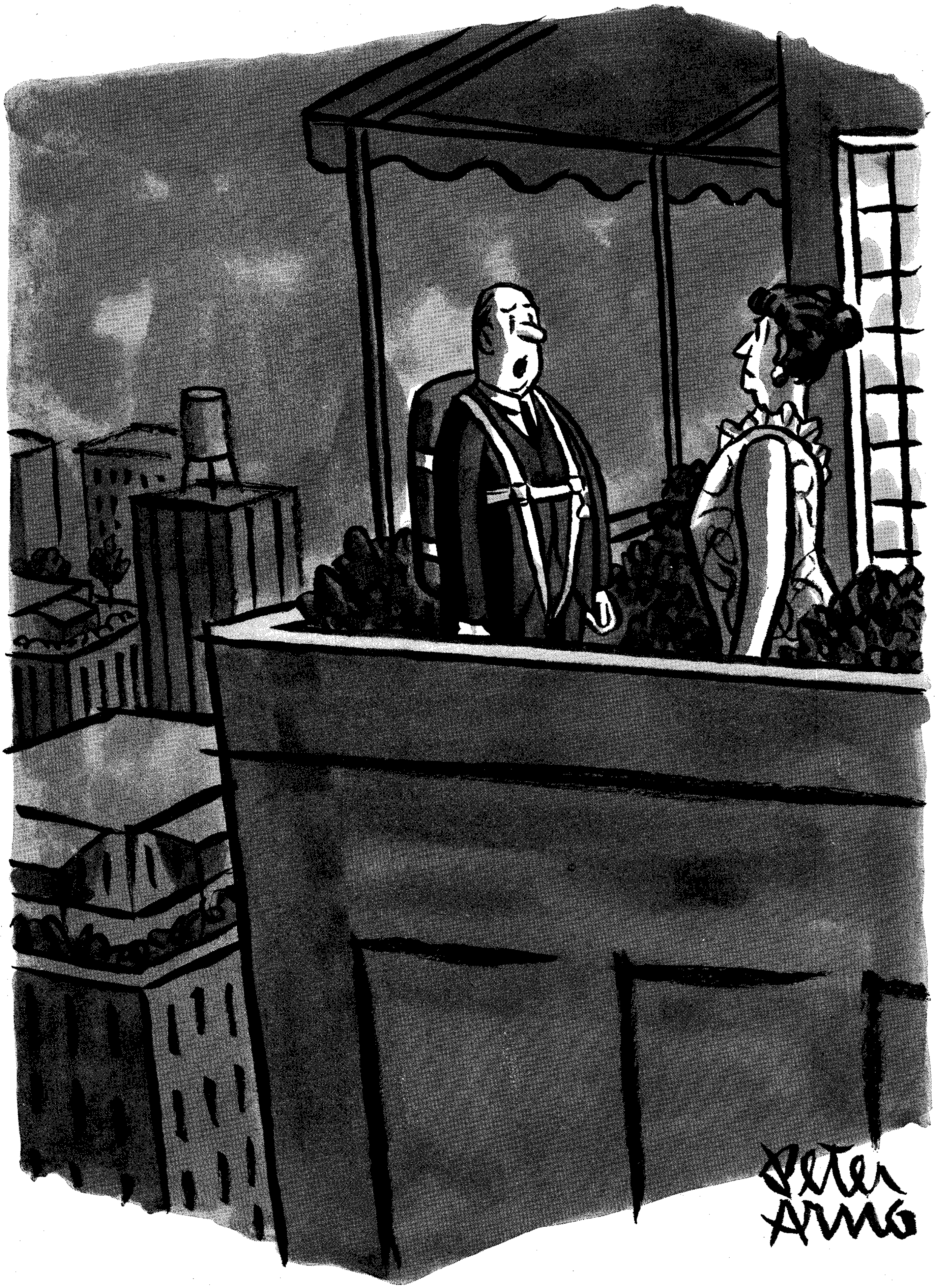
Problem

A COUPLE we know, hard put to it to think up a birthday present for an eight-year-old niece, sent the girl a check, and received for their trouble the following note:

DEAR AUNT RUTH AND UNCLE JOE:

Thank you for my first check. I signed it then I cashed it. It was fun. I loved to do it. Now I have a five dollar bill. I don't know what to do with it.

Love,
GINNY



"Doris, I'm leaving you."

BETWEEN TWO WARS

IT was Mr. Pilkington who brought Major and Miss Tizard to Hallowby. He met them, a quiet couple, at Carnac, where he had gone for a schoolmasterly Easter holiday to look at the monoliths. After two or three meetings at a café they invited him to their rented chalet. It was a cold, wet afternoon, and a fire of pine cones crackled on the hearth. "We collect them on our walks," said Miss Tizard. "It's an economy. And it gives us an object." The words, and the formal composure of her manner, made her seem like a Frenchwoman. Afterward, he learned that the Tizards were a Channel Island family and had spent their childhood in Jersey. The ancestry that surfaced in Miss Tizard's brisk gait and erect carriage, brown skin and compact sentences did not show in her brother. His fair hair, his red face, his indecisive remarks, his diffident movements—as though with the rest of his body he were apologizing for his stiff leg—were entirely English. He ought not, thought Mr. Pilkington, to be hanging about in France. He'd done more than enough for France already. For this was in 1923 and Mr. Pilkington, with every intention to preserve a historian's impartiality, was nevertheless infected by the current mood of disliking the French.

The weather continued cold and wet; there was a sameness about the granite avenues. Mr. Pilkington's mind became increasingly engaged with the possibility, the desirability, the positive duty of saving that nice fellow Tizard from wasting his days in exile. He plied him with hints, with suggestions, with tactful inquiries. Beyond discovering that money was not the obstacle to return, he got no further. Tizard, poor fellow, must be under his sister's thumb. Yet it was from the sister that he got his first plain answer. "Justin would mope if he had nothing to do." Mr. Pilkington stopped himself from commenting on the collection of pine cones as an adequate lifework. As though she had read his thought, she went on, "There is a difference between idling in a foreign country and being an idler in your own." At that moment Major Tizard limped into the room with crayfish bristling from his shopping basket. "It's begun," he said ruefully. "*La Jeune France* has arrived. I've just seen two young men in pink trousers with daisy chains round their necks, riding through the town on donkeys." Mr. Pilkington asked if this was a circus. Miss Tizard explained that it was the new generation, and would make Carnac a bedlam till the summer's end. "Of course, there's a certain amount of that sort of thing in England, too," observed Mr. Pilkington. "But only in the South. It doesn't trouble us at Hallowby." As he spoke, he was conscious of playing a good card; then the immensity of the trump he held broke upon him. He was too excited to speak. Inviting them to dine at his hotel on the following night, he went away.

By next evening, more of *La Jeune France* had arrived, and was mustered outside the hotel extemporizing a bullfight ballet in honor of St. Cornély, patron saint of cattle and of the parish church. Watching Tizard's look of stoically endured embarrassment, Mr. Pilkington announced that he had had a blow; the man who had almost promised to become curator of the Beelby Military Museum had written to say he couldn't take up the post. "He didn't say why. But I know why. Hallowby is too quiet for him."

"But I thought Hallowby had blast furnaces and strikes and all that sort of thing," said Tizard.

"That is Hallowby juxta Mare," replied Mr. Pilkington. "We are Old Hallowby. Very quiet; quite old, too. The school was founded in 1623. We shall be having our modest tercentenary this summer. That is why I am so put out by Dalsover's not taking up the curatorship. I hoped to have the museum all in order. It would have been something to visit, if it rains during the Celebrations." He allowed a pause.

Tizard, staring at the toothpicks, inquired, "Is it a wet climate?"

But Mr. Pilkington was the headmaster of a minor public school, a position of command. As if the pause had not taken place, raising his voice above the bullfight, he told how fifty years earlier Davenport Beelby, a rich man's sickly son, during a lesson on the Battle of Minden awoke to military glory and began to collect regimental buttons. Buttons, badges, pikes, muskets and bayonets, shakos and helmets, dispatches, newspaper cuttings, stones from European battlefields, sand from desert campaigns—his foolish collection grew into the lifework of a devoted eccentric and, as such collections sometimes do, became valuable and authoritative, though never properly catalogued. Two years ago, he had died, bequeathing the collection to his old school, with a fund sufficient for upkeep and the salary of a curator.

"I think you should consider it," said Mr. Pilkington. "I'm sure you would find it congenial. Beelby wanted an Army man. Three mornings a week would be quite enough."

Tizard shifted his gaze from the toothpicks to the mustard jar. "I am not an Army man," he said. "I just fought. Not the same thing, you know."

Miss Tizard exclaimed with violence, "No! Not at all," and changed the subject.

But later that evening she said to her brother, "Once we were there, we shouldn't see much of him. It's a possibility."

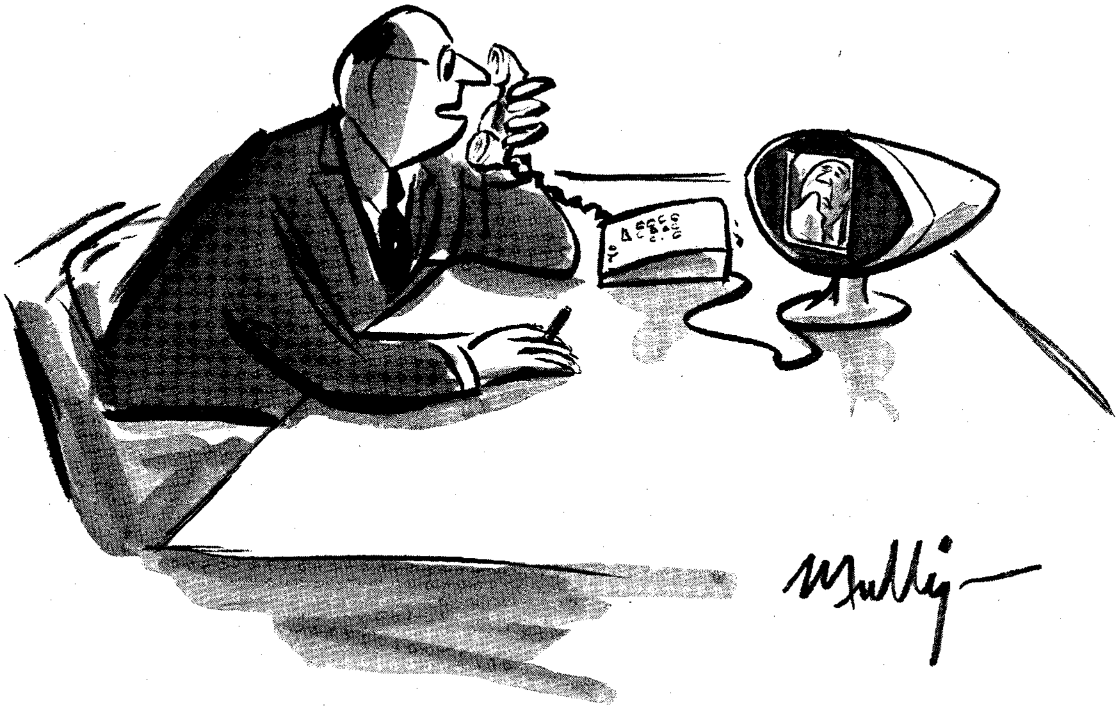
"Do you want to go home, Celia?"

"I think it's time we did. We were both of us born for a sober, conventional, taxpaying life, and if—"

"*Voici Noël!*" sang the passing voices. "*Voici Noël! Voici Noël, petits enfants!*"

She composed her twitching hands and folded them on her lap. "We were young rowdies once," he said placatingly.

A fortnight later, they were Mr. Pilkington's guests at Hallowby. A list of empty houses had been compiled by Miss Robson, the secretary. All were variously suitable; each in turn was inspected by Miss Tizard, very carefully, and rejected. Mr. Pilkington was feeling piqued that his offer of a post should dance attendance on the aspect of a larder or the presence of decorative tiles. Miss Tizard was a disappointment to him; he had relied on her support. Now it was the halfhearted Tizard who seemed inclined to root, while she flitted from one eligible residence to another, appearing, as he remarked to the secretary, to expect impossibilities. Yet when she settled as categorically as a queen bee, the house she chose had really nothing to be said for it. A square, squat mid-Victorian box, Newton Lodge was one of the ugliest houses in Hallowby; though a high surrounding wall with a green door in it hid the totality of its ugliness from passersby, its hulking chimneys denounced what was below. It was not even well situated. It stood in a deteriorating part of the town, and was at some distance from the school buildings and the former gymnasium—Victorian also—which had been assigned to the Beelby Collection. But the house having been chosen, the curatorship was bestowed and the move made. Justin Tizard, rescued from wasting his days in exile—though just too late for the tercentenary celebrations—began his duties as curator by



"Gesundheit!"

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destroying a quantity of cobwebs and sending for a window-cleaner.

All through the summer holidays he worked on, sorting things into heaps, subdividing the heaps into lesser heaps. Beelby's executors must have given carte blanche to the packers, who had acted on the principle of filling up with anything that came handy, and the unpackers had done little more than tumble things out and scatter them with notices saying "DO NOT DISTURB." The largest heap consisted of objects he could not account for, but unaccountably it lessened, till the day came when he could look round on tidiness. Ambition seized him. Tidiness is not enough; no one looks twice at tidiness. There must also be parade and ostentation. He bought stands, display cases, dummies for the best uniforms. Noticing a decayed wooden horse in the saddler's shop, he bought that, too; trapped, with its worser side to the wall and with a cavalry dummy astride, it made a splendid appearance. He combed plumes, shook out bearskins, polished holsters and gunstocks, oiled the demi-culverin, sieved the desert sand. At this stage, his sister came and polished with him, mended, refurbished, sewed on loose buttons. Of the two, she had more feeling for the exhibits themselves, for the discoloring glory and bloodshed they represented. It was the housewife's side that appealed to him. Sometimes, hearing him break into the whistle of a contented mind, she would look up from her work and stare at him with the unbelief of thankfulness.

Early in the autumn term, Mr. Pilkington made time to visit the museum. He did not expect much and came prepared with speeches of congratulation and encouragement. They died on his lips when he saw the transformation. Instead, he asked how much the display cases had cost, and the dummies, and the horse, and how much of the upkeep fund remained after all this expenditure. He could not find fault; there was no reason to do so. He was pleased to see Tizard so well established as master in his own house. Perhaps he was also pleased that there was no reason to find fault. Though outwardly unchanged, the Tizard of Carnac appeared to have been charged with new contents—with something obstinately reckless beneath the easy-going manner, with watchfulness beneath the diffidence. But this, reflected Mr. Pilkington, might well be accounted for by the startling innovations in the museum. He stayed longer than he meant, and only after leaving remembered that he had omitted to say how glad he was that Tizard had accepted the curatorship. This must be put right; he did not want to discourage the young man who had worked so hard and so efficiently, and also he must get into the way of remembering that Tizard was in fact a young man—under thirty. Somehow, one did not think of him as a young man.

JUSTIN TIZARD, newly a captain in an infantry regiment, came on leave after the battle of the Somme. His sister met the train at Victoria. There were some pigeons strutting on the platform, and he was watching them when a strange woman in black came up to him, touched his shoulder, and said, "Justin!" It was as though Celia were claiming a piece of lost luggage, he thought. She had a taxi waiting, and they drove to her flat. She asked about his health, about his journey; then she congratulated him on his captaincy. "Practical reasons," he said. "My habit of not getting killed. They were bound to notice it sooner or later." After this, they fell silent. He looked out of the window, at the streets so clean and the people so busy with their own affairs. "That's a new Bovril poster, isn't it?" he inquired. Her answer was so slow in coming that he didn't really take in whether it was yes or no.

Her flat was new, anyway. She had only been in it since their mother's remarriage. It was up a great many flights of stairs, and she spoke of moving to somewhere with a lift, now that Tim's legacy had made a rich woman of her. The room smelled of polish and flowers. There was a light-colored rug on the floor, and above this was the blackness of Celia's skirts. She was wearing black for her fiancé. The news of his death had come to her in this same room, while she was still sorting books and hanging pictures. Looking round the room, still not looking at Celia, he saw Tim's photograph on her desk. She saw his glance, and hers followed it. "Poor Tim!" they said, both speaking at once, the timbre of their voices relating them. "They say he was killed instantaneously," she went on. "I hope it's true—though I suppose they always say that."

"I'm sure it is," he replied. He knew that Tim had been blown to pieces. Compassion made it possible to look at her. Dressed in black, possessing these new surroundings, she seemed mature and dignified beyond her actual three years' seniority. For the first time in his life he saw her not as a sister but as an individual. But he could not see her steadily for long. There was a blur on his sight, a broth of mud and flame and frantic unknown faces and writhing entrails. When she showed him his bedroom, she stepped over mud that heaved with the bodies of men submerged in it. She had drawn the curtains. There was a bed with sheets turned back, and a bedside lamp shed a serene, unblinking light on the pillows. "Bed!" he exclaimed, and heard the spontaneity die in his voice. "Wonderful to see a bed!"

"And this is the bathroom. I've got everything planned. First of all, you must have a bath, lie and soak in it. And then put on these pajamas and the dressing gown, and we will have supper."

Left to himself, he was violently sick. Shaking with fatigue, he sat in a hot scented bath and cleaned his knees with scrupulous care, like a child. Outside was the noise of London.

The pajamas were silk, the dressing gown was quilted and wrapped him round like a caress. In the sitting room was Celia, still a stranger, though now a stranger without a hat. There was a table sparkling with silver and crystal, smoked salmon, a bottle of champagne. It was all as she had planned it for Tim—Oh, poor Celia!

They discussed their mother's remarriage. It had been decided on with great suddenness, and appeared inexplicable. Though they refrained from saying much, their comments implied that her only reason for marrying a meat king from the Argentine was to get away from England and the war. "There he was, at eleven in the morning, with a carnation—a foot shorter than she," said Celia, describing the return from the registry office.

"In that case, he must be four foot three."

"He is exactly four foot three. I stole up and measured him."

Spoken in her imperturbable voice, this declaration struck him as immensely funny, as funny as a nursery joke. They laughed hilariously, and after this their evening went almost naturally.

Turning back after his unadorned, brotherly "Good night, Celia," he exclaimed, "But where are you sleeping?"

"In here." Before he could demur she went on, "The sofa fits me. It would be far too short for you."

In a voice at odds with the silk dressing gown he told how balmily he had slept, one night behind the lines, with his head on a bag of nails.

"Exactly! That is why tonight you are going to sleep properly. In a bed."

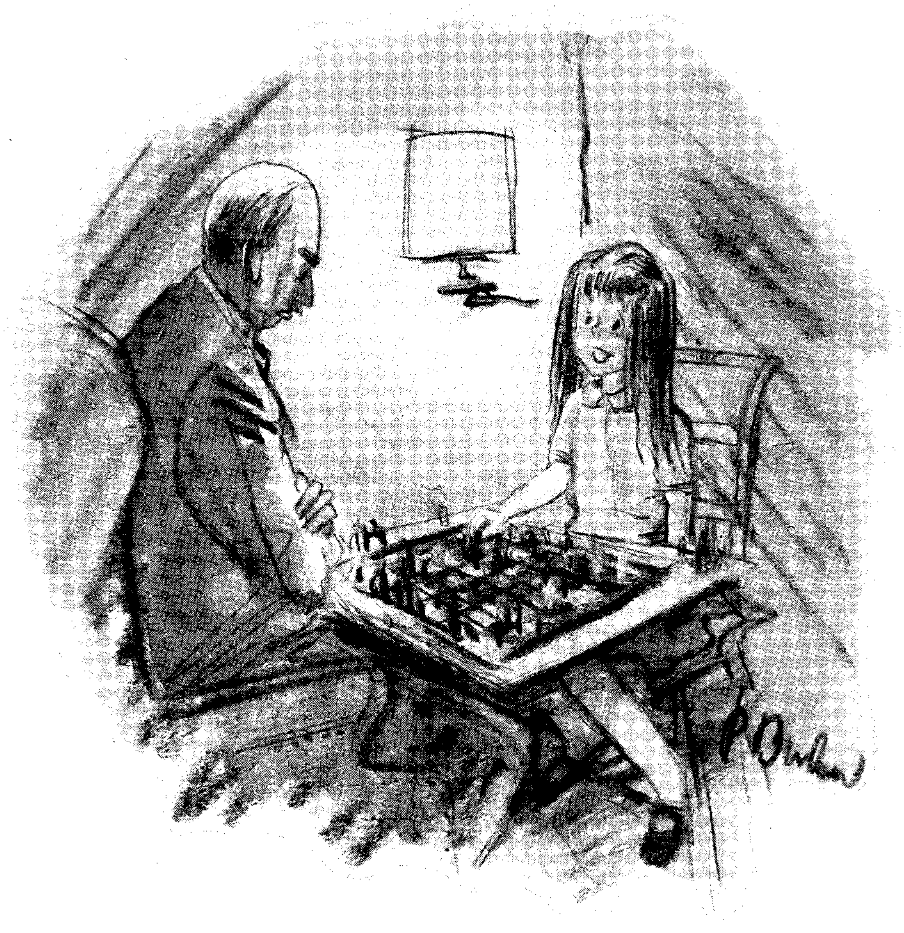
She heard him get into bed, heard the lamp switched off. Almost immediately she heard his breathing lengthen into slumber. Then, a few minutes later, he began to talk in his sleep.

Perhaps a scruple—the dishonorableness of being an eavesdropper, a Peeping Tom—perhaps mere craven terror, made her try not to listen. She began to read, and when she found that impossible she repeated poems she had learned at school, and when that failed she polished the silver cigarette box. But Justin's voice was raised, and the partition wall was thin, and the ghastly confidences went on and on. She could not escape them. She was dragged, a raw recruit, into battle.

In the morning, she thought she would not be able to look him in the face. But he was cheerful, and so was she. She had got off from the canteen, she explained, while he was on leave; they had nothing to do but enjoy themselves. They decided to have some new experiences, so they went up the Monument. If he wants to throw himself off, she thought, I won't stop him. They looked down on London, on the ambling curve of the Thames, the shipping, the busy lighters. They essayed how many City churches they could identify by their spires. They talked about Pepys. She would be surprised, Justin said, how many chaps carried a copy of the "Diary," and she asked if bullets also glanced off Pepys carried in a breast pocket. So they made conversation quite successfully. And afterward, when they had decided to go for a walk down Whitechapel High Street and lunch off winkles at a stall, many people glanced at them with kindness and sentimentality, and an old woman patted Celia's back, saying, "God bless you, dearie! Isn't it lovely to have him home?"

Whitechapel was a good idea. The throng of people carried some of the weight of self-consciousness for them; the wind blowing upriver and the hooting of ships' sirens made them feel they were in some foreign port of call, taking a stroll till it was time to reëmbark. He was less aware that she had grown strange to him, and she was momentarily able to forget the appalling stranger who had raved in her bed all night.

They dined at a restaurant, and went on to a music hall. That night he took longer to fall asleep. She had allowed herself a thread of hope, when he began to talk again. Three Justins competed, thrusting each other aside, sneaking back: a cold, attentive observer, a debased child whimpering with filthy words, a fiend lamenting in Hell. And at intervals they were banished by a recognizable Justin interminably muttering to himself, "Here's a sword for Toad, here's a sword for Rat, here's a sword for Mole, here's



"Your queen didn't notice my horsie, did she?"

a sword for Badger," till at some uncertain moment he would abjure that bible of their childhood with a yell of "Rat! Got you that time!"

The next day, they went to the Zoo. The Zoo was not so efficacious as Whitechapel.

It was feeling the pinch, the animals looked shabby and dejected, many cages were empty. Two sleepless nights had made Celia's feet swell. It was pain to walk, pain to stand. She wondered how much longer she could keep it up, this "God bless you, dearie" pretense of a lovely leave. The day accumulated its hours like a windlass. The load grew heavier; the windlass balked under it, but wound on. He went to bed with the usual "Good night, Celia." As usual, she undressed and put on that derision of a nightdress, and wrapped herself in an eiderdown and lay down to wait under the smiling gaze of Tim's photograph. She felt herself growing icy cold, couldn't remember if she had wound her watch, couldn't remember what diversion she had planned for the morrow, was walking over Richmond Bridge in a snowstorm, when she noticed he had begun again. *She noticed.* It had come to that. Two nights of a vicarious endurance of what was being endured, had been endured, would continue to be endured, by a cancelled generation had so exhausted her that now she felt neither horror nor despair, merely a bitter acquiescence. Justin went on with his Hail Devil Rosary, and in France the guns went on and on, and the mud dried into dust and slumped back into mud again. People went down to Kent to listen to the noise of the guns; the people in Kent said that they had grown used to it, didn't hear it any longer. The icy cold sensation bored into her midriff, nailed her down in sleep.

Some outcry, some exclamation (she could not afterward remember what it was), woke her. Before she knew what she was doing she was in the next room, trying to waken the man who lay so rigidly in her bed, who, if she could awaken him, would be her Justin, her brother Justin. "Oh, poor Justin, my poor Justin!" Throwing herself on the bed, she clasped him in her arms, lifted his head to lie against her breast, kissed his chattering lips. "There, there!" She felt him relax, waken, drag her toward him. They rushed into the escape of love like winter-starved cattle rushing into a spring pasture.

When light came into the room, they drew a little apart and looked at each other.

"Now we've done it," he said; and hearing the new note in his voice she replied, "A good thing, don't you think?"

Their release left them no option. After a few hours they were not even astonished. They were mated for life, that was all—for a matter of days, so they made the most of it. At the end of his leave they parted in exaltation, he convinced that he was going off to be killed, she that she would bear his child, to which she would devote the remainder of her existence.

A few weeks later she knew she was not pregnant. The knowledge handed her over to unmitigated anxiety. Early in the new year Justin, still panoplied in his legendary and by now rather ludicrous charmed life, was made a major. In April, he was wounded in the leg. "Nothing to worry about," he wrote; "just a few splinters. I am in bed, as peaceful as a pincushion." Later, she heard that he had been moved to a

MAKERS

Dog footprints in cement,
the pats half filled with dust,
stop me to see where they went,
pressed in the hardened crust—
a big dog plainly, yelping and flying
over that nice smooth new-laid sidewalk drying.

Into the levelled mire,
what mad pursuit, what races
after a screeching tire
have left these fitting traces?
He's no doubt dead now. Was he caught?
Punished? These dogprints tease me out of thought.

Or does he, stiff with age,
still snooze by winter fires,
forgetting youthful rage
and puppy-wild desires
to get the feel of gooey walk—
to plunge in, show off, make the neighbors talk?

Too spirited to mind
his betters, he stayed nimble
and leapt, and left behind
this gay, enduring symbol.
I stand, well tamed, charmed by residual
traces of an untamed individual.

We men must standardize
the things we shape and touch.
Modesty in us shies . . .
we daren't reveal too much.
But be it sidewalk, poem, street,
our souls are always in it, or our feet.

In this dull human plane
an artist's hairy hand!
His shapes, we see, contain
dry pools of dust and sand,
which years will harden and the form
they took preserve—once pulsing, soft, and warm—

a fossil, almost made.
You see in deathless stone
a life long since decayed.
O memoir of a bone,
your maker didn't trot the earth
worrying what his fossils might be worth.

—Richard Moore

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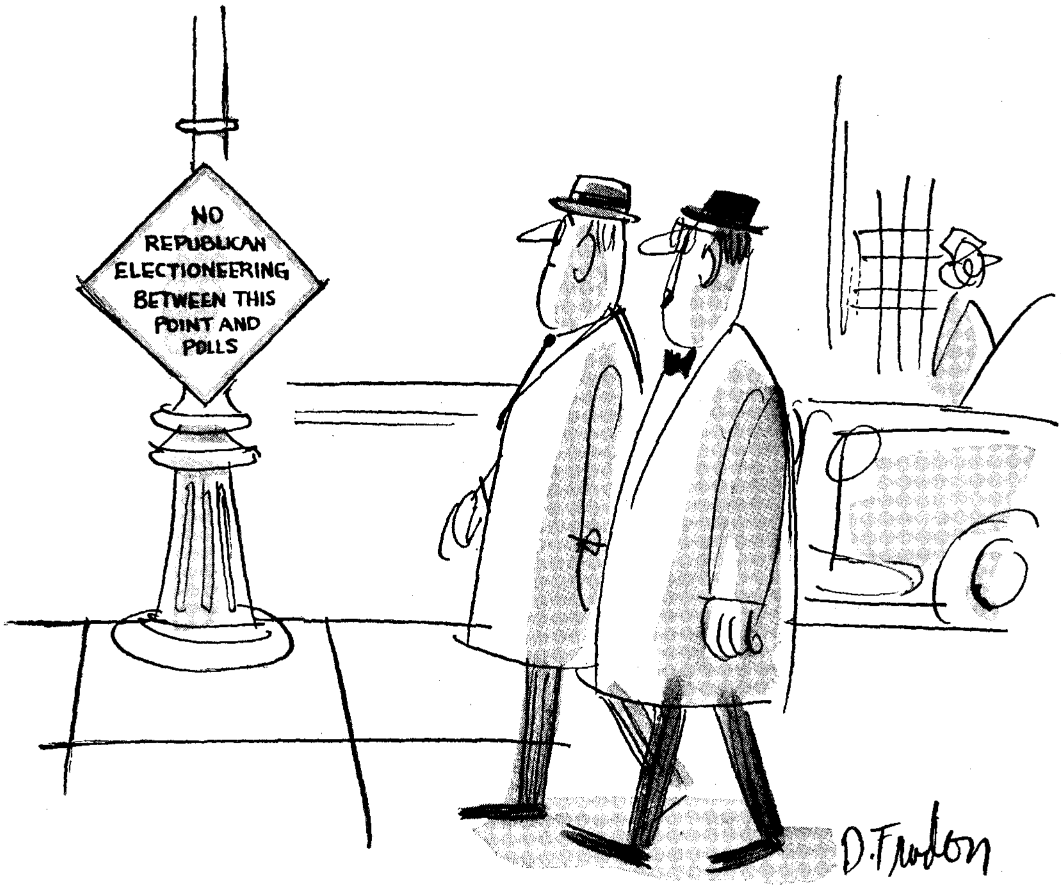
hospital on the outskirts of London. One of the splinters had escaped notice, and gas gangrene had developed in the wound.

I shall be a peg leg, he thought. It's not decent for a peg leg to make love—even to his sister. He was ravaged with fret and behaving with perfect decorum when Celia was shown in—dressed all in leaf green, walking like an empress, smelling delicious. For a moment the leaf-green Celia was almost as much of a stranger as the Celia all in black had been. When she kissed him, he discovered that she was shaking from head to foot. "There, there," he said, patting her. Still holding his hand, she addressed herself to charming Nurse Painter. Nurse Painter was in favor of sisters. They weren't so much trouble, didn't upset a patient, as sweethearts or wives did—and you didn't have to be hanging round all the time, ready to shoo them off. When Celia came next day, Nurse Painter congratulated her on having done the Major no end of good. There had been a lot of pus; she liked to see a lot of pus.


NO REPUBLICAN ELECTIONEERING BETWEEN THIS POINT AND POLLS
D. Fradon

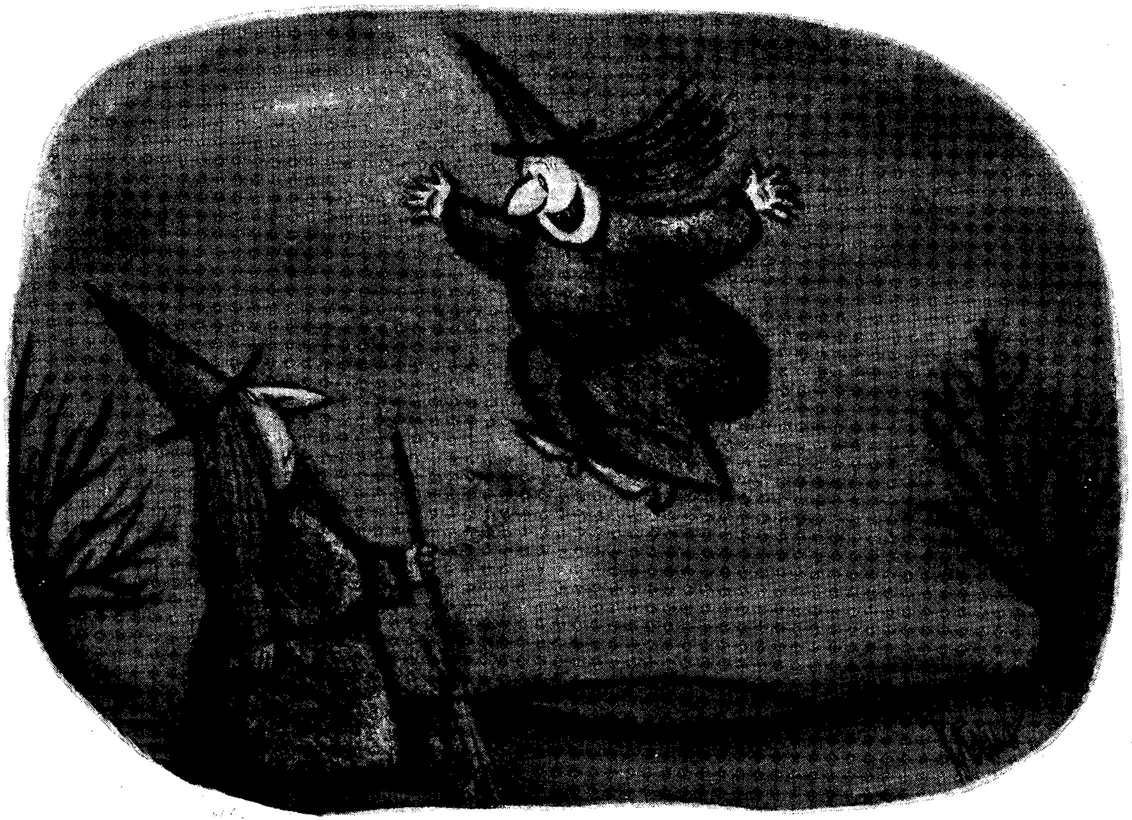
"The Democrats seem to have this district pretty well sewed up."

They continued to give satisfaction; when Justin left hospital with a knee that would always be stiff and from time to time cause him pain, Nurse Painter's approval went with them. A sister was just what he wanted—there would be no silly excitement; and as Miss Tizard was a trifle older than the Major, there would be a restraining hand if called for. If Nurse Painter had known what lay beneath this satisfactory arrangement, it is probable that her approval would not have been seriously withdrawn. The war looked like going on forever: the best you could hope for was a stalemate. Potatoes were unobtainable, honesty was no more, it was hate and muddle wherever you looked. If a gentleman and lady could pluck up heart enough to love and be happy—well, good luck to them!

Justin and Celia went to Oxfordshire, where they compared the dragonflies on the Windrush with the dragonflies on the Evenlode. Later, they went to France.

BEAUTY cannot be suborned. Never again did Justin see Celia quivering with beauty as she had done on the day she came to him in hospital. But he went on thinking she had a charming face and the most entertaining eyebrows in the world. Loving each other criminally and sincerely, they took pains to live together happily, and to safeguard their happiness from injuries of their own infliction or from outside. It would have been difficult for them to be anything but inconspicuous, or to be taken for anything but a brother and sister—the kind of brother and sister of whom one says, "It will be rather hard for her when he marries." Their relationship, so conveniently obvious to the public eye, was equally convenient in private life, for it made them unusually intuitive about each other's feelings. Brought up to the same standard of behavior, using the same vocabulary, they felt no need to impress each other and were not likely to be taken aback by each other's likes and dislikes. Even to the fact of remembering the same foxed copy of "The Swiss Family Robinson" with the tear across the picture of the boa constrictor was a reassuring bond. During the first years in France they felt they would like to have a child—or for the sake of the other's happiness ought to have a child—and discussed the possibilities of a child put out to nurse, learning French as its native speech, and then being adopted as a postwar orphan, since it was now too late for it to be a war orphan. But however the child was dated, it would be almost certain to declare its inheritance of Grandfather Tizard's nose, and as a fruitful incest is thought even worse of than a barren one, they sensibly gave up the idea—though regretting it.

Oddly enough, after settling in Hallowby, they regretted it no longer. They had a home in England, a standing, and things to do. Justin had the Beelby Museum; Celia had a household. In Hallowby it was not possible to stroll out to a restaurant or bring home desserts from the pastry shop, fillets of veal netted into bolsters by the butcher. Celia had to cook seriously, and soon found that if she was to cook meals worth eating she must go shopping, too. This was just what was needed for their peace and quiet, since to be seen daily shopping saved a great deal of repetitious explanation that she and Justin could not afford to keep a servant in the house but must be content with Mrs. Mugthwaite coming in three afternoons a week, and a jobbing gardener on Fridays. True, it exposed her to a certain amount of condolence and amazement from the school wives, but as they, like Mrs. Mugthwaite,



"Look! No broom!"

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came only in the afternoons, she could bear with it. Soon they came more sparingly; for, as Justin pointed out, poverty is the sturdiest of all pretexts, since people feel it to be rather sad and soon don't think about it, whereas her first intention—explaining that ever since her Aunt Dinah had wakened in the middle of the night to see an angered cook standing over her with a meat hatchet she had been nervous of servants sleeping under the same roof—would only provoke gossip, surmise, and insistent recommendations of cooks warranted safe to ride and drive. Justin was more long-sighted than Celia. She always knew what to do or say at the moment. He could look ahead, foresee dangers, and take steps to dodge them.

They did not see as much of Mr. Pilkington as they had apprehended, and the other members of the staff were in no hurry to take up with another of Pilkington's Pets. Celia grew alarmed; if you make no friends, you become odd. She decided that they must occasionally go to church, though not too often or too enthusiastically, as it would then become odd that they did not take the Sacrament. No doubt a great many vicious church attenders took the Sacrament, and the rubric only forbids it to "open and notorious evil-livers," which they had every intention of not being; but she could see a scruple of honor at work in Justin, so she did not labor this argument. There was a nice, stuffy pitch-pine St. Cuthbert's nearby, and at judicious intervals they went there for evensong—thereby renewing another bond of childhood: the pleasure of hurrying home on a cold evening to eat baked potatoes hot from the oven. How old Mr. Gillespie divined from Justin's church demeanor that he was a whist player was a mystery never solved. But he divined it. He had barely saved Celia's umbrella from being blown inside out, remarking, "You're newcomers, aren't you? You don't know the east wind at this corner," before he was saying to Justin, "You don't play whist, by any chance?" But probably he would have asked this of anyone not demonstrably a raving maniac, for since Colin Colbeck's death he, Miss Colbeck, and Canon Pendarves were desperate for a fourth player. Canon Pendarves gave dinner parties, with a little music afterward. Celia, driven into performance, and remembering how Becky Sharp had wooed Lady Steyne by singing the religious songs of Mozart, sat down at the piano and played the "Carman's Whistle," one of the few things she reliably knew by heart. This audacious antiquarianism delighted the Canon, who kept her at his side for the rest of the evening, relating how he had once tried to get up a performance of Tallis's forty-part motet.

The Tizards were no longer odd. Their new friends were all considerably older than they; the middle-aged had more conscience about the war and were readier to make friends with a disabled major and his devoted maiden sister. In time, members of the staff overlooked their prejudice against Pilkington Pets and found the Tizard couple agreeable, if slightly boring.

Returning from their sober junketings, Justin and Celia, safe within their brick wall, cast off their weeds of middle age, laughed, chattered, and kissed with an intensified delight in their scandalous immunity from blame. They were a model couple, the most respectable couple in Hallowby, treading hand in hand the thornless path to fogydom. They began to give small dinner parties themselves. They set up a pug and a white cat. During their third summer in Hallowby they gave an evening party in the Beelby Museum. This dashing event almost carried them too far. It was such a success that they were begged to make an annual thing of it; and Celia was so gay, and her dress so fashionable, that she was within an inch of being thought a dangerous woman. Another party being expected of them, another had to be given. But this was a very different setout—a children-and-parents party with a puppet show, held in St. Cuthbert's Church Room, with Canon Pendarves speaking on behalf of the Save the Children Fund and a collection taken at the door. The collection was a master stroke. It put the Tizards back in their place as junior fogies—where Justin, for his part, was thankful to be. He had got there a trifle prematurely, perhaps, being in his early thirties, but it was where he intended to end his days.

He was fond of gardening, and now he took up gardening seriously, having an analysis made of the Newton Lodge soil—too acid, as he suspected—buying phosphates and potash and lime and kainite, treating different plots with different mixtures and noting the results in a book. He could not dig or weed, but he limpingly mowed and rolled the lawn, trained climbing roses, and staked delphiniums. Within the shelter of the wall, delphiniums did magnificently. Every year he added new varieties, and when the original border could be lengthened no further a parallel bed was dug, with a grass walk in between. Every summer evening he walked there, watching the various blues file off, some to darkness, some to pallor, as the growing dusk took possession of them, while the white cat flitted about his steps like a moth. Because one must not be wholly selfish, from time to time he would invite a pair of chosen children to tea, cut each of them a long delphinium lance (cutting only those which were going over, however), and set them to play at jousting matches on the lawn. Most of them did no more than thwack, but the two little Semples, the children of the school chaplain, fought with system, aiming at each other's faces and husbanding their strokes. Even when they had outgrown jousting, they still came to Newton Lodge, hunting snails, borrowing books, helping him weigh out basic slag, addressing him as "Justin."

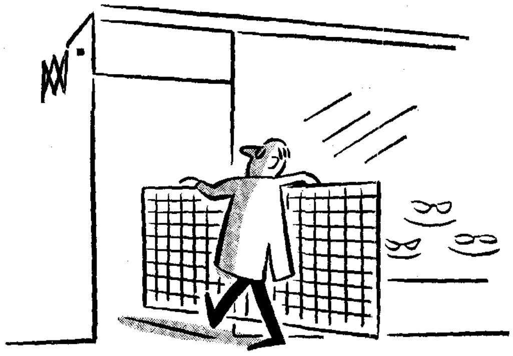
"Mary is just the age our child would have been," remarked Celia after one of these visits. Seeing him start at the words, she went on, "When you went back to be killed and I was quite sure I would have a baby."

"I wouldn't stand being called Justin—if she were."

"You might have to. They're Bright Young Things from the cradle on, nowadays."

By now the vogue for being a Bright Young Thing had reached even to Hallowby, its ankles growing rather muddied and muscular on the way. It was not like Celia to prefer an inferior article, and Justin wondered to see her tolerance of this anglicization of the *Jeune France* when the original movement had so exasperated her. He hoped she wasn't mellowing; mellowness is not the food of love. A quite contrary process, however, was at work in Celia. At Carnac, even when accepting Pilkington as a way out of it, the exaltation of living in defiance of social prohibitions and the absorbing maneuvers of seeming to live in compliance with them had been stimulus enough; she had had no use for less serious rebels. But during the last few years the sense of sinking month by month into the acquiescence of Hallowby, eating its wholesome lotus like cabbage, conforming with the inattention of habit—and aware that if she overlooked a conformity the omission would be redressed by the general conviction that Major Tizard, though in no way exciting, was always so nice and had a sister who devoted her life to him, so nice for them both, etc., etc.—had begun to disagree with her, and the sight of any rebellion, however puerile, however clumsy, roused up partisanship in her. Since she could not shock Hallowby to its foundations, she liked to see these young creatures trying to, and wished them luck. From time to time she even made approaches to them, solicited their trust, indicated that she was ranged on their side. They accepted, confided, condescended—and dropped her.

When one is thus put back in one's place, one finds one has grown out of it, and is a misfit. Celia became conscious how greatly she disliked Hallowby society. The school people nauseated her with their cautious culture and breezy heartiness. The indigenous inhabitants were more bearable, because they were less pretentious—but they bored her. The Church, from visiting bishops down to Salvation Army cornet players, she loathed for its hypocrisy. Only in Hallowby's shabbiest quarter—in Edna Road, Gladstone Terrace, and Gas Lane—could she find anyone to love. Mr. Newby, the fishmonger, in his malodorous den; old Mrs. Foe among her sallowing cabbages and bruised apples; Mr. Raby, the grocer, who could not afford to buy new stock because he hadn't the heart to call in the money his poorer customers owed him, and so had none but the poorest customers—these people were good. Probably it was only by their goodness that they survived and had not cut their throats in despair long ago. Celia began to shop in Gas Lane. It was not a success. Much as she might love Mr. Newby, she loved Justin better, and when a dried haddock gave him food poisoning she had to remove her custom—since the cat wouldn't touch Newby's fish anyhow. These disheartening experiences made her dislike respectable Hallowby even



more. She wanted to cast it off, as someone tossing in fever wants to cast off a blanket.

The depression began. The increase of Mr. Raby's customers drove him out of business; he went bankrupt and closed the shop. Groups of unemployed men from Hallowby juxta Mare appeared in Gas Lane and Edna Road and sang at street corners—for misfortune always resorts to poor neighborhoods for succor. People began to worry about their investments and to cut down subscriptions to such examples of conspicuous waste as the Chamber Music Society. Experts on nutrition wrote to the daily papers, pointing out the wastefulness of frying, and explaining how, by buying cheaper cuts of meat and cooking them much longer, the mothers of families on the dole would be able to provide wholesome, adequate meals. Celia's uneasy good will and smoldering resentment found their outlet. As impetuously as she had flung herself into Justin's bed, she flung herself into relief work at Hallowby juxta Mare. Being totally inexperienced in relief work, she exploded there like a nova. Her schemes were so outrageous that people in authority didn't think them worth contesting even; she was left to learn by experience—and made the most of this valuable permission. One of her early outrages was to put on a revue composed and performed by local talent. Local talent ran to the impromptu, and when it became known what scarification of local reputations could be expected, everyone wanted to hear what might be said of everyone else and Celia was able to raise the price of admission, which had been sixpence, to as much as half a guinea for the best seats. Her doings became a joke; you never knew what that woman wouldn't be up to next. Hadn't she persuaded Wilson & Beck to take on men they had turned off, because now, when half the factory stood idle, was the moment to give it a spring cleaning? Celia worked herself to the bone, and probably did a considerable amount of good, but her great service to Hallowby juxta Mare was that she made the unemployed interested in their plight instead of dulled by it, so that helpers came to her from the unemployed themselves. If she was not so deeply impressed by their goodness as she had been by the idealized goodness of Mr. Newby and Mrs. Foe, she was impressed by their arguments; she became political, and by 1935 she was marching in Communist demonstrations, singing:

> "Twenty-five years of hunger and war
> And they call it a glorious Jubilee."

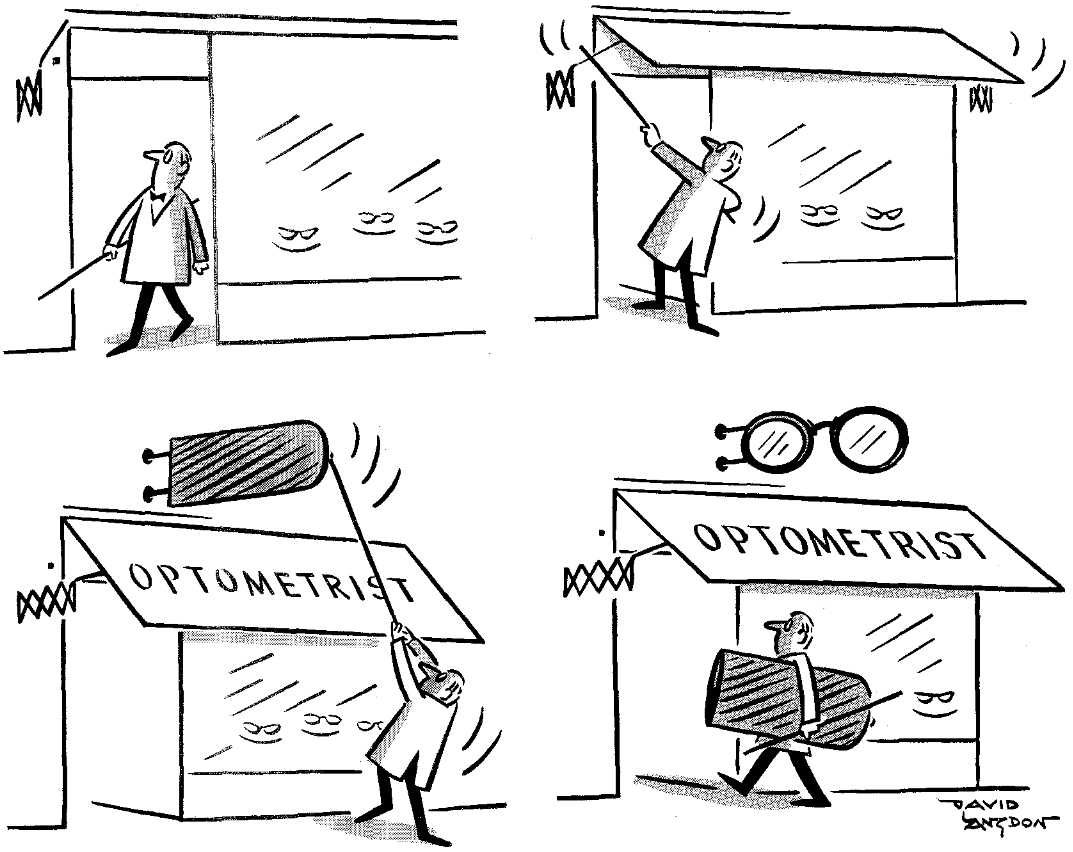
Inland Hallowby was also looking forward to the Jubilee. The school was rehearsing a curtailed version of Purcell's "King Arthur," with Mary Semple, now home from her finishing school, coming on in a chariot to sing "Fairest Isle." There was to be folk dancing by Scouts and Guides, a tea for the old people, a fancy-dress procession; and to mark the occasion Mr. Harvey, J.P., one of the school governors, had presented the Beelby Museum with a pair of buckskin breeches worn by the Duke of Wellington on the field of Talavera. "I shall be expected to make a speech about them," groaned Justin. "I think I shall hire a deputy and go away for the day."

Celia jumped at this. "We'll both go away. Not just for the day but for a fortnight. We'll go to Jersey, because you must attend the Jubilee celebrations on your native island—a family obligation. Representative of one of the oldest families. And if we find the same sort of fuss going on there, we can nip over to France in the Escudiers' boat and be quit of the whole thing. It's foolproof, it's perfect. The only thing needed to make it perfectly perfect is to make it a month. Justin, it's the answer." She felt indeed that it was the answer. For some time now, Justin had seemed distrait and out of humor. Afraid he was unwell, she told herself he was stale and knew that he had been neglected. An escapade would put all right. Talavera had not been fought in vain. But she couldn't get him to consent. She was still persuading when the first letter arrived. It was typed and had been posted in Hallowby. It was unsigned, and began, "Hag."

Reading what followed, Celia tried to hold on to her first impression that the writer was some person in Hallowby juxta Mare. "You think you're sitting pretty, don't you? You think no one has found you out." She had made many enemies there; this must come from one of them. Several times she had been accused of misappropriating funds. Yes, that was it: ". . . and keep such a tight hold on him." But why *him*? It was as though two letters lay on the flimsy page—the letter she was bent on reading and the letter that lay beneath and glared through it. It was a letter about her relations with Justin that she tore into bits and dropped in the wastepaper basket as he came down to breakfast.

She could hardly contain her impatience to get the bits out again, stick them on a backing sheet, make sure. Nothing is ever quite what it first was; the letter was viler, but it was also feebler. It struck her as amateurish.

The letter that came two days later was equally vile but better composed; the writer must be getting his or her hand in. A third was positively elegant. Vexatiously, there was no hint of a demand for hush money. Had there been, Celia could have called in the police, who would have set those ritual springes into which blackmailers—at any rate, blackmailers one reads of in newspapers—walk so artlessly. But the letters did not blackmail, did not even threaten. They stated that what the writer knew was common knowledge. After two letters, one on the heels of the other, which taunted Celia with being ugly, aging, and sexually ridiculous—letters that ripped through her self-control and made her cry with mortification—the writer returned to the theme of common knowledge but concluded with an "It may interest you to hear that the following know all about your loathsome performances" and a list of half a dozen Hallowby names. Further letters laconically listed more names. At the outset, Celia had decided to keep all this to herself, and still held to the decision; but she hoped she would not begin talking in her sleep.



There was less chance of this, as by now she was sleeping scarcely at all.

It was a Sunday morning, and she and Justin were spraying roses for green fly, when Justin said, "Puss, what are you concealing?" She syringed Mme. Alfred Carrière so violently that the jet bowed the rose, went beyond it, and deluged a robin. Justin took the syringe out of her hand and repeated the question.

Looking at him, she saw his face was drawn with woe. "No, no, it's nothing like that," she exclaimed. "I'm perfectly well. It's just that some poison-pen imbecile . . ."

When he had read through the letters, he said thoughtfully, "I'd like to wring that little bitch's neck."

"Yes, it is some woman or other, isn't it? I felt sure of that."

"Some woman or other? It's Mary Semple."

"That pretty little Mary Semple?"

"That pretty little Mary Semple. Give me the letters. I'll soon settle her." He looked at his watch. "No, I can't settle her yet. She'll still be in church."

"But I don't understand why."

"You do, really."

"Justin! Have you been carrying on with Mary Semple?"

"No, I wouldn't say that. She's got white eyelashes. But ever since she came home Mary Semple has been doing all she could to carry on with me. There I was in the Beelby, you see, like a bull at the stake. No one comes near the place now; I was at her mercy. And in she tripped, and in she tripped, talking about old days, telling me her little troubles, showing me her poems, pitying me for my hard lot. I tried to cool her down, I tried to taper it off. But she was bent on rape, and one morning I lost all patience, told her she bored me, and that if she came again I'd empty the fire bucket over her. She wept and wailed, and I paid no attention, and when there was silence I looked cautiously round and she was gone. And a day or so after"—he looked at the mended letter—"yes, a couple of days after, she sat her down to take it out of you."

"But, Justin—how did she know about us?"

"No fire without smoke, I suppose. I daresay she overheard her parents cheering each other along the way with Christian surmises. Anyhow, children nowadays are brought up on that sort of useful knowledge."

"No fire without smoke," she repeated. "And what about those lists?"

"Put in to make your flesh creep, most likely. And if they do know, they weren't informed at a public meeting. Respectable individuals are too wary about libel and slander to raise their respectable voices individually. It's like that motet Pendarves used to talk about, only he could never manage to get them all there at once to sing. Extraordinary ambitions people have! Fancy wanting to hear forty singers simultaneously yelling different tunes."

"It can be done. There was a performance at Newcastle—he was dead by then. But, Justin—"

"That will do, Celia. I am now going off to settle Mary Semple."

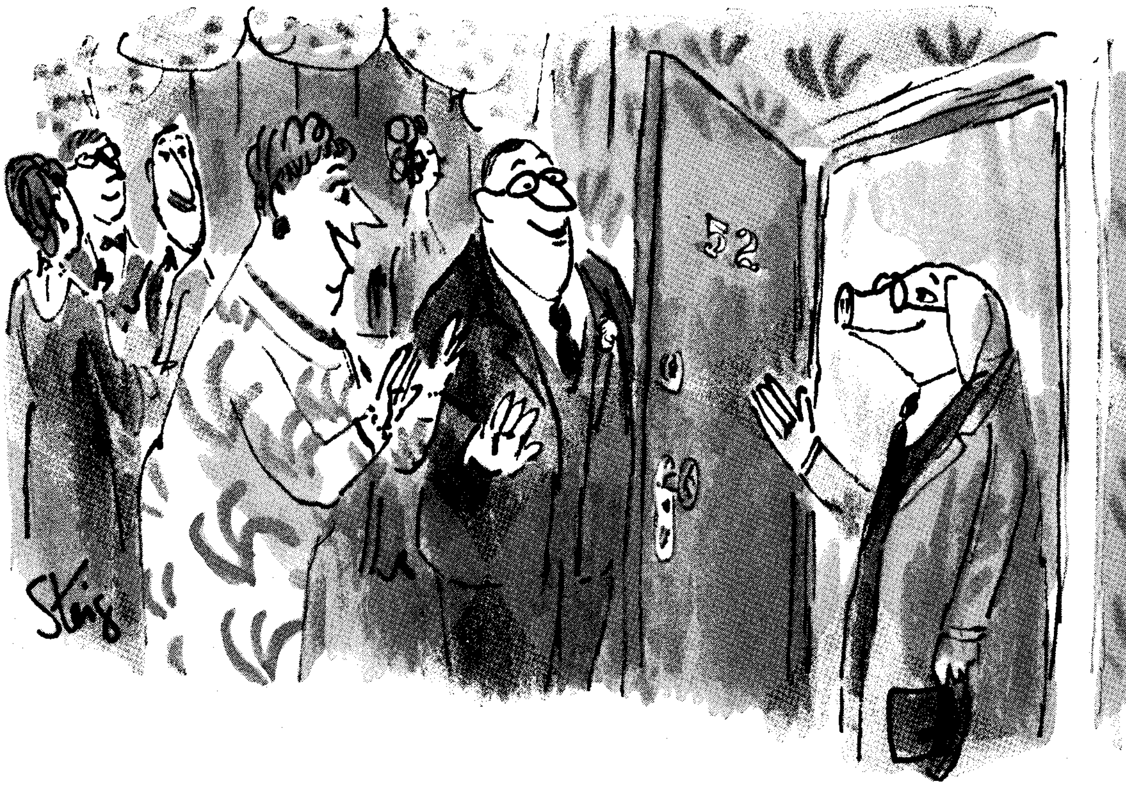
"How will you manage to see her alone?"

"I shall enter her father's dwelling. Mary will manage the rest."

The savagery of these last words frightened her. She had not heard that note in his voice since he cried out in his sleep. She watched him limp from the room as though she were watching an incalculable stranger. A moment later he reappeared, took her hand, and kissed it. "Don't worry, Puss. If need be, we'll fly the country."

Whatever danger might lie ahead, it was the thought of the danger escaped that swelled in Celia's mind. If she had gone on concealing those letters—and she had considered it her right and her duty to do so—a wedge would have been driven between her and Justin, bruising the tissue of their love, invisibly fissuring them, as a wedge of ice does in the living tree. And thus a scandal about their incest would have found them without any spontaneity of reaction and distracted by the discovery of how long she had been arrogating to herself a thing that concerned them both. "Here and now," she exclaimed, "I give up being an elder sister who knows best." Justin, on his way to the Semples', was muttering to himself, "Damn and blast it, why couldn't she have told me sooner? If she had, it would all be over by now." It did not occur to him to blame himself for a lack of openness. This did not occur to Celia, either. It was Justin's constancy that mattered, not his faithfulness—any Marys in his life were Justin's legitimately private property.

When he reappeared, washed and brushed and ready for lunch, and told her there would be no more billets-doux from Mary, it was with merely tactical curiosity that she asked, "Did you have



"Why, Oswald Fenimore, after all these years! You haven't changed a bit!"

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to bribe her?" And as he did not answer at once, she went on to ask, "Would you like potted shrimps or cold consommé? There's both."

They did not have to fly the country. Mary Semple disposed of the rest of her feelings by quarrelling with everyone in the cast of "King Arthur" and singing "Fairest Isle" with such venom that her hearers felt their blood run cold, and afterward remarked that stagefright had made her sing out of tune. The people listed by Mary as cognizant showed no more interest in the Tizards than before. The tradesmen continued to deliver. Not a cold shoulder was turned. But on that Sunday morning the balance between Justin and Celia had shifted, and never returned to its former adjustment. Both of them were aware of this, so neither of them referred to it, though at first Celia's abdication made her rather insistent that Justin should know best, make decisions, assert his authority. Justin asserted his authority by knowing what decisions could be postponed till the blessed moment when there was no need to make them at all. Though he did not dislike responsibility, he was not going to be a slave to it. Celia's abdication also released elements in her character which till then had been penned back by her habit of common sense and efficiency. She became slightly frivolous, forgetful, and timid. She read novels before lunch, abandoned all social conscience about bores, mislaid bills, took second helpings of *risotto* and mashed potato, and began to put on weight. She lost her aplomb as a driver and had one or two small accidents. She went through a phase of being hypochondriacal and needing to be taken away for pick-me-up holidays. Mrs. Mugthwaite, observing all this, knew it was the Change, and felt sorry for the poor Major. The Change wasn't a thing that a brother should be expected to deal with. From time to time, Justin and Celia discussed leaving Hallowby and going to live somewhere away from the east-coast climate and the east wind at the corner by St. Cuthbert's, but they put off moving, because the two animals had grown old, were set in their ways, and would be happier dying in their own home. The pug died just before the Munich crisis, the cat lived on into the war.

So did Mr. Pilkington, who died from overwork two months before the first air raid on Hallowby juxta Mare justified his insistence on constructing an air-raid shelter under the school chapel and entrenching the school playing fields. This first raid was concentrated on the ironworks, and did considerable damage. All next day, inland Hallowby heard the growl of demolition explosives. In the second raid, the defenses were better organized. The enemy bombers were driven off their target before they could finish their mission. Two were brought down, out to sea. A third, twisting inland, jettisoned its remaining bombs on and around Hallowby. One dropped in Gas Lane, another just across the road from Newton Lodge. The blast brought down part of the roof and dislodged a chimney stack. The rescue workers, turning the light of their torches here and there, noting the usual disparities between the havocked and the unharmed, the fireplace blown out, the portrait smiling above it, followed the trail of bricks and rubble upstairs and into a bedroom whose door slanted from its hinges. A cold air met them; looking up, they saw the sky. The floor was deep in rubble; bits of broken masonry, clots of brickwork, stood up from it like rocks on a beach. A dark bulk crouched on the hearth, and was part of the chimney stack, and a torrent of slates had fallen on the bed, crushing the two bodies that lay there.

The wavering torchlights wandered over the spectacle. There was a silence. Then young Foe spoke out. "He must have come in to comfort her. That's my opinion." The others concurred. Silently, they disentangled Justin and Celia, and wrapped them in separate tarpaulin sheets. No word of what they had found got out. Foe's hypothesis was accepted by the coroner and became truth.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

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CONCERT

Who listens when in the concert hall,
The great whispering gallery,
Vaulted ear of the encaverned god
Scattered in our multitude,
Ebb and flow the waves of world?
In deep ocean weed sways,
As waves touch like a caress
Life's delicate responsive cilia.
Sound passes like air over a field of grass
Whose thousand ears bend to the wind.
To the oracular voice
Ten thousand auricles attend
As the one hearer hears in all.

—Kathleen Raine

THE DARK

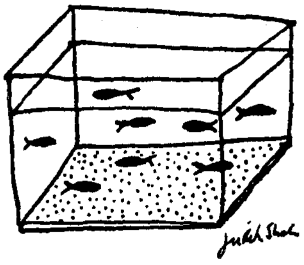
THE dark, he discovered, was mottled; was a luminous collage of patches of almost-color that became, as his open eyes grew at home, almost ectoplasmically bright. Objects became lunar panels let into the air that darkness had given flat substance to. Walls dull in day glowed. Yet he was not comforted by the general pallor of the dark, its unexpected transparence; rather, he lay there waiting, godlessly praying, for those visitations of positive light that were hurled, unannounced, through the windows by the headlights of automobiles pausing and passing outside. Some were slits, erect as sentinels standing guard before beginning to slide, helplessly, across a corner, diagonally warping, up onto the ceiling, accelerating, and away. Others were yellowish rectangles, scored with panes, windows themselves, but watery, streaked, the mullions dissolved, as if the apparition silently posed on a blank interior wall were being in some manner lashed from without by a golden hurricane.

He wondered if all these visitations were caused by automobiles; for some of them appeared and disappeared without any accompaniment of motor noises below, and others seemed projected from an angle much higher than that of the street. Perhaps the upstairs lamps in neighboring homes penetrated the atmosphere within his bedroom. But it was a quiet neighborhood, and he imagined himself to be, night after night, the last person awake. Yet it was a rare hour, even from two o'clock on, when the darkness in which he lay was untouched; sooner or later, with a stroking motion like a finger passing across velvet, there would occur one of those intrusions of light which his heart would greet with wild grateful beating, for he had come to see in them his only companions, guards, and redeemers.

Sounds served in a much paler way—the diminishing drone of an unseen car vanishing at a point his mind's eye located beyond the Baptist church; the snatched breath and renewed surge of a truck shifting gears on the hill; the pained squeak, chuffing shuffle, and comic toot of a late commuting train clumsily threading the same old rusty needle; the high vibration of an airplane like a piece of fuzz caught in the sky's throat. These evidences of a universe of activity and life extending beyond him did not bring the same liberating assurance as those glowing rectangles delivered like letters through the slots in his room. The stir, whimper, or cough coming from the bedroom of one or another of his children had a contrary effect, of his consciousness touching a boundary, an abrasive rim. And in the breathing of his wife beside him a tight limit seemed reached. The blind, moist motor of her oblivious breathing seemed to follow the track of a circular running of which he was the vortex, sinking lower and lower in the wrinkled bed until he was lifted to another plane by the appearance, long delayed, on his walls of an angel, linear and serene, of light stolen from another world.

While waiting, he discovered the dark to be green in color, a green so low-keyed only eyes made supernaturally alert could have sensed it, a thoroughly dirtied green in which he managed to detect, under opaque integuments of ambiguity, a general pledge of hope. Specific hope he had long given up. It seemed a childhood ago when he had moved, a grown man, through a life of large rooms, with white-painted moldings and blowing curtains, whose walls each gave abundantly, in the form of open doorways and flung-back French windows, into other rooms—a mansion without visible end. In one of the rooms he had been stricken with a pang of unease. Still king of space, he had moved to dismiss the unease and the door handle had rattled, stuck. The curtains had stopped blowing. Behind him, the sashes and archways sealed. Still, it was merely a question of holding one's breath and finding a key. If the door was accidentally locked—had locked itself—there was certainly a key. For all locks keys exist, by definition. A lock without a key is a monstrosity, and while he knew, in a remote way, that monstrosities exist, he also knew there were many more rooms; he had glimpsed them waiting with their white-painted and polished corners, their invisible breeze of light. Doctors airily agreed; but then their expressions fled one way—cherubic, smiling—while their words fled another, and became unutterable, leaving him facing the blankness where the division had occurred. He tapped his pockets. They were empty. He stooped to pick the lock with his fingernails, and it shrank from his touch, became a formless bump, a bubble, and sank into the wood. The door became a smooth and solid wall. There was nothing left for him but to hope that the impenetrability of walls was in some sense an illusion. His nightly vigil investigated this possibility. His discoveries, of the varied texture of the dark, its relenting phosphorescence, above all its hospitality to vivid and benign incursions of light, seemed at moments to confirm his hope. At other moments, by other lights, his vigil seemed an absurd toy supplied by cowardice to entertain his last months.

He had months and not years to live. This was the fact. By measuring with his mind (which seemed to hover in fear some distance from his brain) the intensity of certain sensations obliquely received, he could locate, by a kind of triangulation, his symptoms in space: a patch of strangeness beneath the left rib, an inflexible limitation in his lungs, a sickly-sweet languor in his ankles, which his mind's eye located just this side of the town wharf. But space interested him only as the silver on the back of the mirror of time. It was in time, that utterly polished surface, that he searched for his reflection, which was black as a Negro's, only thin-lipped and otherwise familiar. He wondered why the difference between months and years should be qualitative when mere quantities were concerned, and his struggle to make "month" a variant of "year" reminded him of, from his deepest past, his efforts to remove a shoehorn from between his heel and shoe, where with childish clumsiness he had wedged it. How impossibly tight the fit had seemed! How feeble and small he must have been!

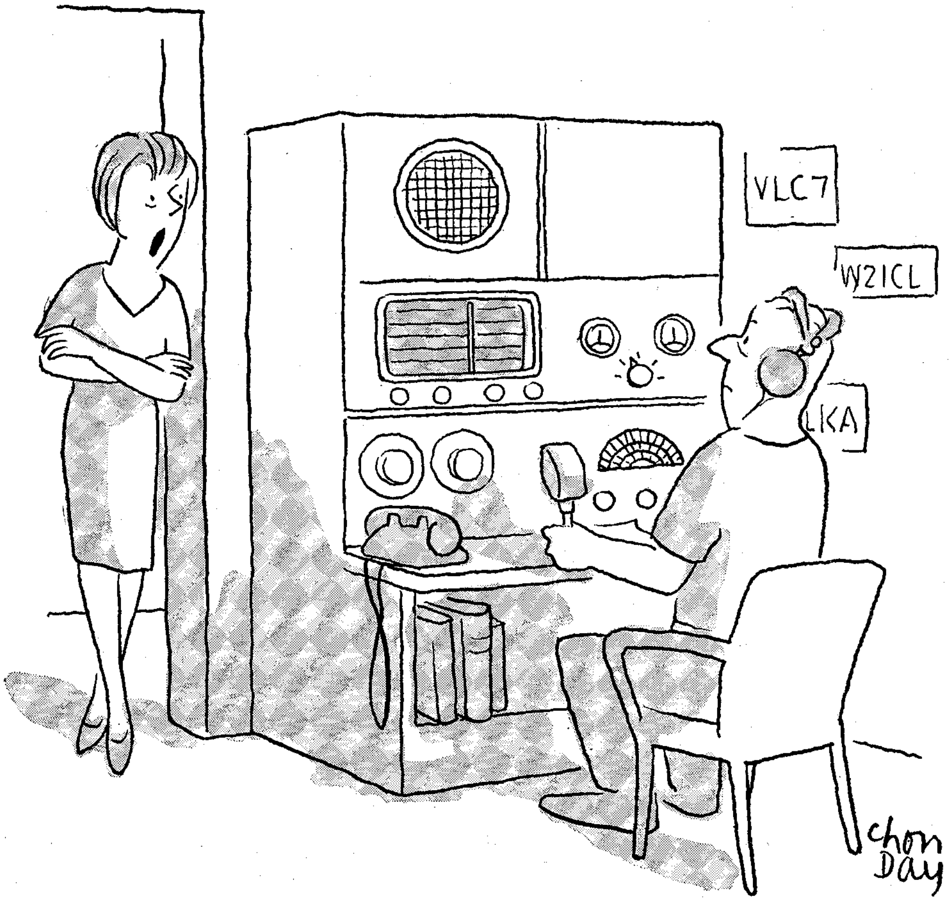


He did not much revisit the past. His inner space, the space of his mind, seemed as irrelevant as the space of his body. His father's hands, his mother's tears, his sister's voice shrilling across an itchy lawn, the rolls of dust beneath his bed that might, just might, be poisonous caterpillars—these glints only frightened him with the depth of the darkness in which they were all but smothered. Everything in his life had been ordinary except its termination. His "life." Considered as a finite noun, his life seemed unequal to the infinitude of death. The inequality almost made a ledge where his hope could grip; but the leaden sighing of his wife's sagging mouth dragged it down. Faithlessly she lay beside him in the arms of her survival. Her unheeding sleep deserved only dull anger and was not dreadful like the sleep of his children, whose dream-sprung coughs and cries seemed to line the mouth of death with teeth. The sudden shortness of his life seemed to testify to the greed of those he had loved. He should have been shocked by his indifference to them; should have grubbed the root of this coldness from his brain, but introspection, like memory, sickened him with its steep perspectives, afflicted him with the nausea of futile concentration, as if he were picking a melting lock. He was not interested in his brain but in his soul, his soul, that outward simplicity embodied in the shards and diagonal panes of light that wheeled around his room when a car smoothly passed in the street below.

From three o'clock on, the traffic was thin. As if his isolation had turned him into God, he blessed, with stately wordlessness, whatever errant teenager or returning philanderer relieved the stillness of the town. Then, toward four, all such visits ceased. There was a quietness. Unwanted images began to impinge on the dark: a pulpy many-legged spider was offered wriggling to him on a fork. His teeth ached to think of biting.

It was time to imagine the hand.

He, who since infancy had slept best on his stomach, could now endure lying only on his back. He wished his lids, even if they were closed, to be pelted and bathed by whatever eddies of light animated the room. As these eddies died, and the erosion of sleeplessness began to carve his consciousness fantastically, he had taken to conceiving of himself as lying in a giant hand, his head on the fingertips and his legs in the crease of the palm. He did not picture the hand with total clarity, denied it nails and hair, and with idle rationality supposed it was an echo from Sunday school, some old-fashioned print; nevertheless, the hand was so real to him that he would stealthily double his pillow to lift his head higher and thereby fit himself better to the curve of the great fingers. The hand seemed to hold him at some height, but he had no fear of falling nor any sense of display, of being gazed at, as a mother gazes at the baby secure in her arms. Rather, this hand seemed something owed him, a basis upon which had been drawn the contract of his conception, and it had the same extensive, impersonal life as the pieces of light that had populated, before the town went utterly still, the walls of his room. Now the phosphor of these walls took on a blueness, as if the yellowness of the green tinge of the darkness were being distilled from it. Still safe in the hand, he dared turn, with exquisite gradualness, and lie on his side and touch with his knees the underside of his wife's thighs, which her bunched nightie had bared. Her intermittently restless sleep usually settled into a fetal position facing away from him; and in a parallel position—ready at any nauseous influx of terror to return to his back—he delicately settled himself, keeping the soft touch of her flesh at his knees as a mooring. His eyes had closed. Experimentally he opened them, and a kind of gnashing, a blatancy, at the leafy window, which he now faced, led him to close them again. A rusty rippling, a kind of brown creaking, comfortable and antique, passed along his body, merging with the birdsong that had commenced beyond the window like the melodious friction of a machine of green and squeaking wood.



"Well, if you do pick him up, I hope you'll give him a good piece of your mind."

He smiled at himself, having for an instant imagined that he was adjusting his stiff arms around a massive thumb beside his face.

Comfort ebbed from the position; his wife irritably stirred and broke the mooring. Carefully, as gingerly as if his body were an assemblage of components any one of which might deflect his parabolic course, he moved to lie on his stomach, pressing himself on the darkness beneath him, as if in wrestling, upon some weary foe.

Panic jerked his dry lids open. He looked backward, past his shoulder, at the pattern of patches that had kept watch with him. A chair, with clothes tossed upon it, had begun to be a chair, distinctly forward from the wall. The air, he saw, was being visited by another invader, a creature unlike the others, entering not obliquely but frontally, upright, methodically, less by stealth than like someone hired, like a fine powder very slowly exploding, scouring the white walls of their moss of illusion, polishing objects into islands. He felt in this arrival relief from his vigil and knew, his chest loosening rapidly, that in a finite time he would trickle through the fingers of the hand; would slip, blissfully, into oblivion, as a fold is smoothed from a width of black silk. —JOHN UPDIKE

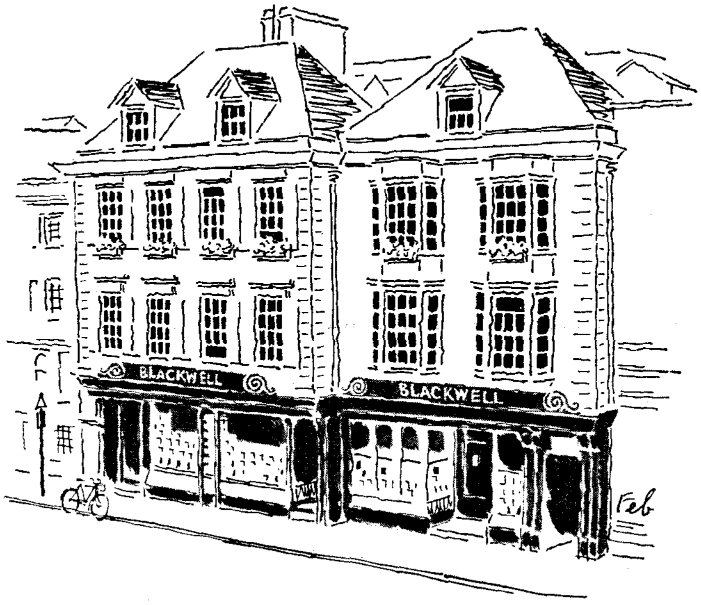
•

The largest crowd ever to assemble at Spartan Stadium—78,234—watched the 57th game in an intrastate rivalry that means to the people of Michigan what the struggle between the Capulets and Montagues did to the citizens of 15th-century Florence.—*The Times.*

Never heard of them.

PROFILES

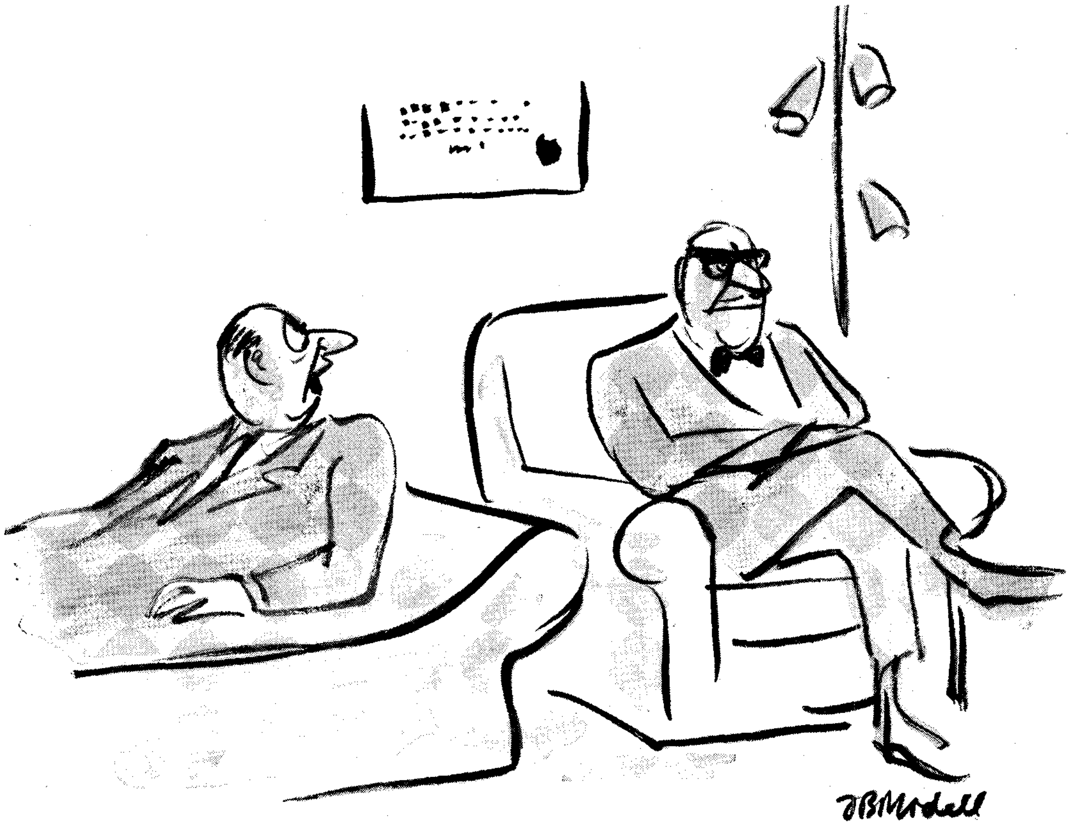
QUIET, BENEFICENT THINGS



THE book trade everywhere gives the impression of being weak in the knees. Big publishers are ingesting little ones, firms that have no interest in or knowledge of books are taking over old established houses, and those publishers who, as a matter of course, continue to bring out good books are being forced to rely increasingly for their profits on best-sellers, reference books, and such subsidiary rights as book clubs, serializations, and films. Similarly, booksellers, who, in a sense, are the better half of the trade (in this country they receive twenty-five to fifty per cent of the published price of a book, while the publisher's bite is from twenty to forty per cent, and the author's is ten to fifteen per cent), seem to be in the throes of some malaise in regard to both the number and the types of books stocked. When men of the trade are approached for the reasons, they say that even though today there are more readers, and more books, both paperback and hard-cover, to buy and read, practically no other business has found the present, with its emphasis on self-service and mass selling, less hospitable than serious bookselling; unlike a greengrocer, the bookseller cannot leave his customers to serve themselves, for searching out a title is like looking for a particular lion in a vast jungle. In the business, serious bookselling is sometimes defined as "placing a worthy book in a worthy hand"—a rather Victorian sentiment. But then the serious bookseller has been a dying breed almost since the turn of the century. The truth of this assertion becomes apparent if one studies the operations of such a bookseller, for, being a sort of weathervane for the changing winds of people's reading habits and publishers' preoccupations, he is blown hither and thither in a way that makes him a sound indicator of all the major problems besetting the business.

B. H. Blackwell, Ltd., of Oxford, may be the best bookshop in the world, and it is certainly one of the few serious bookshops left. On a recent representative day, Blackwell's received mail orders from forty-three countries, counting Britain, for 3,198 items, ranging from "The Tale of Mrs. Tittlemouse" to Tertullian's "Treatise Against Praxeas," and from the "Transactions of the Convention on Thermonuclear Processes, Proceeding Part A, Supplement No. 2" (published by the Institution of Electrical Engineers) to the "Workshop Manual of the Humber Hawk Saloon Mk. VI." Of these, 2,786 orders were for general books printed in Great Britain, and the rest, 412, for music, foreign publications, and second-hand items. Fewer than half of the requests could be filled from stock. For the others—a total of 1,598 books—the shop had to communicate with two hundred and forty-six publishers, who, in reply, reported that 513 were "binding," "reprinting," "out of stock," "out of print," or "not yet published." Blackwell's now had the duty of recording these titles in what is intramurally called a "file of dues," in the hope of obtaining the books later, and of informing its customers of their present unavailability.

Any one order can plummet a Blackwell's assistant into exasperating and befuddling research, for every year in Britain alone some two hundred major publishers (if the minor ones are included, the number of publishers rises to fifteen hundred) release twenty-three thousand new titles and new editions, and let many thousands go out of print. The difficulty of simply classifying new books is suggested by the fact that seven decimal places have been added to the original three of the Dewey decimal system since it was evolved in 1876. A Blackwell's assistant might begin his search by looking for the book on the premises (there are a hundred thousand volumes, new and old, on the shelves), go on to *Whitaker's Reference Catalogue of Current Literature* (it comes out every four or five years, twelve months behind), and then to *Whitaker's Annual Cumulative Booklist* (it trails only by four months), and turn next to the *British National Bibliography*, in the hope that, since it reports all books deposited in the British Museum for copyright purposes, it might include out-of-the-way books not recorded in either of the *Whitakers.* If the book still escapes him, he might have to press on to Wilson's *Cumulative Book Index* (an American publication attempting to record all books published anywhere in the world), to the partial index of books appearing in the *Bookseller*, to Blackwell's own indexes, made from various sources and covering forthcoming titles and obscure publications, and, finally, to the back numbers of Wilson and *Whitaker.* After this chase, it might turn out that the customer made a significant misspelling, gave the title of the review instead of the title of the book, gave the Christian name of the author instead of his surname, or—the last indignity—gave the name of the reviewer instead of the name of the author. Publishers, for their part, announce books that they do not publish, announce them under one title and publish them under another, or don't announce them at all. Yet the greatest hazards facing a bookseller come not from the publisher or even from the public but from the books themselves: titles may be misleading (Trotman-Dickenson's "Free Radicals" is to be looked for not in the political section but among the books on physical chemistry, and Duffin's "Amphibians" and Davie's "Articulate Energy" not in science but in English literature); titles may change in midstream (Robson's "Problems of Nationalized Industries" appears in a



"Look! I'm having enough trouble right now without your bringing up the past!"

revised edition as "Nationalized Industry and Public Ownership"); volumes of the same works may have different publishers (the first volume of de Gaulle's war memoirs was published in Britain by Collins and the second and third volumes by Weidenfeld & Nicolson); titles may have parts not corresponding to the volume numbers (Books II and III of Wyndham Lewis's "The Human Age" are contained in one volume); two works may have similar titles (Oman's "History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages," priced at ten pounds, is not to be confused with Oman's "Art of War in the Middle Ages," priced at fourteen shillings); the *same* work may have *different* titles (the paperback edition of Kingsley Amis's "That Uncertain Feeling" is called "Only Two Can Play," the name of the film based on the book); and various editions may have the same titles (does the customer for Blegen's "Troy" require the three available volumes of the four-volume set, at forty-three pounds four shillings, or the facsimile from the new edition of the "Cambridge Ancient History," at three shillings sixpence, or—to put the problem more generally—does any customer want the full, the intermediate, the abridged, the clothbound, the paperbound, the illustrated, the unillustrated, the annotated, the unannotated, the original, or the translated edition of any given work?). The gravamen of the serious bookseller's case is that whereas even omnibus shops like the chain of Marks & Spencer handle five thousand items, at the outside—and perhaps no more than a thousand, excluding the small variations in sizes and colors—a serious bookseller has to be prepared to supply any one of the two hundred and fifty thousand titles, by seventy-five thousand authors, that are in print at any one time. And this holds true even though the total annual turnover of the British book trade is only about fifty million pounds (in America it is seven hundred and fifty million dollars), whereas that of Marks & Spencer is three times as high.

Ever since the onset of the twentieth century, with its businesses dealing in enormous quantities of merchandise, and its customers buying with shopping carts, the services asked of a good bookseller have borne less and less relation to the price paid for them. In America, clumps of serious booksellers remain in a few metropolises and, rather strangely, in the recesses of department stores, which have conjured up something called "loss-leader departments," whereby less profitable items are carried but are strategically placed at the remotest corners of the floor, in the hope that customers for them will be waylaid at some point by more profitable merchandise, and losses sustained in one department will be recouped in another. In Britain, while the good bookshops in small towns are also a thing of the past, a handful of booksellers—mainly in cities—have assumed a new role and a new prosperity by turning themselves through the years into vast mail-order houses and feeding books to the impoverished provincial trade and to countries in the Empire that were founding new universities and new libraries. But many booksellers feel that the primary reason good bookshops, however few, still exist in Britain, whereas they seem to have died out almost completely in America, has to do with discounts. In America, the prevalence of discounts on books with good sales possibilities has the effect of discouraging the bookseller from stocking books that do not have a quick turnover, but Britain has a so-called Net Book Agreement—a gentleman's agreement among publishers and booksellers to stand firm on discounts and to stabilize the margin of profits on books—and this, by removing price competition, has made possible the kind of service demanded by the peculiar nature of books as merchandise. (If the book is exported to other countries, the bookseller's profit is forty-five per cent, but a British bookseller gets only a third of this, the remainder going to the foreign bookseller handling the book in his country; if it is sold in Britain, the profit is usually twenty-five per cent or even less on a book "of an educational nature," and also on a book with general appeal, unless the book is ordered before the publication date, when it is thirty-three and a third per cent, the difference of eight and a third per cent being due to the fact that in the first case the publisher is deemed to be sharing some of the retailing function of the bookseller, whereas in the second case the shop is taking an additional risk, for in Britain, as opposed to the United States, the bookseller cannot return his unsold stock.) The first book with a fixed price was Alfred Marshall's "Principles of Economics," published by Macmillan in 1890, and it took about a quarter of a century to bring all the publishers into line. The agreement was made possible only by the circumstance that the agents of the Crown chose to overlook its plainly

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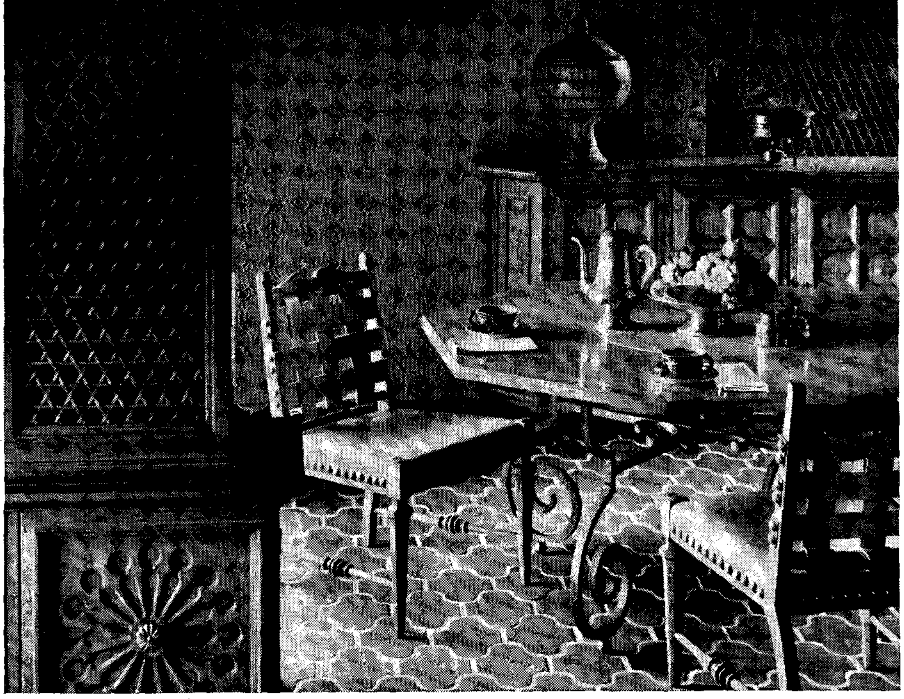

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monopolistic aspects. In June, 1962, however, the Agreement was reviewed in the Restrictive Practices Court, and, not surprisingly, the best defense for the fixing of prices came from Richard Blackwell, the son and heir of Sir Basil Blackwell, the current head of the shop in Oxford.

> *It* is our experience [he said] that if a bookseller takes reasonable care to see that he is not landed with an undue proportion of out-of-the-way items from any customer, he can, after giving good service over the swings and roundabouts alike . . . find himself at the end of a year with a profit, which, though modest, will recompense him for his labours.
>
> For this he must, in particular, be grateful, because any system of charging for the multifarious services that he renders would present a most formidable and intractable problem. It would be difficult to determine where his services begin and end. Should he, for example, charge customers for the extensive use they make of his stock, sometimes reading the very book which he requires to fill an order he has received by post, and which therefore must be ordered from the publisher? Should he charge for the research required by some customer's query about the availability of a book which he does not, in the event, order? Should he charge for the specialized knowledge which enables him to answer a question which might defeat another bookseller? Could he, as a result of ordering a book (after considerable research), having it reported reprinting, informing the customer, recording the order, reviewing it periodically, and eventually being told by the publisher that it was definitely out of print, send the customer a bill for doing his utmost to obtain a book but, through no fault of his own, failing?

The monopolists won the case, and thus received legal sanction for an essentially illegal practice. (Recently, the Conservative and Labour parties, courting the consumers and giving way to the pressures of supermarkets and "multiple stores," have both come out against "resale price maintenance," with the result that booksellers may once again have to defend themselves in the courts—this time around, with less hope than before of a favorable verdict.) As one of them left the courtroom, he quoted a pronouncement of Richard Blackwell's: "The value of a healthy book trade must . . . be measured not only by the criteria of cost and convenience, but also of culture: for the book trade is not concerned merely with manufactured articles, but with the things which, in Antigone's words, 'live not for today and yesterday, but for ever.' "

TODAY, the book trade is healthier—as these things go—in Britain than in any other English-speaking country, the probable, and paradoxical, reason being that eighty per cent of the

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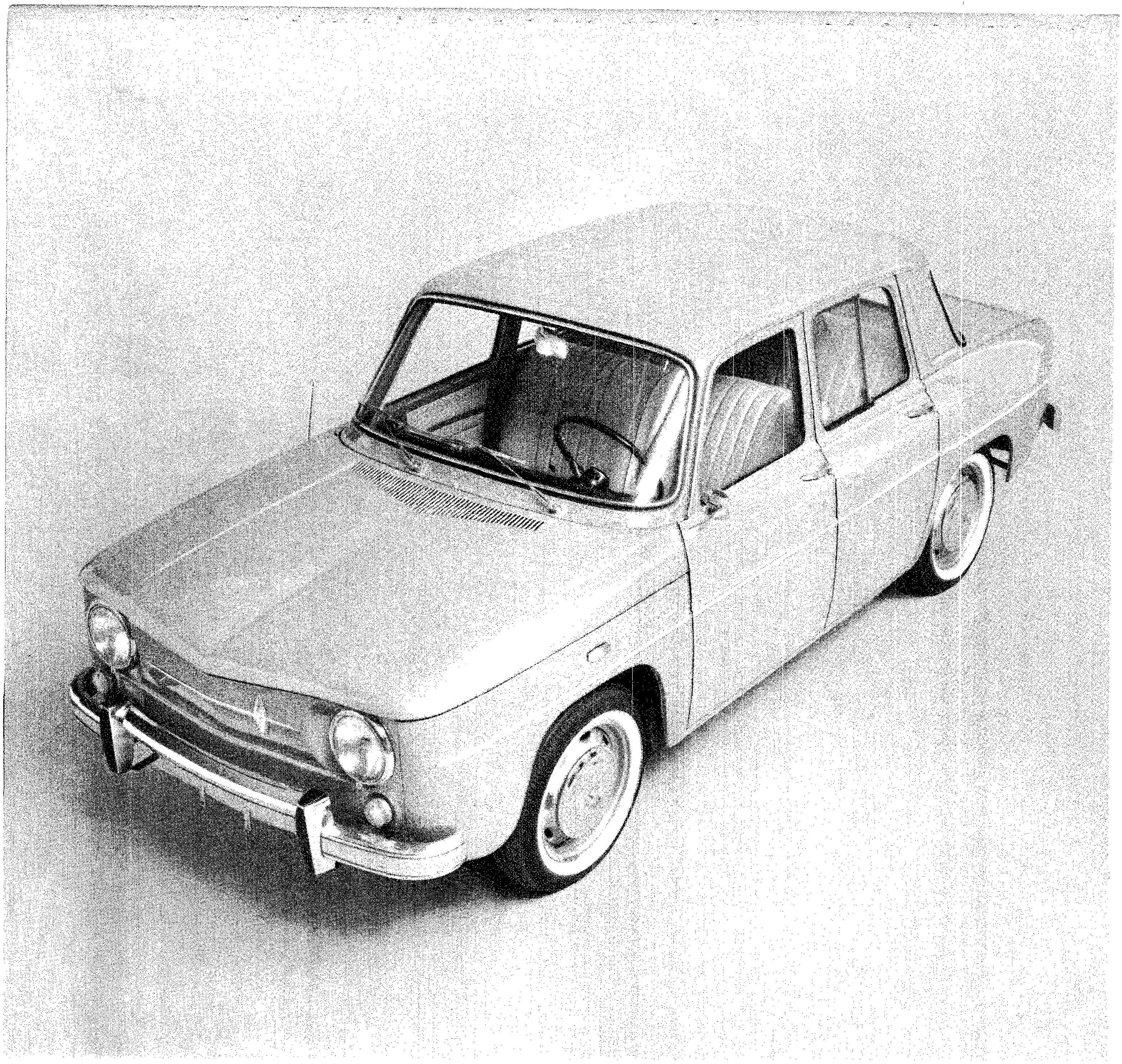

Critics' choice.

Even the toughest automotive experts rate the new R-8 1100 a solid success. Listen to Car and Driver Magazine after they tested it:

"It has the ride and performance of a good American six cylinder compact."

"It overcomes nearly every traditional objection to economy cars we've ever heard. The comfort of the front seats is better than those of most cars—at any price...amazing ride and stability."

"The R-8 is fast, well constructed, good handling and has the best brakes in its class."

"We started wondering just how many different cars the R-8 would beat to sixty. A partial list includes the Corvair Monza, Falcon and Fairlane sixes, Rover 2000, Sunbeam Alpine GT, Triumph Spitfire, Peugeot 403 and 404, Valiant Six, Volvo 122-S, Volkswagen 1500-S."

Renault spent over $20,000,000 to engineer everything they learned competing in this market into the R-8—including optional pushbutton automatic and backed it with parts and service availability second to none.

This new R-8 1100 is a tough, rugged, elegant economy car. Compare it with any other family economy car. Test-drive the R-8 yourself at any of the 500 Renault dealers. But be careful. If you try it, you'll buy it.

RENAULT

For reprint of Car and Driver review or to arrange money-saving Overseas Delivery, see your local dealer or write Renault, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 10017 entire national business is carried on by about twenty per cent of the booksellers, the serious ones being: W. & G. Foyle, Ltd., in London; W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., in Cambridge; George's, in Bristol; Thin's, in Edinburgh; and B. H. Blackwell, Ltd., in Oxford; and, in a sense, also W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., which has bookstalls throughout Britain. They, on account of their dominance, can afford to give the same ungrudging attention to slow movers that they do to fast ones. Yet not all the members of even this small group choose to do so, one or another preferring to make extra money on the side on the "swings" of book clubs and publishing. They all do have a distinctive character, perhaps because they are family firms and indulge in inbreeding, conducting themselves as though they alone were pedigreed and all the other bookshops were mongrels.

Foyle's, which, according to its advertisements, has "the largest bookselling business of its kind in the world," got started early in this century, when two teen-age boys, William (Willie) Alfred Foyle and his younger brother, Gilbert, bought a couple of dozen textbooks in order to study for a civil-service examination. They failed the examination, but, with the help of an advertisement in an educational periodical, succeeded in selling their books from their home in the London suburb of Shoreditch. Having tasted the pleasures of the trade, they renewed their stock and went into business. As it expanded, they outgrew first the family kitchen, where they kept their books, and then successive shops in Islington and Peckham, and finally settled down in a shop on Charing Cross Road, in the heart of London. Today, the Charing Cross business, housed in a clutter of five shabby buildings, almost outdoes Texas in the fervor of its self-congratulation. Daily advertisements—probably the only ones of *their* kind in the world—point over and over to certain advantages: four acres of floor space, thirty miles of shelves, four million volumes, seven hundred employees, an annual turnover of some three million pounds, and ten book clubs (with a combined membership of three hundred thousand members, all of them committed to buying one book a month for six months). Foyle's also announces, with an equal air of pride, that each week it dispatches four tons of books, mostly legal and medical, to paper mills for pulping. These various boasts have become so much a part of Foyle's legend that when, last year, the London *Times* came to write an obituary of

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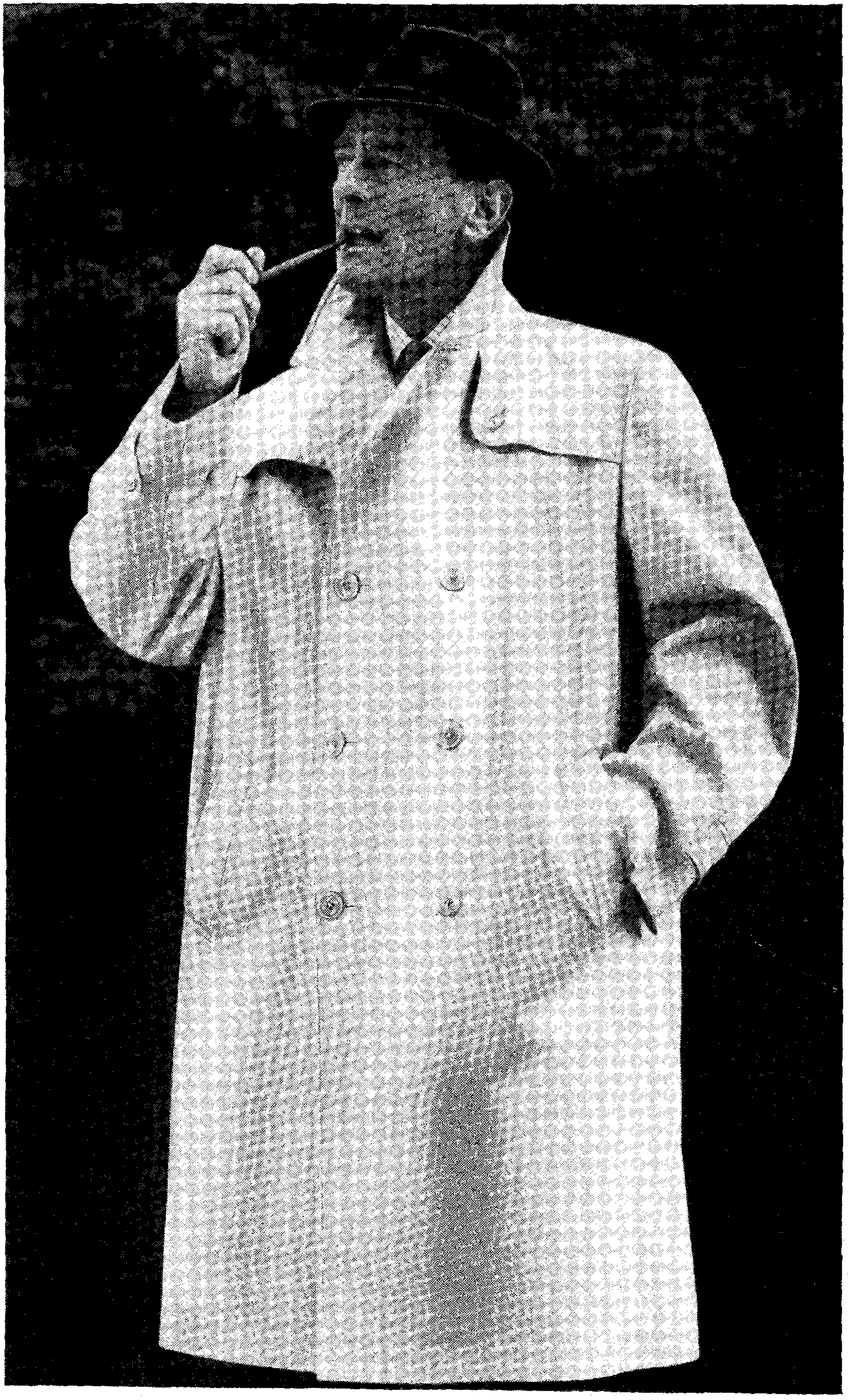

There was another famous Johann.
He composed his music in bottles.

Johann Friedrich Deinhard (1772-1827) founded the world famous German wine house Deinhard & Co., on May 1, 1794.

The 'music' in wines comes from the grape. Perhaps because the rocky soil banking the Rhine and Moselle Rivers is suited for nothing else, it gives its all to the *Riesling* grape. A small grape, a late ripener, but one which presents a glorious wine, full of character, perfume and body. A talented family named Deinhard has been treating each Riesling grape as a note in a symphony, for 300 years. Together they make magnificent, musical wines.

Johann Deinhard acquired extensive acreage along both rivers and built vast aging cellars under the town of Koblenz. By 1825 the family firm of Deinhard was the most important exporter of German wines. Today the House of Deinhard continues to be run by Johann's descendants. And the lyrical qualities of Deinhard still and sparkling wines continue to delight connoisseurs the world over.

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LIEBFRAUMILCH "Hanns Christof Wein." A superb Rhine wine, aristocratic in character, fruity, yet crisp and light. Noted for its pleasing bouquet.

Julius Wile NEW YORK

Willie Foyle—and obituaries are one of the paper's strongest departments—it did little but quote them.

Mrs. Ronald Batty, née Christina Agnes Lillian Foyle, who is the daughter and heiress of Willie Foyle, not long ago talked about Foyle's to a visitor to her apartment, which is on the second floor of Foyle's main building. Her manner was disarming. "Most of our assistants—sales staff—are girls who come to us for a year before going up to the university or getting married, or they are from the Continent, having come to this country to learn English," she said. "The assistants who do stay a little longer with us and manage to learn something about their subject tend to build a department round their interest and then leave. In the Oriental department, an assistant may build up a good selection of books in Hindi one year, and the next year an assistant who knows a lot about Japanese may take charge, with the result that the Hindi books simply lie on the shelves—probably this second assistant can't even read the titles. Then, we have clerks who are not very good at dealing with requests for titles by post. When my father was alive, he used to look over many of the letters, and would often remember a title that the clerk had said was not in existence. My father had a very good memory, but he took it with him, and I can't supervise the correspondence. My time is taken up in running Foyle's monthly literary lunches and our many book clubs. If you ask why we don't have good assistants—well, the kind of salaries we can pay our assistants do not attract persons looking for careers. Now, Blackwell's, in Oxford, and Heffer's, in Cambridge, have an easier time, because a lot of people like living in those cities and will therefore consent to work for lower salaries. We are in the heart of the metropolis and can't offer amenities. We even have to employ detectives. Being in the middle of Soho, which is notorious around the world for its sales of pornography, we sometimes get a strange clientele. There are always people here sniffing books. And there are gangsters who threaten to destroy books unless they are paid off."

Foyle's complete aloofness from the public it serves has given rise to some lampoons. One of the latest appeared last year in the satirical weekly called *Private Eye* and summed up the advantages of shopping at Foyle's like this:

> One of the Londoner's favourite pastimes is the old sport of "Book Browsing". . . .
> Foils . . . is indeed the Mecca of the

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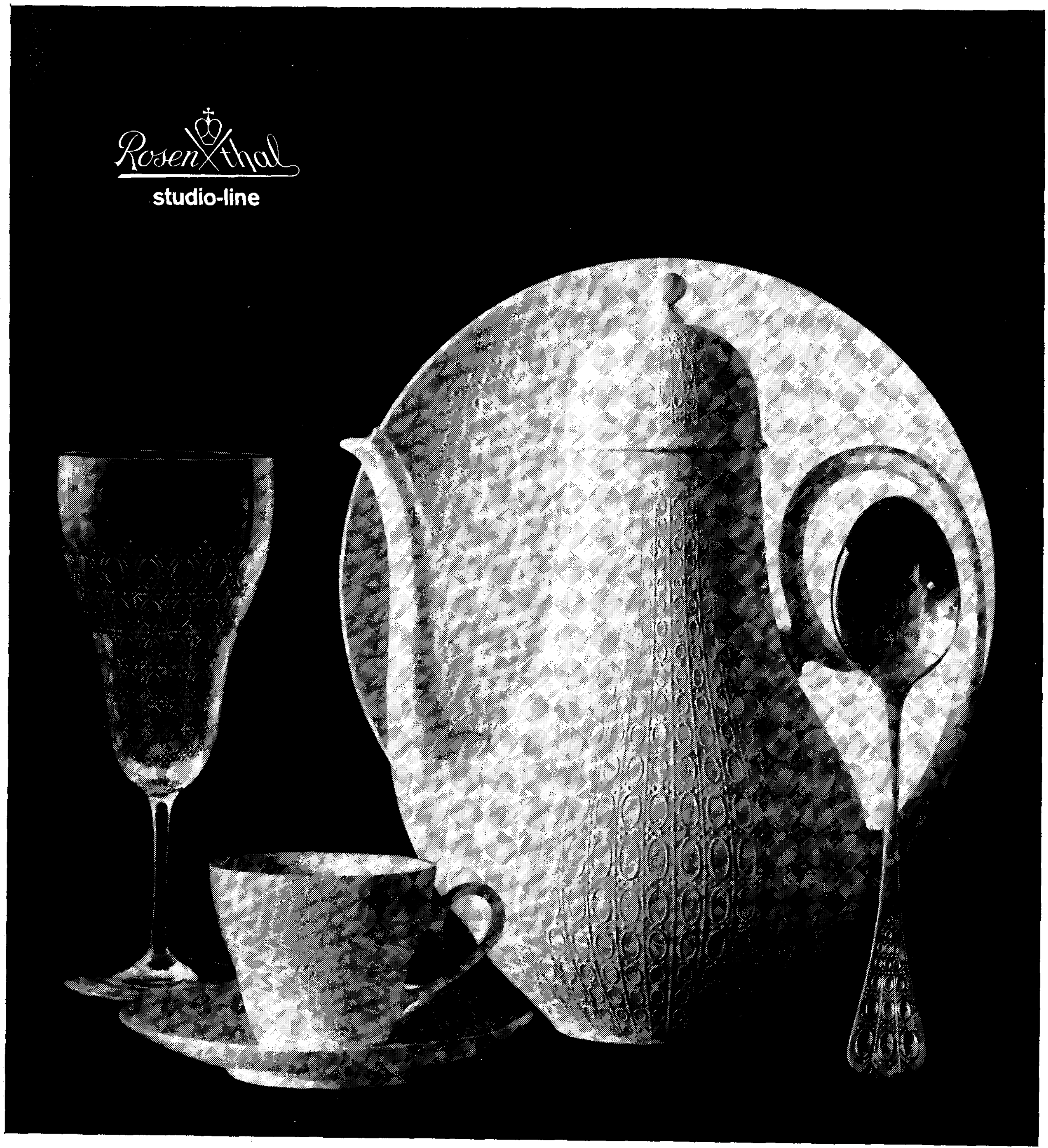
Thalhimer's, Richmond
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington

The true contemporary is neither ugly, crude, nor boring. It is varied, warm and elegant, but in contrast to the often hollow imitations of the great styles of the past, always a genuine expression of the artistic forces and of the spirit of our time.

Philip Rosenthal M.A.

A thought : china, glass and silver must complement each other and blend.
A man : the Danish artist Bjorn Wiinblad enhances one romantic ornament through the contrast of three precious materials.
A product : "Romance" in thinnest porcelain and luminously clear lead crystal. Sterling silver to match.



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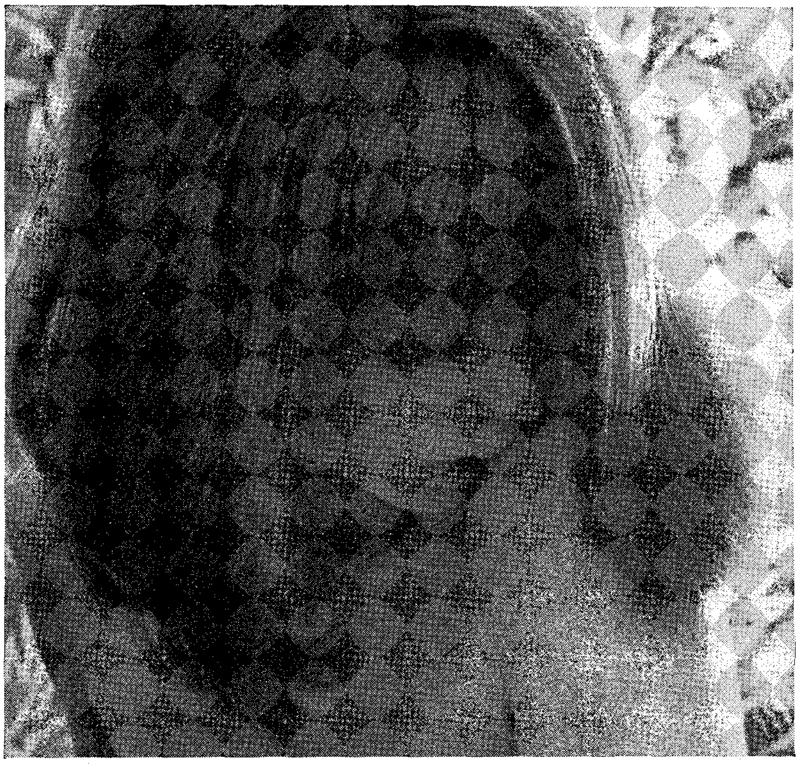

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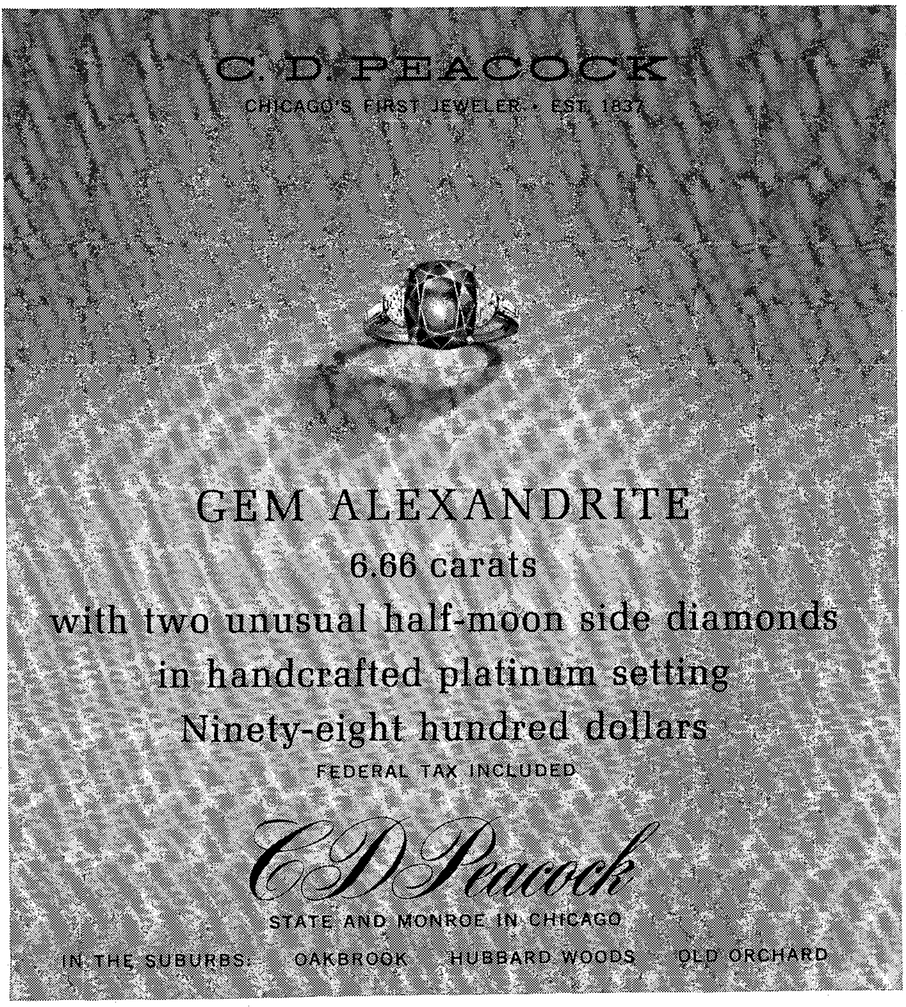

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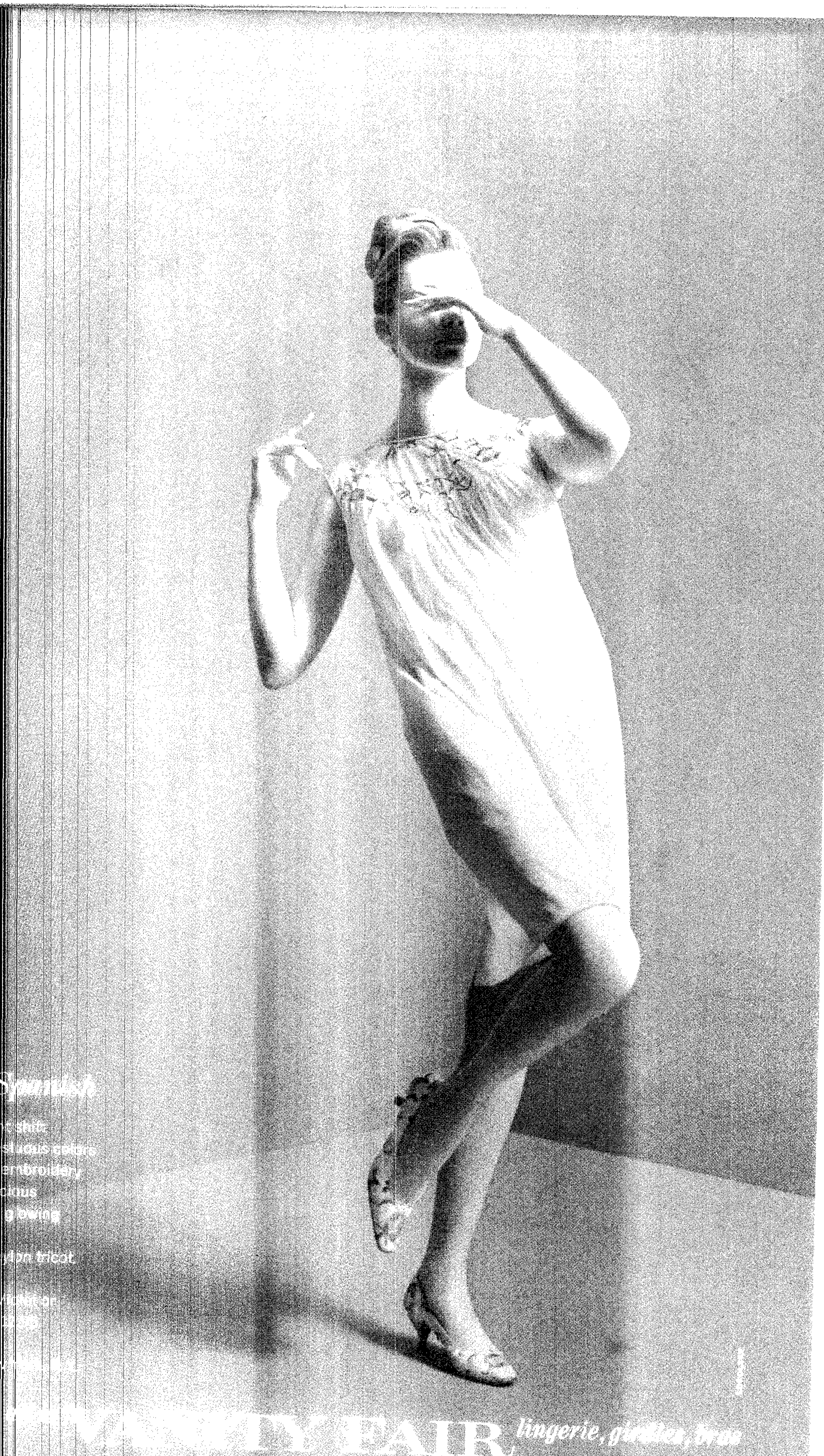
>
> Foils makes it well nigh impossible for the visitor to alight at once on the book of his choice, as this may spoil his enjoyment. . . .
>
> Although the books are placed under headings, these are not at first sight in any way appropriate. To understand them the "browser" must learn a "satirical" code which is used—thus "Anthropology"="Music," and "History"="Gardening." Colourful "assistants" specially selected for their inability to speak English stand at vantage points to see that the "browsers" are not disturbed.
>
> Should a visitor decide to actually "buy" a book—a practice which is actively discouraged—he must travel the whole length of the building in order to pay for it. During his absence he may find that the "assistant" and the book have colourfully "vanished."

It is hardly surprising that the best bookshops should be not in the metropolis of London but in the ancient towns of Oxford and Cambridge, and that their booksellers should reflect in some measure the tribal differences between the two universities. The stock of the main Cambridge bookseller, Heffer's, is, like the university it serves, alive to all branches of science; what dead spots it does have lie in areas of the humanities. Also, Heffer's, like the city of Cambridge, makes a clear distinction between town and gown, running separate establishments for the goats and the sheep. At 18 Sidney Street is Heffer's stationers, carrying typewriters, envelopes for wages, cellophane tape, and popular books. Nearby, at 3-4 Petty Cury there is another Heffer's, the soul of the firm, which stocks only books. If the first supplies low-priced editions of the Bible and picture books on birds, the second handles works on theology and ornithology. The scholarly atmosphere of the Petty Cury establishment is due at least partly to R. G. Heffer, a rather easygoing product of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, who became the overseer of the firm when his father died, in 1948. R. G. Heffer takes pride in being deficient in drive and ambition, and preens himself on certain archaic features of his bookshop. From the day a customer opens an account, a file containing all his mail-order requests for books is kept by a salesclerk of the department dealing in his special field just on the chance that the customer may stop in at the shop, in which case the clerk, having consulted the correspondence files, could chat with the client about his reading interests. (At Foyle's, according to legend, the correspondence is burned each month, so that if



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all is vanity... [illegible] VANITY FAIR *lingerie, girdles, bras*

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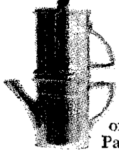

Brew-it-yourself Espresso Kit. Postpaid anywhere in U.S.A. $3.98. You get a 6-cup authentic aluminum macchinetta (mock'-e-netta) imported from Italy; three 4-oz. vacuum packed tins of Medaglia d'Oro coffee; one 4-oz. jar of Instant Medaglia d'Oro coffee. Send check or money order to Medaglia d'Oro Coffee, 39 Grand Ave., Palisades Park, New Jersey. Supply limited.

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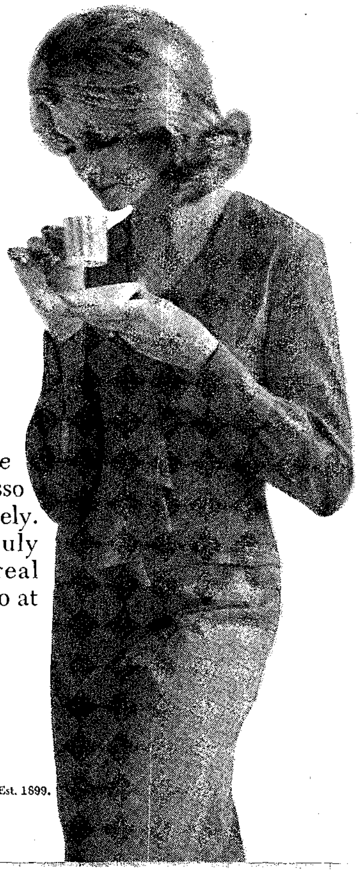

Medaglia d'Oro, the internationally famous espresso coffee. S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc. Est. 1899.

anyone writes in saying "Six months ago, I sent you a pound. What has happened to my order?" he is automatically sent a pound or a book, with no questions asked.) In Heffer's view, the swings that have enabled his Petty Cury bookshop to provide the old-fashioned type of service, handling fast- and slow-selling titles on an equal footing, have been the product of his Sidney Street shop, a sizable remainder business he does on the side, and, most important, the low rent he has been paying for shelf space; his landlord until recently was Emmanuel College, which was more interested in patronage and worthy tenants than in money. Now, however, Heffer's is a tenant of a group of London property developers, who are interested in making the most profitable use of their land, and Heffer has resigned himself to the fact that his Petty Cury shop may someday have to move into a new, compact building and pay three or four times as much for shelf space as it pays now. Heffer is sure that his firm is strong and prosperous enough to survive the higher rents, but, all the same, in this respect he is now uneasy.

As for Blackwell's, on Oxford's Broad Street, to Bishop William Stubbs, one of the half-dozen most influential scholars in nineteenth-century Oxford, it was "the literary man's public house," and to the critic Marghanita Laski, when she was an undergraduate at Oxford fifty years later, it was "the best bookshop in the world, where no one ever disturbed you and you could, if you wished, simply sit in a corner and read books right through." John Masefield, Poet Laureate of Britain, must have had people like Miss Laski in mind when he wrote:

There, in the Broad, within whose booky house
Half England's scholars nibble books or browse.
Where'er they wander, blessed fortune theirs:
Books to the ceiling, other books upstairs;
Books, doubtless, in the cellar, and behind
Romantic bays, where iron ladders wind.

Indeed, as the London *Observer* once put it, speaking for Oxonians, "When the exile returns to Oxford, after years abroad, he visits his College—and Blackwell's. It is more than a great bookshop; it is an institution."

The first mention of B. H. Blackwell is in the Oxford Directory of 1846, which lists a bookseller of that name as operating a shop at 46 High Street, St. Clements—just across the Magdelen Bridge and so just outside the city's eastern limit. In those days, one had to be a freeman or the son or

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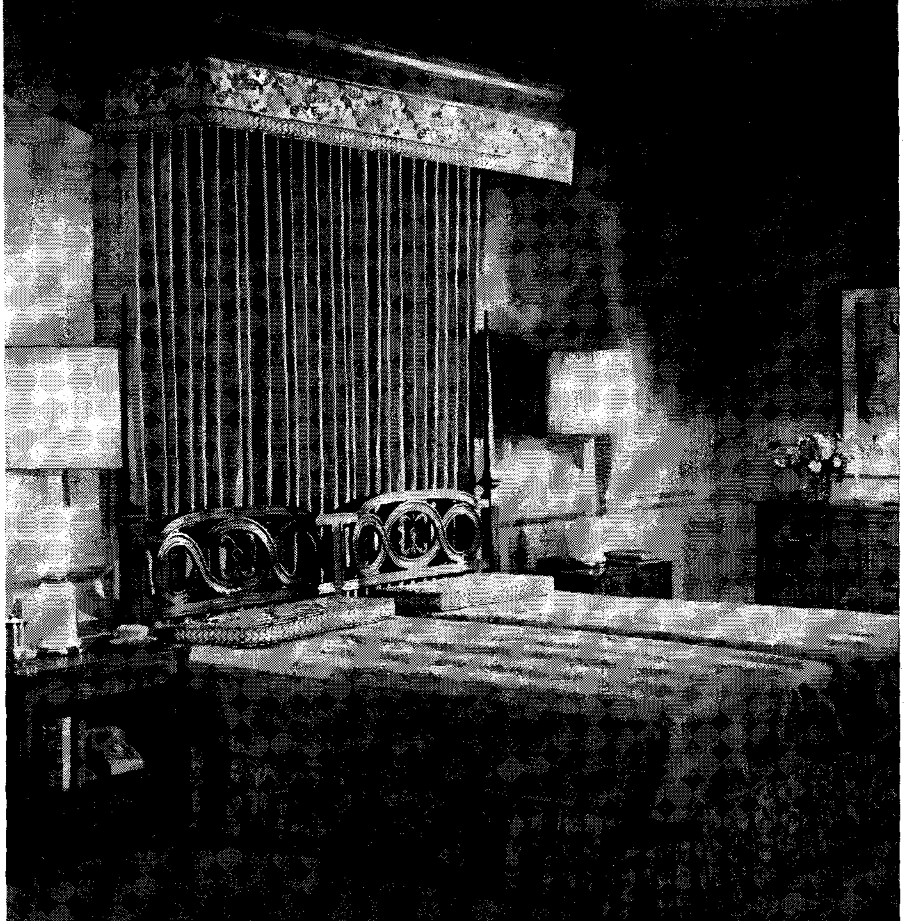

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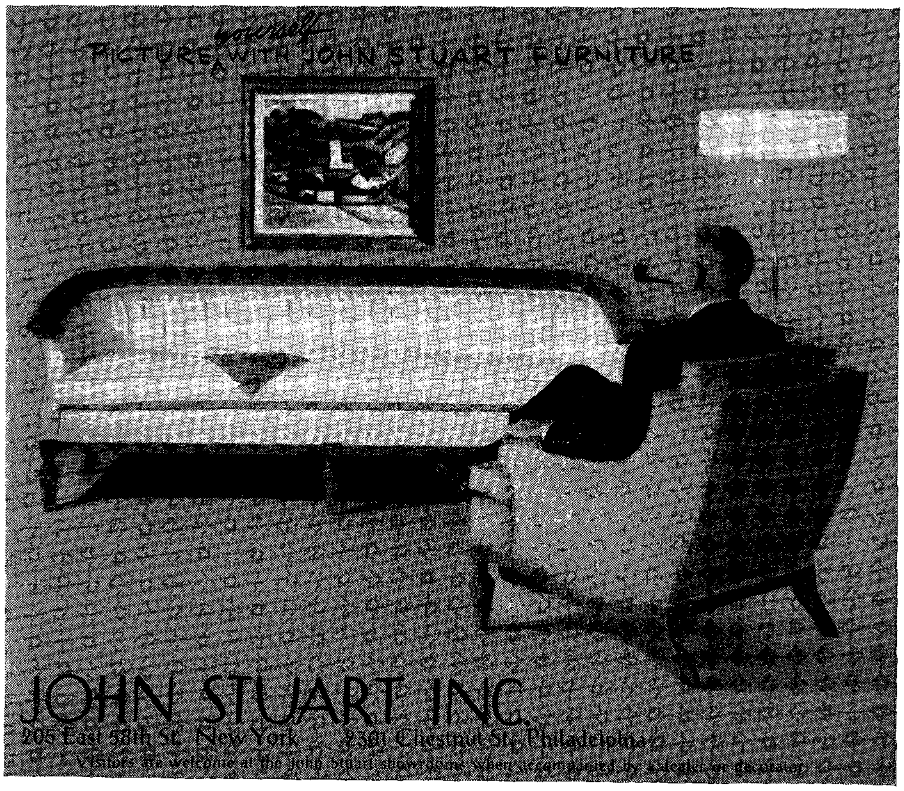

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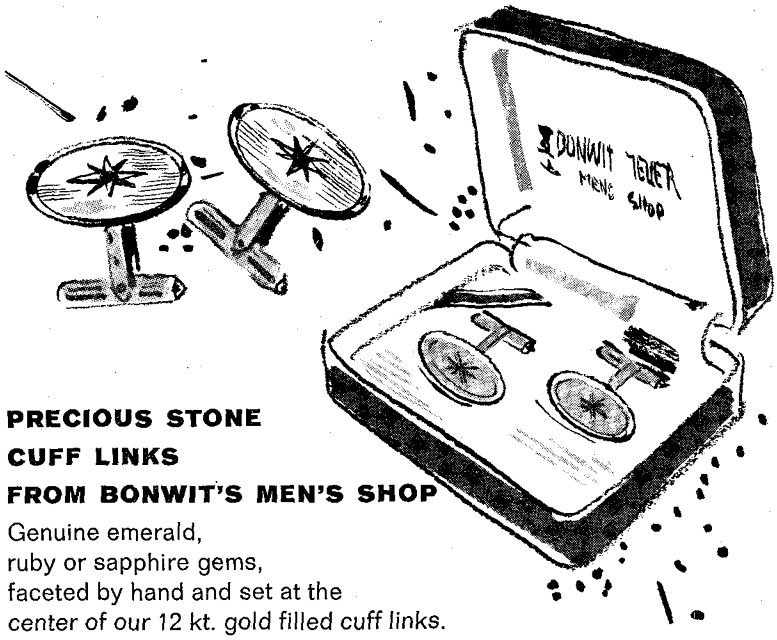

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apprentice of a freeman, or else have the means of paying a fine, in order to set up a business within the limits of Oxford; the aspiring merchant Benjamin Harris Blackwell must have been unable to meet any of these conditions, or he would not have ventured to found a business quite as far out from the center of Oxford, thereby restricting the scope of his shop so severely that when he died, after ten years of diligence, it perished with him, the probators putting the value of the stock at only a hundred and fifty-three pounds and five shillings. Since there were at least twenty-one other booksellers serving Oxford at the time—two of them, Thornton's and Parker's, so well established that they were almost beyond the threat of competition—Benjamin may never have had a chance. The meagre accounts of his life show him to have taken more than an ordinary interest in books (he was one of the co-founders of the Oxford Public Library) and to have been a man of principle (a total abstainer, he defied the government by refusing to pay the liquor tax of the day). If family legend can be trusted, he had a notably sweet disposition. In his later years, he suffered from some kind of ailment that afflicted him with stabs of pain, and it is said that so as not to alarm his wife when he cried out, he would always sing down the scale immediately afterward. Mrs. Blackwell, who survived her husband by thirty years, was determined that the family should reënter the bookselling trade, but she was compelled to approach her ambition indirectly. She had some talent for needlework, and the fashion of the day called for undergraduates to wear embroidered waistcoats, so she began taking the garments in, and brought up her children—two boys and a girl—on the proceeds. As soon as her eldest child, who was named after his father and was called Harry, reached the age of thirteen (the year was 1862), she took him out of school and bound him as an apprentice to a bookseller for seven years, starting at a shilling a week, and thereby laid the foundations of the second—and the present—house of Blackwell's. Harry used the dead hours of his apprenticeship to good advantage, memorizing the catalogues of Bernard Quaritch—one of the greatest of the Victorian booksellers and cataloguers—so thoroughly that to the end of his life, if he found a book in his hand that he had not seen before, he would more than likely recognize it from the description he had read in an early Quaritch. Then, at twenty, he became

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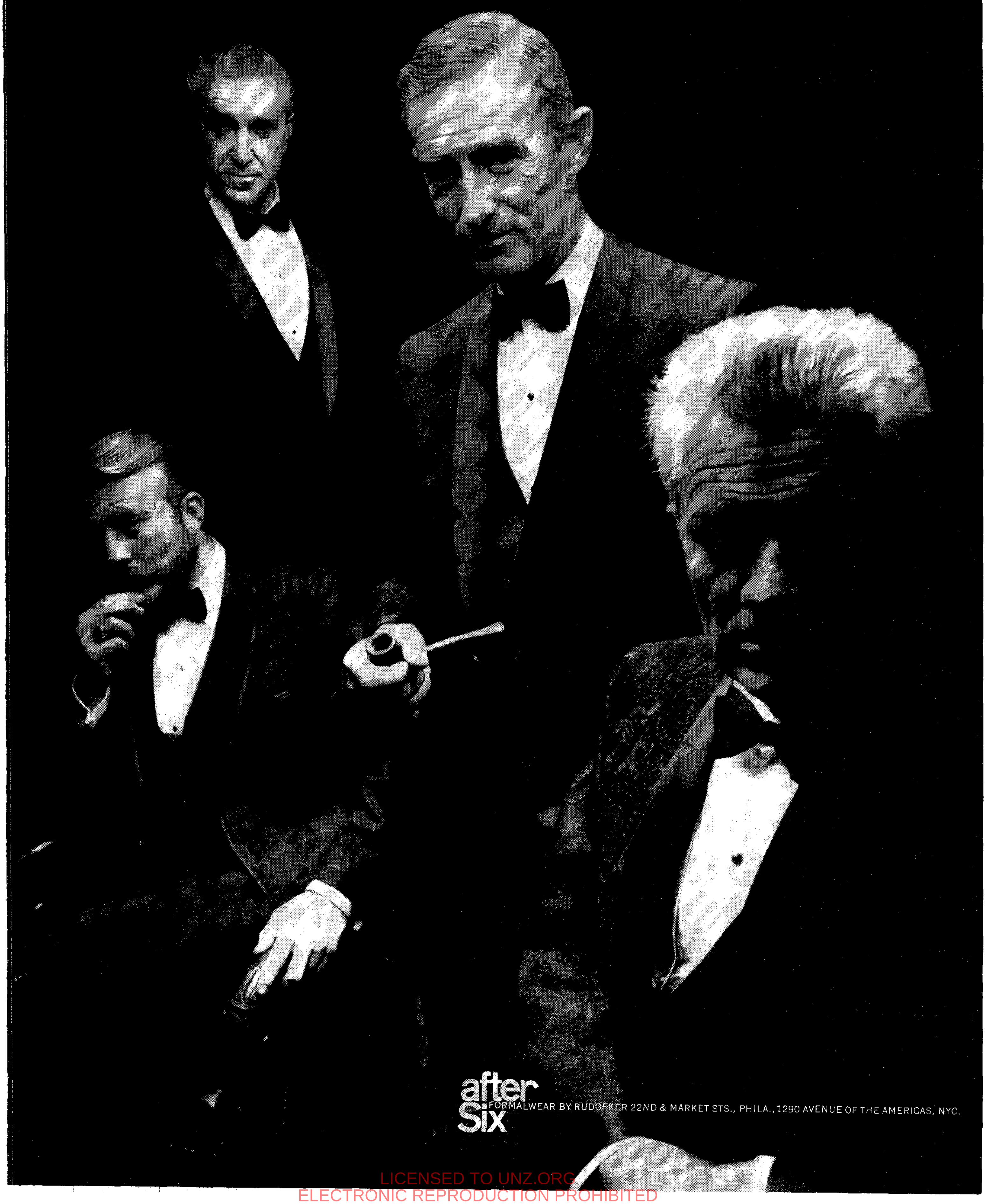

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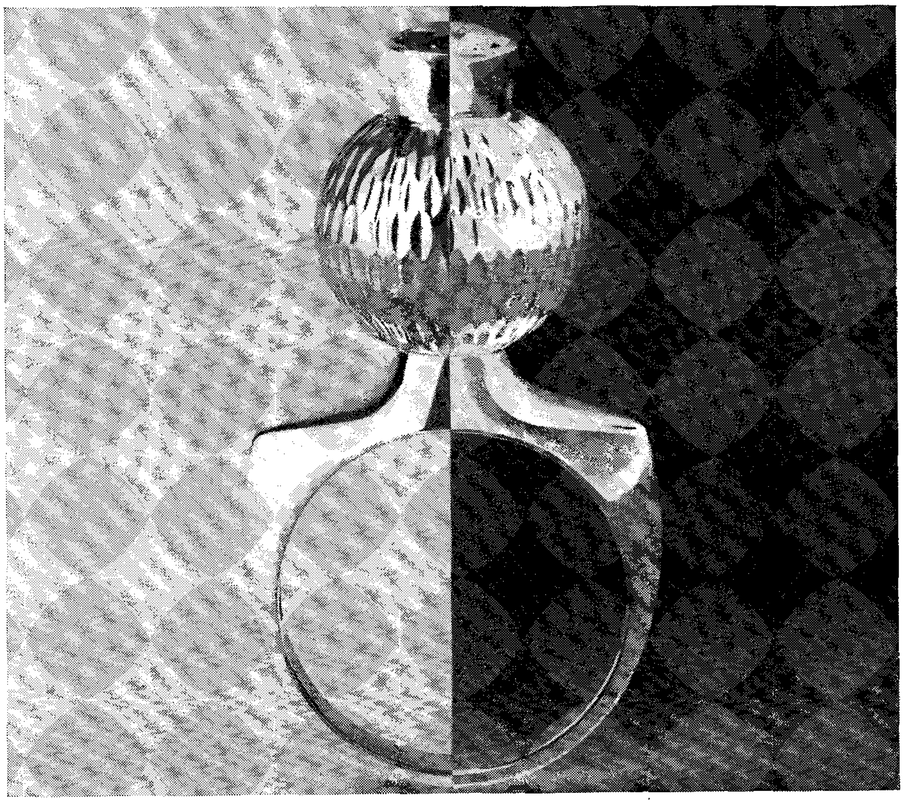

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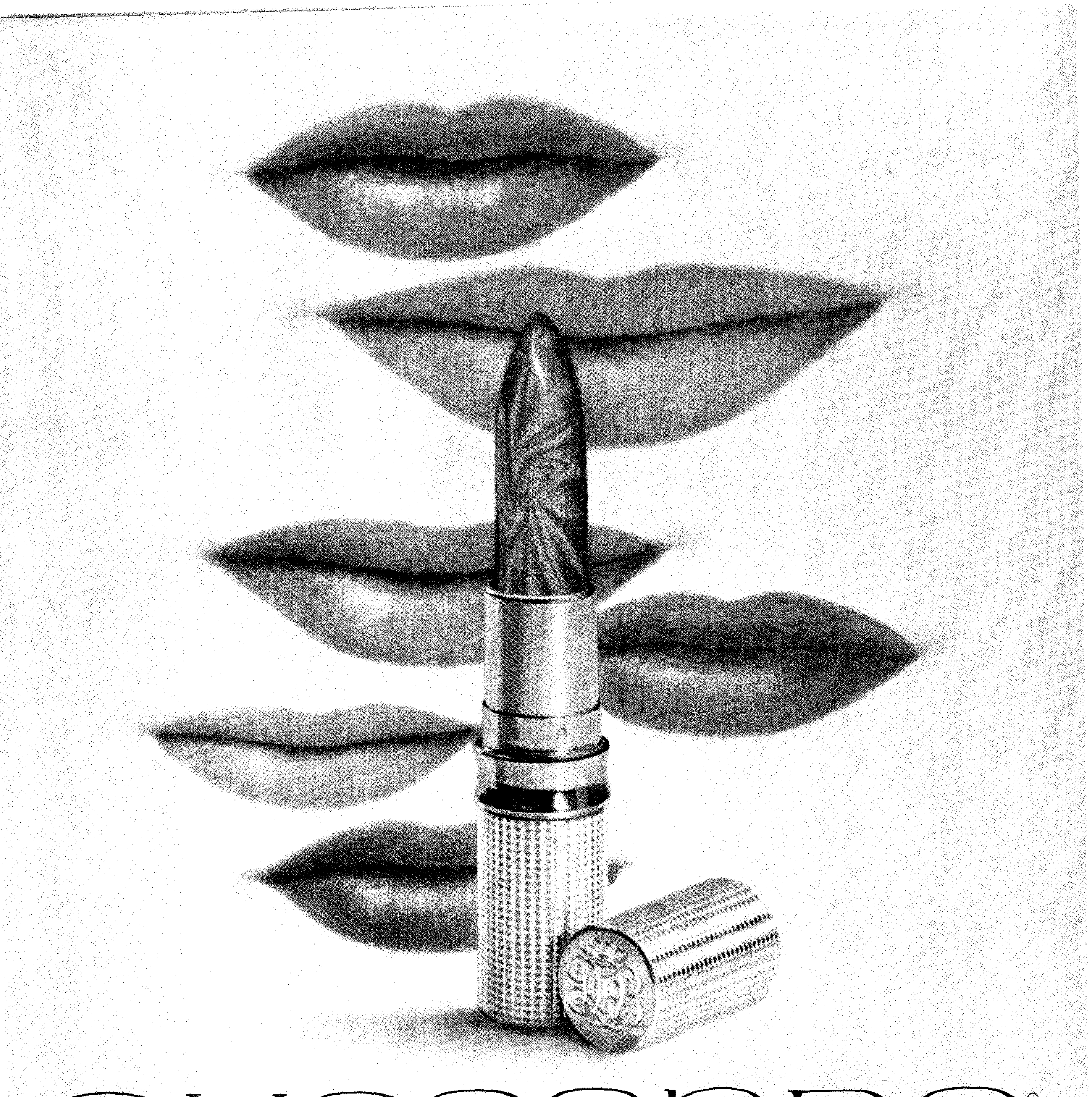
an assistant to another bookseller, with an address on High Street. Ten years later, in 1879, he started his own business, renting and moving into premises consisting of a shop and a back room, with the use of a cellar, at 50 Broad Street, and soon he extended his operations, taking over the ground floor of the adjacent 51 Broad Street, and converting the upstairs into living quarters. The two houses, which had back courtyards and cottages for storage, and were bounded on the west by Trinity College and on the east by a tailor shop and a picture shop, are described in "An Inventory of the Historical Monuments in the City of Oxford" as dating from the time of Queen Anne and comprising "three stories with cellars and attics." The description continues: "The walls are timber-framed and the roofs slate-covered. It [the structure] was built or largely rebuilt as two houses early in the eighteenth century. . . . The front has rusticated angles, a cornice, and two pedimented dormer-windows in the hipped roof. Inside the building are two original stair-cases with turned balusters, close strings, and square newels." Harry opened his shop with a capital of a hundred and fifty pounds, lent to him by a friend at three per cent interest, and with a stock valued at a hundred and twenty-six pounds and composed for the most part of second-hand books or sound workaday editions (Aldine, Pickering, Bohn) of representative classics. The two ground floors of the bookshop, which were each twelve feet square and were connected by a dark corridor, were too small even for the bookshelves, and the bookshelves were too big for the small stock of books; to fill up the empty spaces on the shelves, Harry laid some of the volumes on their sides. In its first months, Blackwell's was such a congested place that sometimes the bookseller had to go outside to make room for the customers. Then the bookseller asked the chairman of Barclays Bank for a loan to buy the premises. The banker had misgivings, and at one point inquired, "Well, Mr. Blackwell, are you beginning to capture your rivals' trade?" The bookseller replied, "I believe that there is enough for all." He got the money. With it he expanded his floor space.

Not long ago, Sir Basil Blackwell wrote, "Those who came in from the cobbled street, resonant with iron-shod wheel and 'bright and battering sandal,' found quiet and an invitation, not so much spoken as conveyed by the friendly spirit of the young bookseller,



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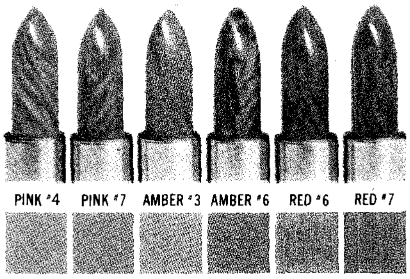

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to scrutinize and handle the books on his shelves with no sense of obligation to buy." Harry Blackwell had a shrewd business head. It was in the interests of any Oxford bookseller to dissuade his customer from either paying cash or meeting his bill until at least the middle of the term following his purchase, for a customer who did pay up promptly received a twenty-five-per-cent discount on his books. Harry Blackwell must have been persuasive in encouraging credit, for even Benjamin Jowett, when he was Master of Balliol, bought "Diodorus Siculus" in November, 1879, and did not pay for it until March, 1881. (Though the practice of offering discounts was ended more than forty years ago by the Net Book Agreement, the tradition of credit is so deeply entrenched at Blackwell's that today a hundred and twenty thousand customers regularly buy there on that basis.) Again, Harry judiciously refused to think of a marriage until his shop had proved itself a success. By then, he was in his late thirties, and his mother, who lived until she was sixty-two, was in her late fifties. With her encouragement, he took as his wife Miss Lydia Taylor, the last of five daughters of a Norfolk farmer, who, in her turn, had been waiting "until she had fulfilled her vow to see her parents comfortably out of life," as Sir Basil puts it. God, too, had a place in Harry's life. Once, Harry Blackwell bought some books from a widow and later discovered tucked away among them a valuable pamphlet not paid for. He thereupon sent the woman a check, with a note of apology for overlooking the find in the first place, only to draw from her a veiled charge of cheating. She wrote him a stinging letter to the effect that if he should come across any other such unpaid-for finds, she would be grateful for more checks. Mrs. Blackwell, Sr., in a rage against the ingrate, told her son not to indulge in any more such acts of generosity. Harry said, "It doesn't matter what the widow thinks; I want to be on the right side of God." (Basil, his heir, earned his first money by reciting at sixpence a round the Fifteenth Psalm: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle . . .") This care for the good will of God lent Blackwell's an air of probity from the very start. In Lord Rosebery's words, the place was "a remarkable shop, kept by a very remarkable man."

Actually, the success of the Broad Street Blackwell's was probably due as much to the times as to the man. As scholars, as intellectuals in politics, as zealous evangelists going out to convert

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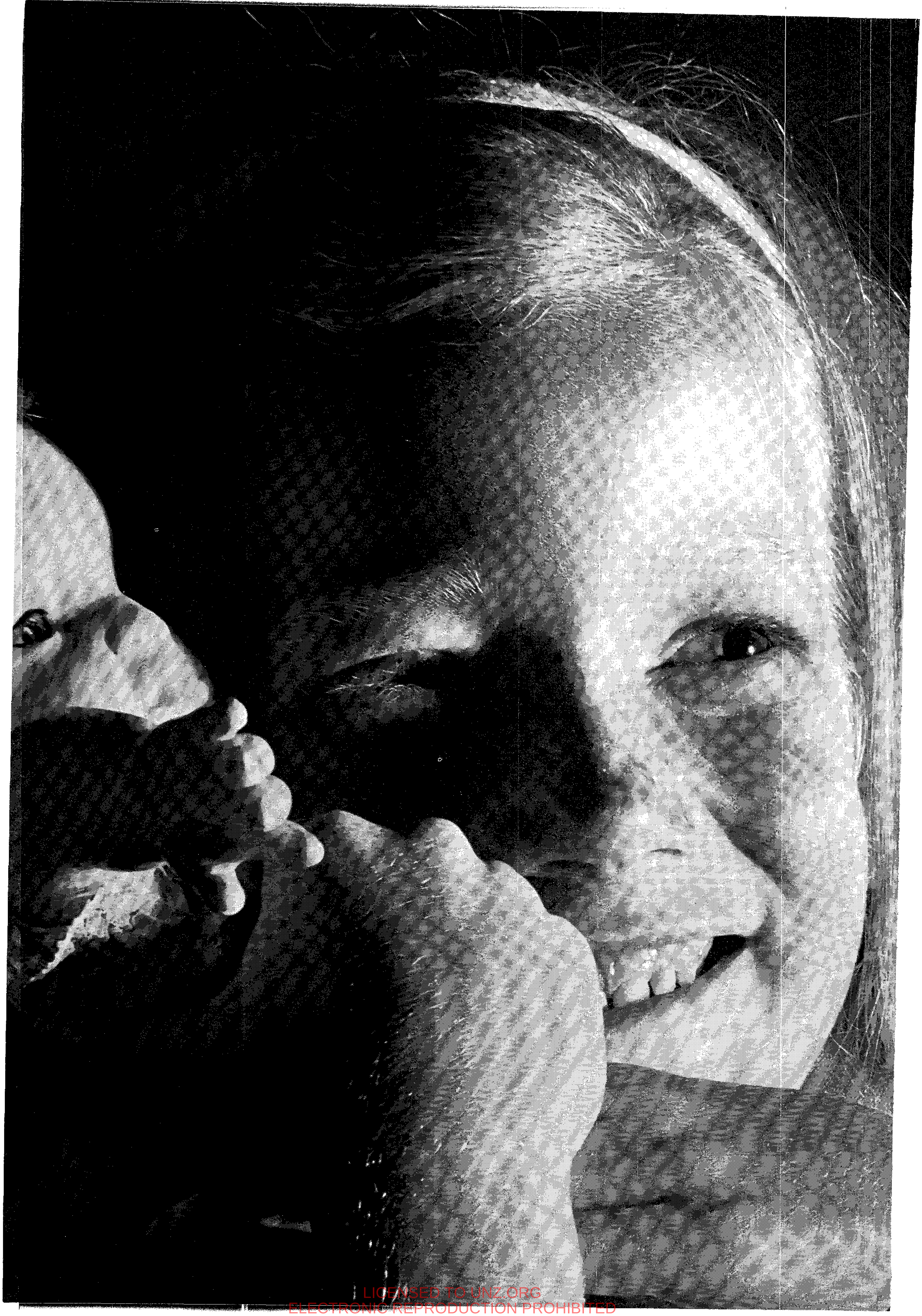

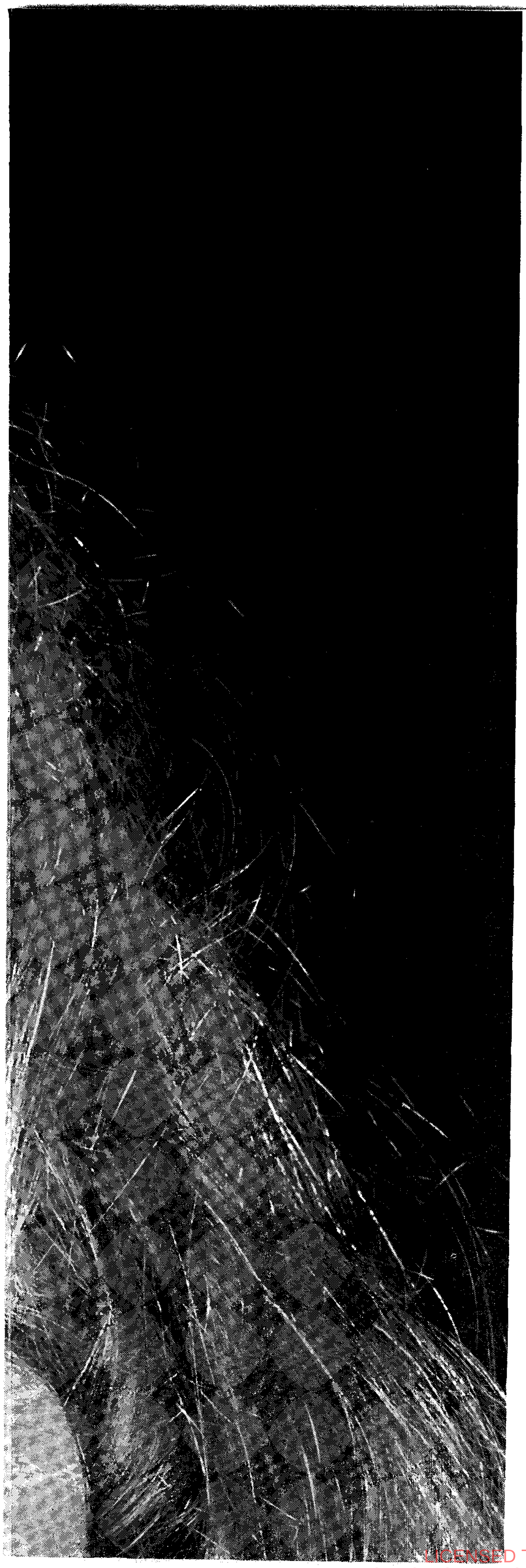

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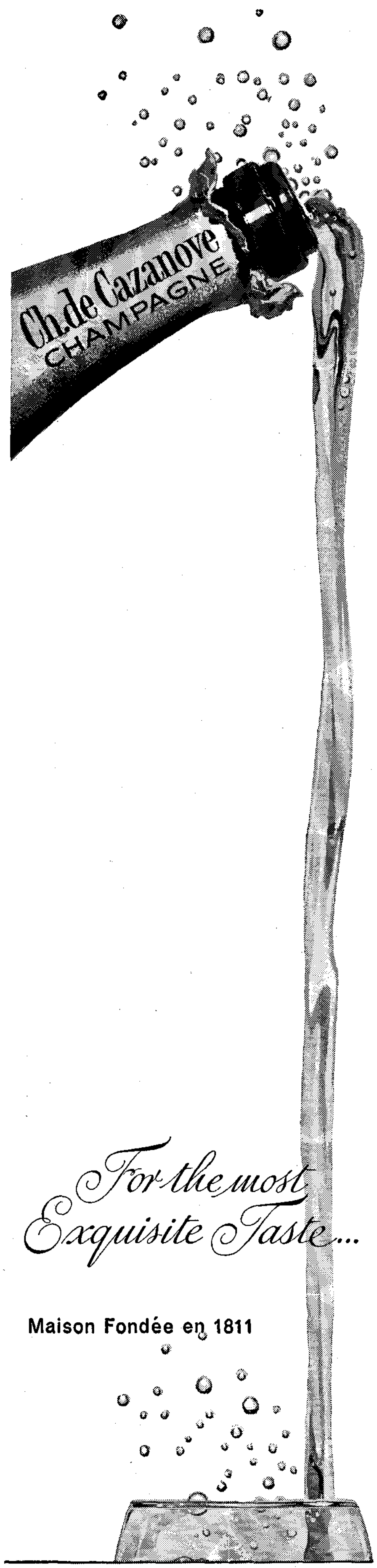

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the heathen, few generations in the history of Britain can hold a candle to the Victorians, many of whom had deep associations with Oxford. The reforms introduced at the end of the eighteenth century had awakened Oxford from at least a century of sleep. A series of commissions of inquiry and parliamentary acts, beginning in 1854, had set up, among other things, new schools of examination and abolished Oxford as the preserve of the Anglican Church. In the second half of the nineteenth century, the university had entered its most learned period. Intellect and achievement became its sole values. Its graduates went out to help build the Empire, to found universities and libraries, and later on, in the case of Rhodes Scholars, to propagate British values in their own countries. Oxford was the center of an ever-widening circle of British influence, and Blackwell's prospered by its mere proximity to the university. Oxford graduates remembered Blackwell's when they were founding a university in India or Australia, or stocking a library in Canada or the Union of South Africa, and inundated it with orders, so that the upstairs bedrooms, the back courtyards and cottages, and the adjacent shops had to be built and rebuilt to accommodate ever more books and departments. Whenever the two houses began to bulge at the seams, some such subsidiary department as accounts or some such self-contained one as musical literature or children's books was pushed out and housed elsewhere in Oxford. Today, the main part of the trade is still carried on from behind the Queen Anne façade and around the Queen Anne staircases. There is, of course, an obvious difference. If Sir Basil wishes to sit down with his staff to a feast—as he did, in fact, in 1954, on the seventy-fifth anniversary of the firm—he will be joined by two hundred and thirty employees from the Broad Street establishment alone, and a hundred and seventy from the Blackwell subsidiaries and external departments. In 1924, just before Harry died, *he* would have been joined on a similar occasion by only thirty-six; in 1913, the year Basil Blackwell entered the business, they would have been joined by only twenty-four; but in 1879, and for some time thereafter, Harry would have sat down to a lonely banquet of one.

SIR BASIL BLACKWELL, who is the father of five children—three daughters and two sons—lives and behaves and even sells books as though he

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Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
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Summit, N. J.	Root's
Toledo, O.	B. R. Baker
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Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
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West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
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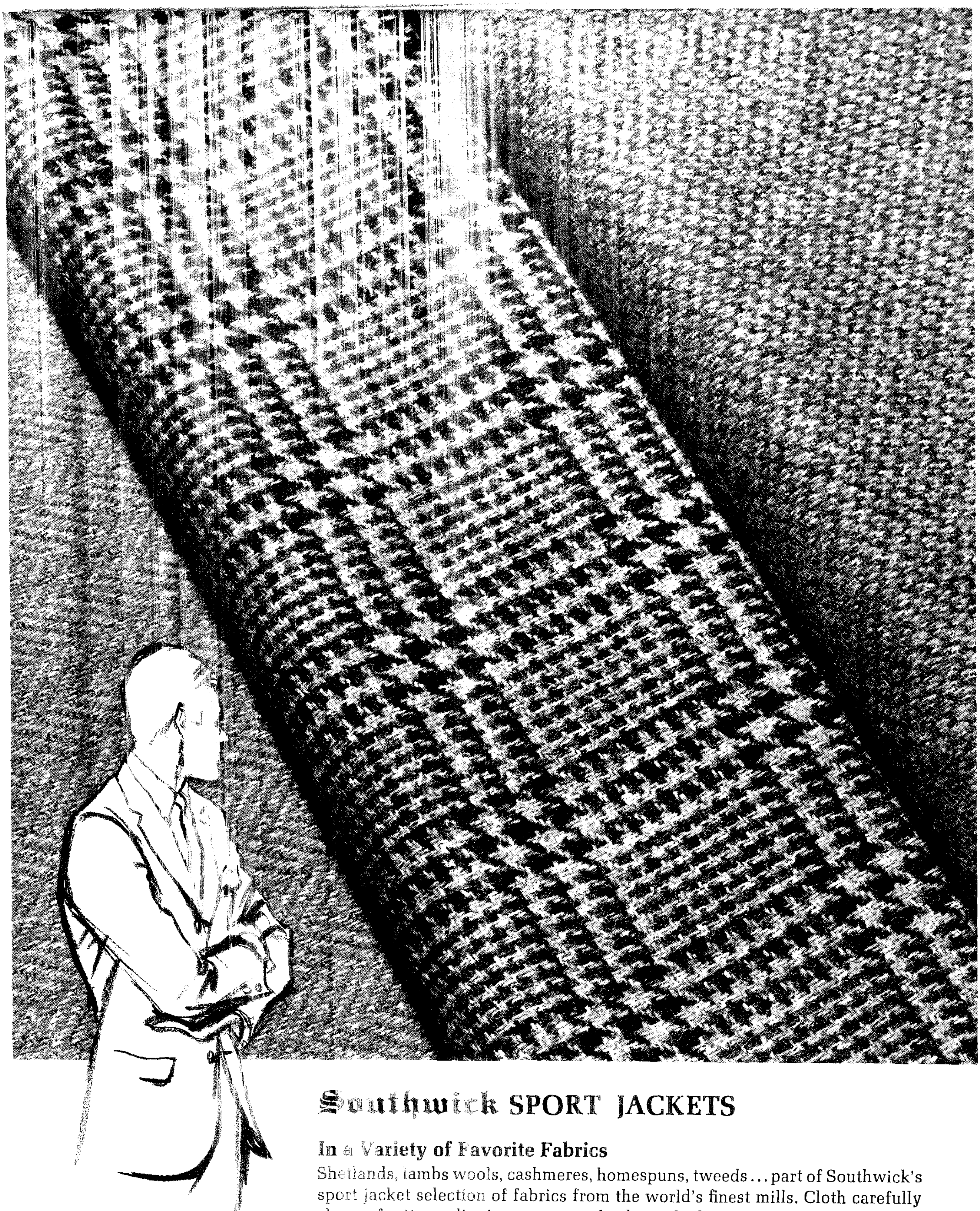

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BY GRIECO BROTHERS

were under an injunction laid down by the last will and testament of the departed century, and particularly those clauses having to do with the middle class, with the solid values of cricket and the classics, character and the family, country living and gentlemanly conduct, and, above all, with an easy confidence in one's ability to tell good from evil, vice from virtue. It all began when Harry Blackwell, determined to give his children—one son and one daughter—the education he had missed, put Basil first in an Oxford boarding and day school kept by a couple of spinsters and then, when he was twelve, in Magdalen College School, a modest foundation lying in the shadow of the west wing of Magdalen College, not very far from his grandfather's St. Clements bookshop. Here, in the society of about a hundred boarders, day boys, and masters, Basil was given a beginner's education in virtue and the classics and was told about such former school lights as Edward Hyde, the first earl of Clarendon (who, next to Thomas Bodley, the father of the Bodleian Library, is perhaps the most publicly commemorated man at Oxford); Thomas Hobbes (remembered for sprawling and "gapeing on mappes"); William Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament; William Camden, the compiler of "Britannia;" John Foxe, the martyrologist; Cardinal Wolsey; and Sir Thomas More, though in fact history is fuzzy about his schooling. Wherever history was obscure, the boy was encouraged to fill in the gaps with his imagination, and so he liked to think that it was here that Richard Hooker learned to enjoy the Odes of Horace, and John Milton acquired the rudiments of learning. At the bookshop, Basil sat and leafed through Spenser's "Faerie Queene," compared Henry Boyd's and H. F. Cary's translations of Dante's "Inferno," and himself gaped at the strange figure on the title page of Hobbes' "Leviathan," letting his mind be molded more by the books whose pages he idly turned than by those he actually read. (Today, he is apt to hover before his bookshelves without quite knowing which book to take down, and he reads with three books open before him.) As he puts it, he learned to think of books as "quiet, *beneficent things making a sheltering* world within the world."

When Basil was ready for the university, he looked to Merton. At the time, this college was a sink of iniquity, and its dean was scouting, among the applicants, for head boys of good Christian schools—upright, religious charac-

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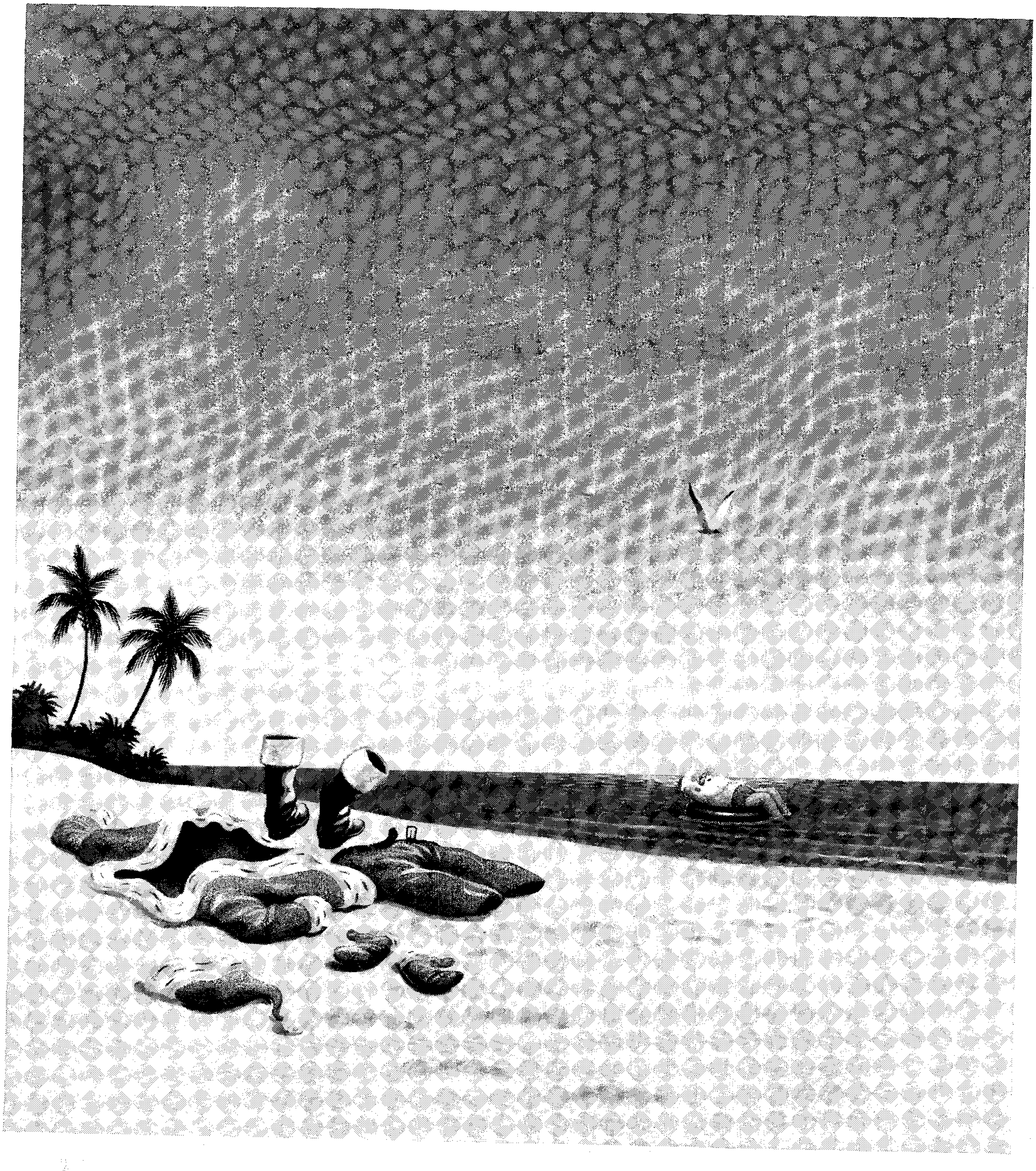

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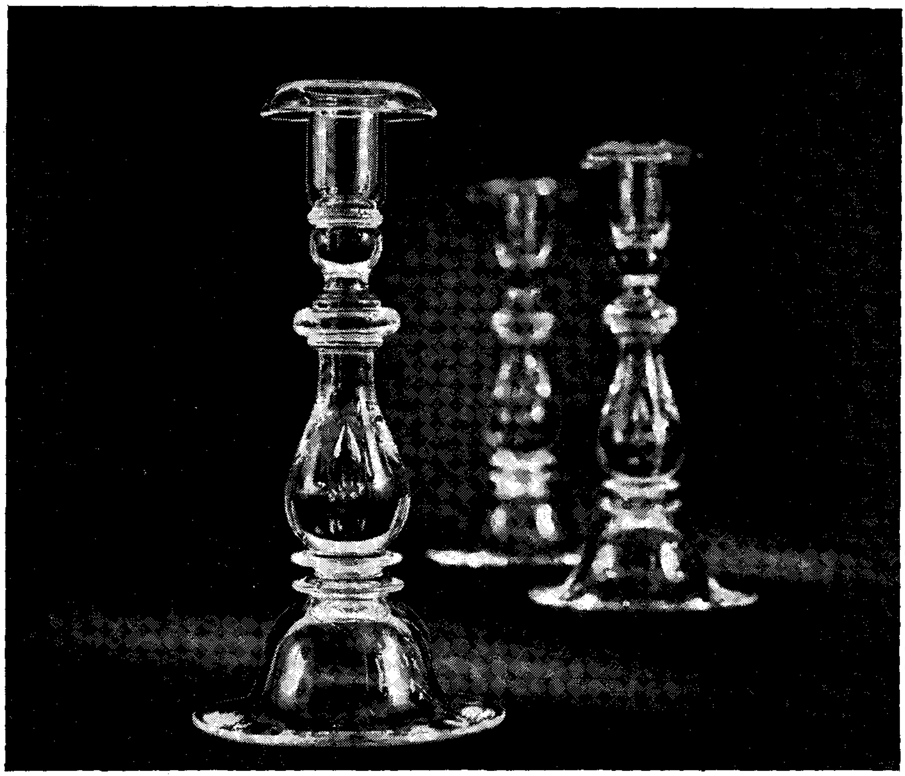
ters, never in their cups—to help him reform the place. From examination papers they wrote and interviews he held with them, the dean judged Basil and one Austin Longland, of Radley College, in Abingdon, to be just the two boys he was after, and, by naming each of them a "postmaster" (believed to be a corruption of "*portionista*," this was Merton's designation for the poor scholars who shared in a meagre style the quarters and the commons of the fellows), recruited them into his collegiate Salvation Army. At Merton, when Austin and Basil—who became the best of friends for life—were not serving as models for the renegades, they built their characters by rowing for their college, playing rugger, and living frugally. (For lunch, which they ate in their rooms, they often had only Stilton cheese, having bought a whole cheese at the beginning of the term to be eaten to the term's fruity end.) Each winter, the college rewarded them with one dinner of goose, provided ungrudgingly, since the bird made up part of the rent paid on college-owned farms. The education of the two boys was taken in hand by a portly and placid classicist called Walter How, who fancied himself a gifted orator and spoke almost entirely in alliterative sentences, on the order of "Thus Pericles found it impossible to pursue a policy of peaceful penetration" or rhetorical ones, on the order of "The day for which he had been sharpening his sword found him dallying with it in the sheath."

Basil took second-class honors in Greats in 1911, and was then farmed out by his father to Oxford University Press for a couple of years. In 1913, having finished the apprenticeship that Harry had devised for him, he went to work in the family bookshop. As his first order of business, he courted and wed Marion Christine Soans, a classicist in her own right from London University who was then working as secretary to Gilbert Murray. Next, he tackled the publishing side of the business. Practically from the opening of the Broad Street shop, Blackwell's had been publishing crumbs of Oxford belles-lettres, such as *Mensae Secundae*, a pamphlet of verses written by Balliol undergraduates, and *Waifs and Strays*, a magazine of university poetry. To these Basil now added the outpourings of Aldous Huxley, Dorothy Sayers, and Sacheverell Sitwell, only to see them leave him, upon receiving their degrees, for London agents and London publishers. Once, Robert Bridges visited Basil and admonished him "not to leave



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RISING SUN INN (14th cent.) You'll like the Rising Sun in Lynmouth, a fishing village in Devon. While in Devon, try the *cider*—but sip it slowly. It's heady stuff. And it costs only [illegible] cents a pint.

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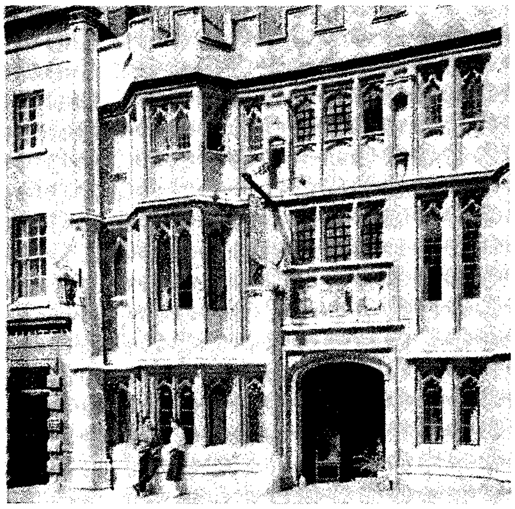
LORD CREWE ARMS (15th cent.) This Northumberland bar was once the cellar of Blanchland Abbey. Test your skill in one of the pub games: darts (above), shove ha'penny and skittles.

NEW INN (1311 A.D.) Our picture was taken at lunchtime in Pembridge. Hereford. You can lunch of crusty bread, country cheese and ale for about 75 cents. Dinner is seldom more than $3.50

FALSTAFF INN (1403 A.D.) This inn is just outside the city wall of Canterbury. Chaucer and his fellow pilgrims passed through that gate in 1387, on their way to the Cathedral and Becket's shrine.



GEORGE AND PILGRIMS INN (1493 A.D.) The local abbot built this inn for pilgrims who came to Glastonbury, "the holyeste earthe in England." The abbot's room has a huge four-poster bed.

BULL INN (c. 1450 A.D.) The Bull in Long Melford was the home of a mediaeval wool merchant. Friendliest way to learn the histories of old inns is to chat with the hosts. No language problem.

FALCON HOTEL

FALCON INN (15th cent.) Shakespeare used to live opposite this Stratford inn. *Tip:* Visit Britain's inns in Spring or Fall. Car rental rates are lower. And inglenooks are less crowded.

YE OLDE BELL

YE OLDE BELL (1135 A.D.) This inn is the pride and joy of Hurley, on the Thames. Britain's most intriguing inns are pinpointed in "Inns of Britain," a free 56-page guide. See offer below.

For free 56-page booklet "The Inns of Britain," write, British Travel Association, Dept. 692 at 680 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10019; or 612 So. Flower St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90017; or 39 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 60603; or 151 Bloor St. West, Toronto.

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the quiet paths of bookselling for the perilous course of publishing," adding, "Anybody can be a publisher, but there is only one Blackwell's." Within a few years of receiving this counsel, though, Basil Blackwell and a partner formed a press in Stratford-upon-Avon and began publishing, among other things, the complete works of the Venerable Bede, Chaucer, and Smollett. In scholarship, the books, which appeared under the imprint of the Shakespeare Head Press, were inferior to workaday editions of the same classics put out by Oxford University Press, but they were much handsomer, being intended for the libraries of gentlemen's country houses. (Nothing gave the young publisher more satisfaction than the letter he received from a country gentleman asking for a replacement of a Shakespeare Head volume of Plutarch because while he was reading that volume over the dinner table he spilled a little wine on it. The stained Plutarch is now cherished as a souvenir, as a symbol of the gentry's way with books.) The Second World War and the decline of the gentry made Blackwell's turn more and more to publishing children's schoolbooks and scholarly works of such special interest that they could be sold only to librarians, through the shop's catalogues.

Blackwell's has remained primarily a bookshop, however, and over the years its character has become more, rather than less, pious and aggressive. Applause for what one might call this Christian-duenna side of the bookshop is probably limited to the families of scholars. In this age of high prices and accelerating obsolescence, even more than before, a scholar's private library has tended to constitute his porcelain, silver, and linen. Not only are scholarly works expensive, even though they are often printed with the aid of subsidies, but they are issued in such small editions that they sometimes go out of print with publication, thereby becoming valuable assets. The scholar's heirs, in the hope of realizing the best price for them, may put up the library for auction. Until less than a decade ago, although the Auctions (Bidding Agreements) Act of 1927 had specifically made collusion in auctions illegal, some antiquarian booksellers were engaged in a conspiracy to keep the bidding down to about ten per cent of the real worth of the books. After an auction was over, they would adjourn to a pub, where they would hold a private auction of their own, selling the books for their real value to one of their number, and sharing the difference between

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the rigged price and the true price. Unless collusion could be proved—and proof was almost impossible to obtain—reselling the bought goods was perfectly legal, so the arraigning of members of the so-called book ring seemed for a long time to be out of the question. During this period, Blackwell and other upright booksellers could only instruct their representatives to force the bidding up by offering the top prices, but this procedure naturally had its limits. Then came a chance to put teeth in the Auctions Act by means of publicity. In 1956, a trade journal that had been campaigning against the ring for several years was allowed to die when vengeful booksellers simply neglected to renew their subscriptions. The virtuous booksellers protested this course of action with a vigor that inspired articles in the national press and prompted a discussion in Parliament. (One Honourable Member got up and said of the ring, "I hope that the Joint Under-Secretary will voice his strong disapproval of these brigands and tell us how good people can be protected against their maraudings.") Characteristically, Blackwell initiated a crusade of his own, which took the form of a double-barrelled announcement, the first part stating that he had drafted and was circulating for booksellers' signatures a solemn declaration to the effect that they had never engaged in collusive bidding at auctions and would never do so in the future, and the second part stating that he had persuaded the publishers of the *Directory of Dealers in Second-Hand and Antiquarian Books in the British Isles* to mark the names of the signatories with asterisks in their next edition. Only sixty-seven dealers out of a total of about seventeen hundred could be found to sign the declaration—a heavy indictment of the trade, even when allowance was made for those who objected to the method of the declaration on principle. (Their case was strengthened by the fact that Blackwell had infuriatingly dubbed the *Directory* a "Book of Saints," on the ground that everybody knew of the existence of the ring, just as "the Catholics know the existence of Hell without exactly knowing who is in it.") The International Association of Antiquarian Booksellers was at last moved to put its house in order. It convened a meeting of its members and, in the spirit of "let bygones be bygones," outlawed conspiracies at future auctions and appointed a watchdog committee to enforce the ban. Blackwell was exultant. Not only had his crusade been successful but, in addition,

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BERKELEY, CALIF., British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF. Charles H. Hornburg, Jr., Motor Cars
BOSTON, MASS., Foreign Motors, Inc.
CHICAGO (Evanston), ILL. Evanston Motor Company, Inc.
CINCINNATI, OHIO, Gatchett Chevrolet Co.
CLEVELAND (Shaker Heights), OHIO Clarence Fox, Inc.
DALLAS, TEXAS Continental Cars of Dallas, Inc.
DENVER, COLO., The Kumpf Motor Car Co.
DETROIT, MICH., Falvey Motor Sales Company
FORT WORTH, TEXAS Overseas Motors Corporation
GLEN COVE, N. Y., Rallye Motors, Inc.
GREENVILLE, S. C., Judson T. Minyard, Inc.
HIGH POINT, N. C., Transco, Inc.
HOUSTON, TEXAS, Wendell Hawkins, Inc.
JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Brooks Motors, Inc.
KUTZTOWN, PA., Nick Ciliberti Pontiac
LITCHFIELD, CONN., Nelke Motor Company
LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Charles H. Hornburg, Jr., Motor Cars
MIAMI, FLA., C. R. Berry Motors, Inc.
MILLBURN, N. J., Peter Zage & Co., Ltd.
MILWAUKEE (Thiensville), WISC. Milrace Motors Ltd.
MONTEREY, CALIF. British Motors of Monterey
NASHVILLE, TENN., E. Gray Smith
NEW HAVEN, CONN., Nelke Motor Company
NEW ORLEANS, LA., Sport Cars, Inc.
NEWPORT BEACH, CALIF., Roy Carver, Inc.
NEW YORK, N.Y., J. S. Inskip, Inc.
OAKLAND, CALIF. British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.
PALM SPRINGS, CALIF., Palm Springs Motors
PASADENA, CALIF. Peter Satori of Calif., Inc.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., Keenan Motors, Inc.
PHOENIX, ARIZ., Stewart's of Phoenix
PITTSBURGH (Sewickley), PA. Ascot Imported Cars
PORTLAND, ORE. British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., Inskip Motors, Inc.
RENO, NEV., Modern Classic Motors
RICHMOND, VA., Mooers Motor Car Co.
SACRAMENTO, CALIF., Oxford Motors, Ltd.
ST. LOUIS, MO., Gruet Motor Car Company
ST. PAUL, MINN., Schneider Motors Co.
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., Scarritt Motors, Inc.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, Smith Motor Imports
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.
SANTA MONICA, CALIF., Brentwood Motors
SEATTLE, WASH. British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.
SPOKANE, WASH. British Motor Car Distributors, Inc.
SYRACUSE (Liverpool), N. Y. Orcutt-McCombe Motor Imports, Ltd.
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2. Call your Rolls-Royce dealer—see listing on opposite page.

Tell him you're thinking of buying a Rolls-Royce for your wife. He will gladly lend you a demonstration car.

3. Drive the car home yourself. The more *you* know about the car, the easier it will be to answer your wife's questions when she gets in the driver's seat.

Familiarize yourself with the instrument panel—rear window defroster switch, adjustable ride control, gas tank opener button, map light, engine oil level indicator and all the other standard equipment on a Rolls-Royce.

4. Let your wife take the wheel. Give her a few minutes to admire the deep pile carpeting, the rich leather, the inlaid walnut woodwork, the "feel" of a Rolls-Royce. Then head straight for the heaviest traffic in town—to get rid of any old-fashioned ideas that a Rolls-Royce is hard to handle.

Next, suggest she steer for the open highway. Encourage her to pass a few cars—perhaps the best way to find out how completely in control she feels when she drives a Rolls-Royce.

Make it as *long* a drive as you can. Most people find that driving a Rolls-Royce is refreshing, almost totally non-fatiguing. Give your wife plenty of time to experience this for herself.

5. Check the details of buying and owning a Rolls-Royce—how easy it actually is. Prices start around $17,000 ($300 less for a Bentley—same car, different grille) not including local taxes.

Check into parts and service—how long it takes to get replacement parts from the U.S. central parts depot—the availability of trained mechanics to install them.

Bring your wife in to talk to the dealer. She can get to know him—find out about air conditioning and many other accessories available at extra cost.

Don't hesitate to ask him about any aspect of the Rolls-Royce that interests either of you. Nothing would please him more than to sell you a Rolls-Royce for your wife—and to keep her happy with it after you've bought it.

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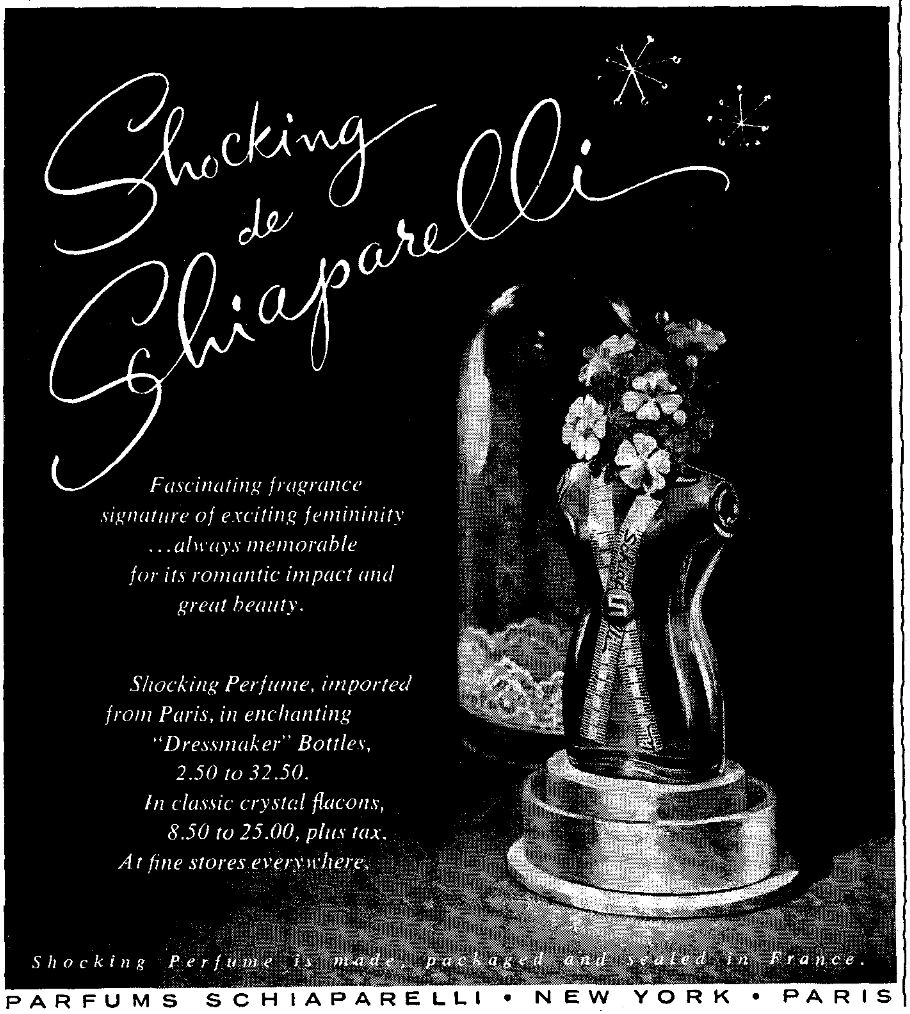

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he had been made a knight—or, as he is fond of putting it, had been "sprayed by the fountain of honor." Indeed, as he occasionally points out, he was the first bookseller (in his words a "member of a greasy trade") ever to be given a handle to his name, and although in recent years there has been a democratic tendency to honor the top men in their field, regardless of the nature of their work, there can be little doubt that it was Basil Blackwell's virtuous concern for the widows and children of scholars (however strong his wish to see the end of a system that penalized him as a bookseller who held out against the ring) that caught the eye of the government, and, later, of Merton, which elected the knighted bookseller an honorary Fellow.

Unfortunately, the Christian duenna had her tedious side. She was constantly shooing this unseemly book off the premises and giving extra elbowroom to that inspirational pamphlet. And as the profane century has advanced, she has become more rigid rather than less. When Vladimir Nabokov's "Lolita" was published in England, copies were unavailable at Oxford, and *Isis*, which, along with *Cherwell*, is the main organ of student opinion, had something to say about that fact.

> "Lolita" was published last Thursday, but there isn't a copy to be found in any Oxford book shop [the magazine proclaimed]. "We met a few private orders for it, sir, but we won't be stocking the book and certainly wouldn't put it on display," a friend was told, and he was made to feel that even mentioning the matter put him in the position of a man wearing wellington-boots at a St. Clare's party. [St. Clare's is a girl's college situated in Oxford.] Blackwell's and their satellites cannot have the excuse that there isn't enough demand for Nabokov because they are able to take what ought to be the suicidal risk of laying in large stocks of (e.g.) Snow's juvenilia and G. B. Stern, and if the policy on "Lolita" is deliberate, it amounts to a censorship.

According to the *Daily Express*, the duenna, being, among other things, sensitive about her influence (as the reference to the "satellites" suggests, Blackwell's now has a controlling interest in most other Oxford bookshops), forbade the editors of *Isis* ever to mention Blackwell's name again in the pages of the magazine. This report touched off a row in the national press, whereupon a Blackwell's representative smugly assured a reporter from a London newspaper that "Lolita" was "a loathsome, morbid book." The reporter asked Sir Basil if the bookshop would sell *him* a copy. "I shall scrutinize you very carefully first," Sir Basil an-

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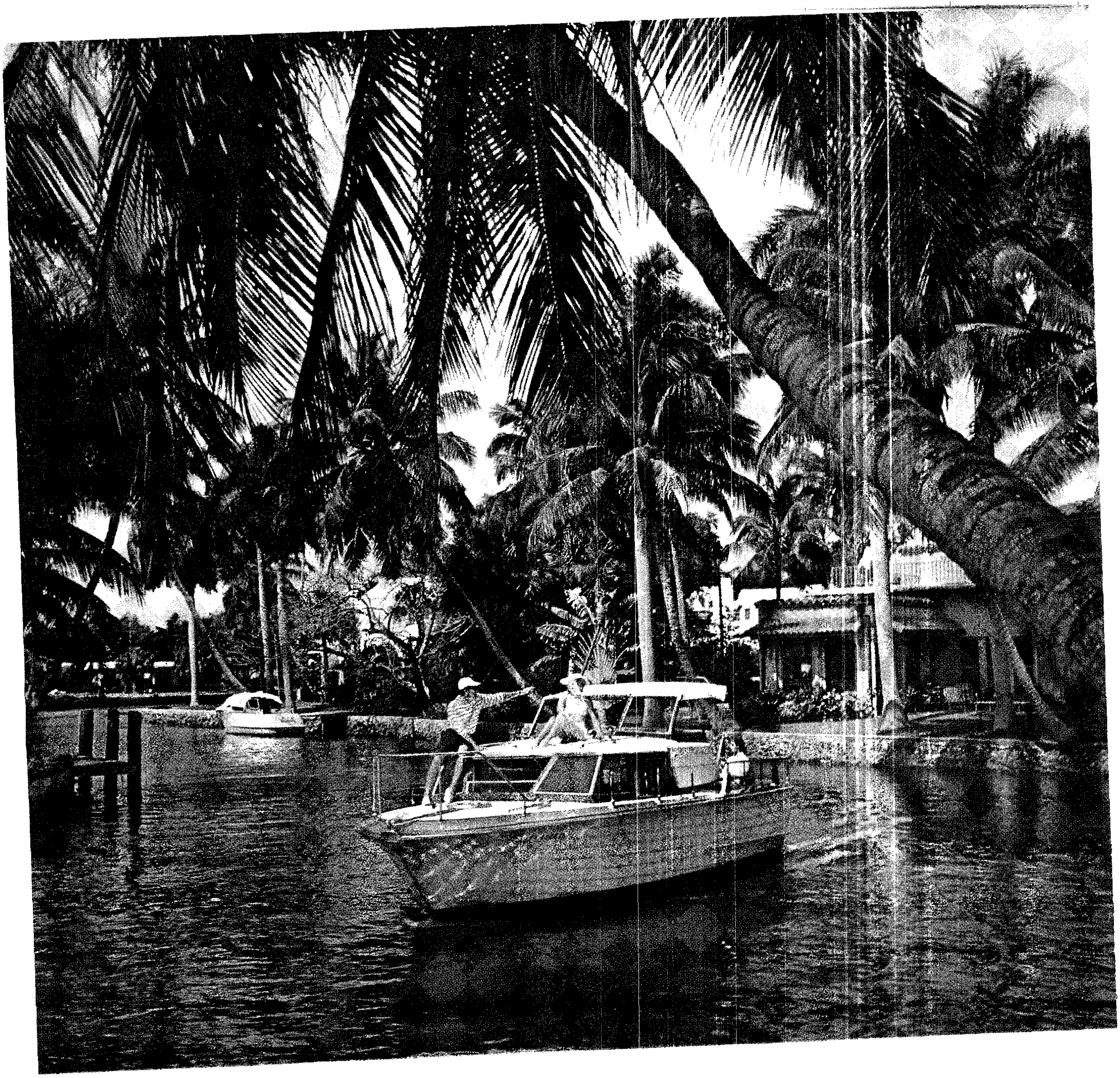

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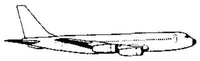
It was these water avenues that inspired an early visitor to name Fort Lauderdale the "Venice of America." They also give rise to much of this city's popularity as the *place to go in Florida.*

Here, in addition to all its other resort advantages, boating life is at its zenith. Glamorous marinas harbor sleek yachts from faraway places while catering opulently to their sojourning parties. Yet, undaunted by such grand display, skippers of saucy little outboards enjoy the best of fun. Rent a small power-boat and join them.

Go cruising past handsome homes and flamboyant gardens. Go skiing on calm bays; or fishing. Skim out the ocean inlet and along the beaches for a dip in the placid surf. It's irresistible!

In Florida or in the world, there is no other place quite like Fort Lauderdale for a sun-spangled holiday by the sea. Come, be convinced. Visit…

FORT LAUDERDALE
the Place to go in Florida



YOU CAN FLY DIRECT TO FORT LAUDERDALE FROM MANY CITIES

For FREE color booklet describing a Lauderdale holiday, write: City Information Dept., P. O. Box 1181-N-27, Fort Lauderdale, Florida swered. "I don't think young people are much interested in this sort of thing. It's middle-aged men I'm wary of selling it to."

The dons, too, were outraged. In their own university journal, the *Oxford Magazine*, an anonymous tutor of poetic bent wrote:

Blackwell's must not have a mention—
Like the Holy Name of old—
Or Sir Basil's legal henchmen,
Virtue's knight, for right enrolled,
Will drag away to dire detention
Editors so basely bold.

Who are they that they should question
Orders of that learned knight,
Or hesitate the least suggestion
That he has not judged aright.

Let the Isis roll in silence;
Cherwell's waters have the right
To sing with tumbling genuflections
"Blackwell's are a source of light."

I WAS an undergraduate at Oxford just before the "Lolita" fracas, and although I had been buying most of my books at Blackwell's since I went up to the university, and have continued to do so, I have mixed feelings about the shop. Its fame may be deserved, and yet I remember it as a fierce place. The corner in which to sit and read a book through and the space in which to browse were both luxuries of an age long since past; now students and dons, landladies and tourists jostle one another on the floor as though they were snatching a last drink before the pub closed. Also, the past afforded at least a score of alternatives to buying at Blackwell's, but today one would be hard put to it to find two or three genuine rivals. Both Thornton's and Parker's, whose proprietors of seventy-five years ago regarded Benjamin Blackwell as an upstart, are now owned by his grandson. Blackwell's impersonality no doubt arises largely from its size (in a year it sells about two million books, for as many pounds), its top-heavy mail-order business (with the help of seasonal catalogues on about thirty-four subjects, it receives ninety per cent of its income from sales to customers writing in for books), and its terrifying efficiency (though it receives announcements of forthcoming books no sooner than any other bookshop, it almost invariably manages to beat everyone in including new books in its catalogues), but, whatever the reasons, and whatever the exigencies of being a bookseller in times like the present, the fact remains that a bookshop that functions much as Sears, Roebuck does may arouse admiration, and even respect, but has difficulty inspiring affection. Perhaps because of

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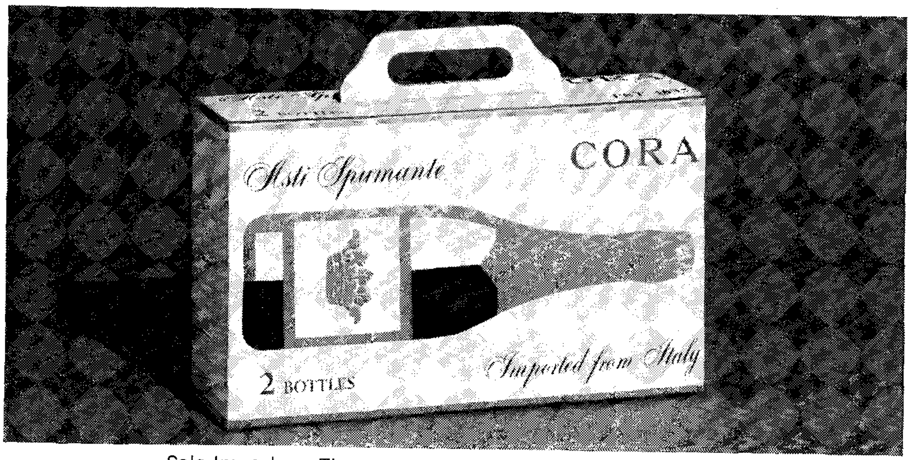

Sole Importers: Thompson Cellars Co., Louisville, Ky. © 1964

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Rigaud mourns the passing of Edward Marjoribank, 2nd Baron Tweedmouth. He was precisely the sort of man who would have most enjoyed wearing Eau de Kananga, the cologne for the kind of man they hardly make any more.

Eau de Kananga by Rigaud

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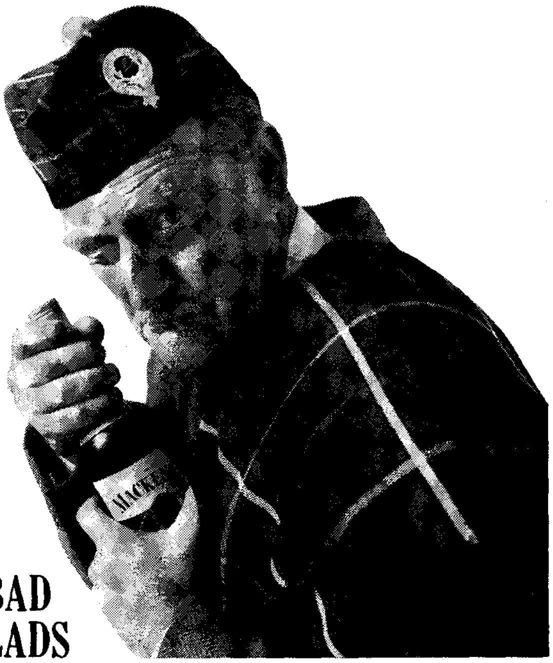
this, some undergraduates sent up a restrained cheer when the near monopoly of the Oxford book market of Blackwell's and her "satellites" was challenged, since I went down from Oxford, by a new bookshop with about ten thousand square feet of floor space and complete with, among other things, coffee bar, record and music shop, and display of small scientific instruments and machines and stuffed birds—all housed behind plate glass in a modern building situated unnervingly just across the Magdalen Bridge. A few of them even conjectured that Robert Maxwell, the father and proprietor of this chic establishment, might be the shade of the original Benjamin Harris Blackwell in modern dress.

I had always taken it for granted that Sir Basil, who is seventy-five, would be as fierce as the enterprise he chairs, but when I said as much to an Oxford friend visiting me in America, where I was living at the time, he replied, "Who, the old Baz? On the contrary. I agree, one expects him to be a strong-armed gent, but, with that hope which springs eternal in the human breast, one secretly wishes that such a bookseller would turn out to be something cozy and soft. Well, he is. He runs his firm like a paterfamilias, with nineteenth-century principles of paternalism perpetually in mind. Oh, I don't mean to say that he's not a businessman, but he's also something of a gentle soul. If you can't pay your bills, the bookshop overlooks the delinquency—except, that is, for half a dozen reminders—for a year or so. Then begins a three-year cycle of dunning letters. The last dunning is the most serious, but when it comes, if you're up to it, you march into the shop and demand to see the Sir. Upstairs in his office, you shed a few tears, and the Sir will start the cycle of bills and dunning letters over again."

Recently, finding myself in England, I wrote to Sir Basil—or Gaffer, as he makes a point of insisting that he be called—asking if I might have a talk with him about the way serious bookselling is done, and then I went around to his establishment one Saturday morning at the bleary hour of seven-fifteen, the time of my appointment. The main door, in the eighteenth-century façade—which was as narrow and small as the shop behind it was sprawling and huge—was bolted, but I found my way in through a side driveway, in which vans were being loaded with big bags of books. In the shop, the air smelled of glue, paper, and wood, but if it seemed at first a little musty



BAD LADS (RMSFSS)

GOOD LADS

A short apology to Americans on behalf of those Scotsmen who are Scotch with the real scotch.

By the spirit of St. Andrew, we'd never have dreamt there would be Scotsmen who could be so stingy with The Real MACKENZIE Scotch that they'd go to such lengths not to share a few bottles of the world's smoothest Scotch with you deserving Americans. (We're openly referring to last week's posting by those Scotch pinching divils who label themselves The Real MACKENZIE Scotch for Scotch-Men Society.) Och, but for the nerve of them wanting to keep every wee drap to themselves. And after they've enjoyed the delicately light and real smooth-full flavour of the mellow Real MACKENZIE for more than 138 years. Aye, Jock, but that the few bad apples spoil the bushel is the truth for sure.

What can we be doing but only apologize for this bit o' rash and miserly behavior on their part, and hope ye may forget the damage they did to the good name of more sensible Scots like ourselves. Meanwhile, we would bestir ourselves with the sacred pledge of bringing The MACKENZIE to you Americans no matter what. The Real MACKENZIE will go through!

But that these skin-flints in Scotsmen's clothing (RMSFSS) will stop at nothing to keep your hands off The Real MACKENZIE is much in evidence! Just to give you a mite bit of a hint to what depths this bogling bunch will stoop, we present (on the left) for your perusal and fair investigation a blatant example of one of their terrorist tactics.

REAL MACKENZIE
STAY HOME!

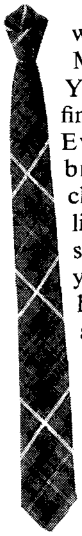
Guerrilla warfare employed by the sneaky RMSFSS

But never fear, mon. We will not, nay, shall not, waver from our singular aim of bringing The Real MACKENZIE for you to enjoy as your own. Progress will not be blocked by a few hoarding blockheads!

We're feeling quite sure old Peter Mackenzie did not intend for his lovely whisky to be cached away by a stingy few! And if he were here today (may his soul rest in peace despite the terrible work of these alarmists) he would be for joining in the fray to bring you the o' so smooth, smooth pleasures of The Real MACKENZIE.

And, if it is in your mind you would be itching to enter the fight on the side of right, dinna hold back a moment. Declare your colours by sending for the official Real MACKENZIE tie (it's the official plaid of the proud clan of MACKENZIE) and display it prominently around your neck. For your MACKENZIE tie mail $1 (it's worth far more) to Box 900, Dept. T, Louisville, Ky.

Above all, buy that wonderful Real MACKENZIE Scotch. You'll be doing yourself a fine favour and us too. Every bottle bought brings us one bottle closer to strangling the life blood of the unspeakable....... (If your favourite shop has committed such a grievous oversight not to have stocked The Real MACKENZIE, raise a ruddy ruckus 'til they do.)



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and close it was pleasant once one got used to breathing it. A studious contingent of timid girls still in their teens, who seemed all stockings and stiletto heels, and of careworn men dressed in tweed coats were silently dusting and arranging books and going over cash-register receipts. I asked the way to Sir Basil's office, and was shown up to a room at the head of one of the Queen Anne staircases. The office was small and uncarpeted, and a little chilly, but its window afforded one of Oxford's loveliest views—across to the Sheldonian Theatre and down the road to the new Bodleian Library. Sir Basil—a spare but heavy-boned man with a certain amount of white hair and an innocent pink face beginning to be creased by age but lighted up by a cherubic smile—was perched on the edge of a desk that was empty except for neat bundles of envelopes tied with string. He was wearing a light-gray three-piece suit, a white shirt, and a pink shantung tie. He came across as soft, gray, and bumbling.

At a word from Sir Basil, I took a chair beside the desk. An instant later, he called out, "Kay, will you come and help the Gaffer?" and began cutting open the bundles of letters on his desk.

A slender girl in her teens with grave, gray eyes and wearing high heels tiptoed in from an adjoining room, and smiled shyly at Sir Basil.

"This is my honorary goddaughter," he told me. "One of the nice things about being old is that you can have innocent, tender feelings for young girls. She never misses a Saturday—do you, Kay? I have at least a hundred sweet young things—frippets—but she's my favorite. I'm looking for Prince Charming for her, aren't I, Kay?"

"If you say so, Gaffer," Kay replied, taking up a position at a machine, at one end of the desk, that slit open the envelopes and piled them up in a tray.

I asked Sir Basil if he was always at work so early.

"Yes," he replied, and added, like a minister quoting chapter and verse, "My father used to say, 'A day's work must be done in a day.'" Observing that the postman was by no means as punctual as he and Kay were, he continued, "If the postman isn't here when we arrive, I ring the post office every three minutes. One day, the postmaster rang *me*. He said they were stopping the second pickup on Saturday. I asked, 'Suppose we deliver our book bags'—we have made special arrangements for sending sixty-five-pound bags of books overseas—'to your Broad Street branch,

Majestic has the look for you (made with Arnel of course)

Slip into something luxurious... elegant crepe. Arnel makes it little or no iron. Crystal pleated collar over-or-tuck-in blouse in Joyce's crepe of Arnel triacetate and Fortrel polyester. White, aqua, pink, green. 8-18. $8†. Lord & Taylor, New York; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Neiman-Marcus, Texas and branches of these stores.

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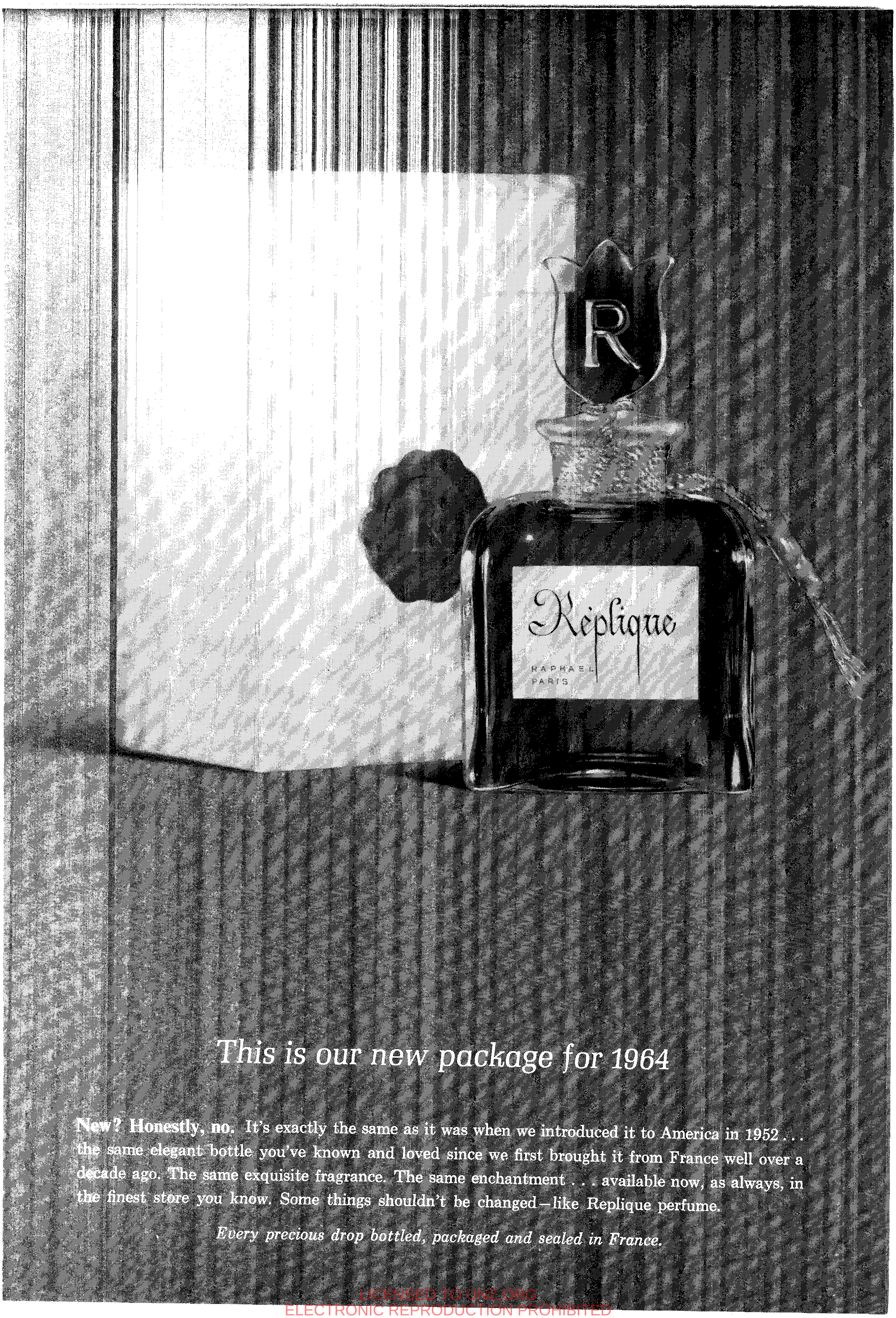
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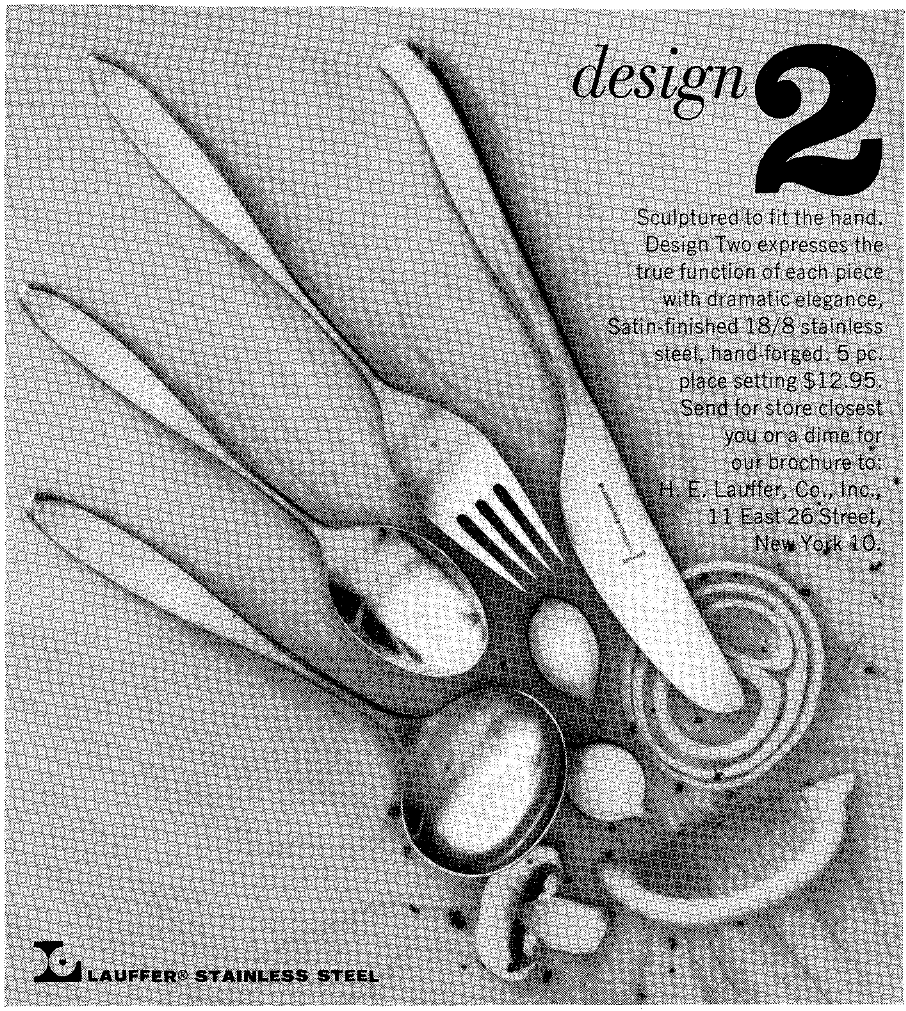
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Artist's rendering by Eldridge King

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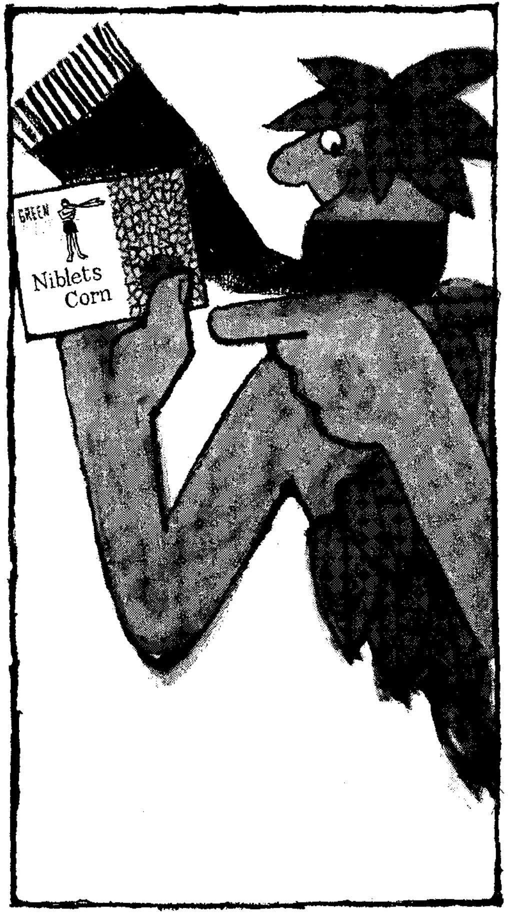
will you have to send them out that day?' The postmaster said, 'Every last piece of post has to be sent out from every branch every day.' 'Thank you. That's good,' I said. On the following Saturday, I had one of our vans filled up with book bags and sent them around to the Broad Street post office. The postal clerk looked horrified, and immediately rang through to the head office for an auxiliary postal van. But no sooner had their van arrived than another of our vans pulled up with more book bags. I also filled up every postbox in the vicinity with our outgoing letters. No private person here could post a letter that Saturday. I waited for the postmaster's call. He rang through on Monday and curtly said, 'There will be a second pickup on Saturday.' "

Sir Basil went on talking as he looked through his mail. "I always get up at five-thirty—a routine I got into during the war, when I took in evacuees and relatives to live in my house, a few miles southwest of here," he said. "It's in Appleton Osse Field, in north Berkshire. Appleton Osse Field extends for a mile, from the Village Cross to Appleton Common, and is bounded by Osse Dyke. Because of a pedantic quirk of mine, the house has no name, but it is *in* Appleton Osse Field. When I get up, I put on my business suit—it keeps in the bed warmth—and go straight downstairs to my library and curl up with a rug on the sofa and read a book for a while. Then I run out to my hut—a summerhouse—and leave my suit there and take a cold swim in my pool. In weather fair or foul, I always have a dip in the morning. Originally, the pool was just part of the river that I had enlarged for myself, and every morning I went there and took a swim, but after the war, when the city reimbursed me for what are called Post-War Credits, I piped water in from the city. After a swim, in fair weather or foul, I sit naked on the green and contemplate nature, and then I start my exercises, prescribed in 'My System,' by J. P. Muller, who is one splendid man. I should do twelve rounds of certain drills, but I do only three rounds now. I bend down and touch my toes and tilt myself like a windmill, and then make myself into a seesaw." He jumped to his feet and put on a demonstration. "After doing these exercises three times," he said, sitting down again, "all my muscles are stretched and cleared of grit, and I put on my suit and come inside and cook myself breakfast. My good wife, the Mimi, used to help me

You are ravenous.

You are standing in the middle of a ripe sweet corn patch. You happen to have butter, salt and a kettle of boiling water with you.

What do you do?



Why forevermore, that's easy. You throw the salt over your shoulder for luck, hurry to your grocer's and trade the butter in on a package of Green Giant® Niblets® corn frozen in butter sauce! Crisp baby kernels of the Jolly Green Giant's famous country-bred corn, in a delicately seasoned butter sauce, and in the flavor-tight cooking pouch—so the flavor stays in the corn, not the kettle. Hurry now, before that water gets cold. Unless, of course, you happen to be up in the *Valley* standing in a patch of ripe Niblets® corn. Better than that you can't do.

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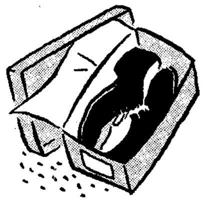
cook breakfast, but it didn’t quite suit me, so I do it myself. For this, she gives me pocket money of a pound a week. I drive in to the office and am here at seven-fifteen or seven-thirty. I usually arrive with the post, which comes in from virtually every country served by the Postal Union. Most of my morning is taken up with the post. We get anywhere from fifteen hundred to two thousand pieces of mail a day, and I look at all of them. I personally answer such complaints as we get, because I’ve developed the art of writing a letter that never fails to bring back a letter of apology. It means something for people to receive a letter from the chairman of the firm, and I always take the blame for the mistake and say we are all human together. Usually, I get a letter back going something like this: ‘Dear Sir Basil, I wrote my letter in a fit of bad temper. . . .’ ”

Sir Basil laughed. All the time he had been talking, he had been flipping through envelopes, glancing at postcards, discarding advertisements in windowed envelopes, and separating the airmail envelopes from the rest. He made a pile of orders for books for Kay to stamp and route to the proper sections of the bookshop and the accounts department, and he set aside the letters of complaint to answer later. “Some people write in because they are indignant at the quality of our service, and others because they’ve received a dunning—though, I must hasten to add, we have remarkably few bad debts,” he said. “I’ve often thought of inventing a dialogue between Socrates and a friend, and putting it on our letterhead. ‘Socrates,’ the friend would ask, ‘what would you say is the test of a reasonable and good man?’ Socrates would answer, ‘A man who can be gentlemanly when he is asked to pay his bills.’ ” Sir Basil paused to savor the effect of his words, and then went on, under his breath, “Here is a pretty Taiwan . . . a Bhutan . . . a Seychelles . . . a Luangprabang. Every morning, I put the pretty foreign stamps here”—he banged the left corner of his desk several times—“but at some point during the time Kay is helping me mince and sort the post, the stamps disappear.”



Kay smiled, and Sir Basil turned to the letters of complaint, or “growls,” as I discovered he usually called them. In the course of the morning, I came to realize he has a whimsical term for everything. “Here is a gr-rowl from Mr. Ed-wards of Scot-land,” he said. “His grievance is that he came into the shop and bought books worth more than sixteen pounds and yet was charged postage. On orders much smaller than his, Blackwell’s pays the postage. On top of that, he says the books were badly packed.”

At Sir Basil’s elbow was a Telemat—a receiverless telephone with rows of buttons, a dial, a small speaker, and a mouthpiece. He dialled a number and was immediately answered by a thin, efficient voice.

“Are you the shepherdess who looks after the flock of ‘E’s?” Sir Basil asked.

“Yes, sir.”

“Shepherdess, how many do you have in your flock?”

“Six thousand, sir.”

“Well, my dear, would you be so good as to look and see if Mr. Edwards, from Aberdeen, was sent some books?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Thank you.”

Sir Basil dialled another number.

“Yes, sir,” a man’s voice answered.

“My dear man, would you check and see who packed the books for Receipt Number 617,432?”

Within a few moments, a boy came scampering up to Sir Basil’s office, full of apologies. Handing over the receipt to Sir Basil, he said that he was the culprit who had packed the books for Mr. Edwards, and that he had charged him for postage by mistake.

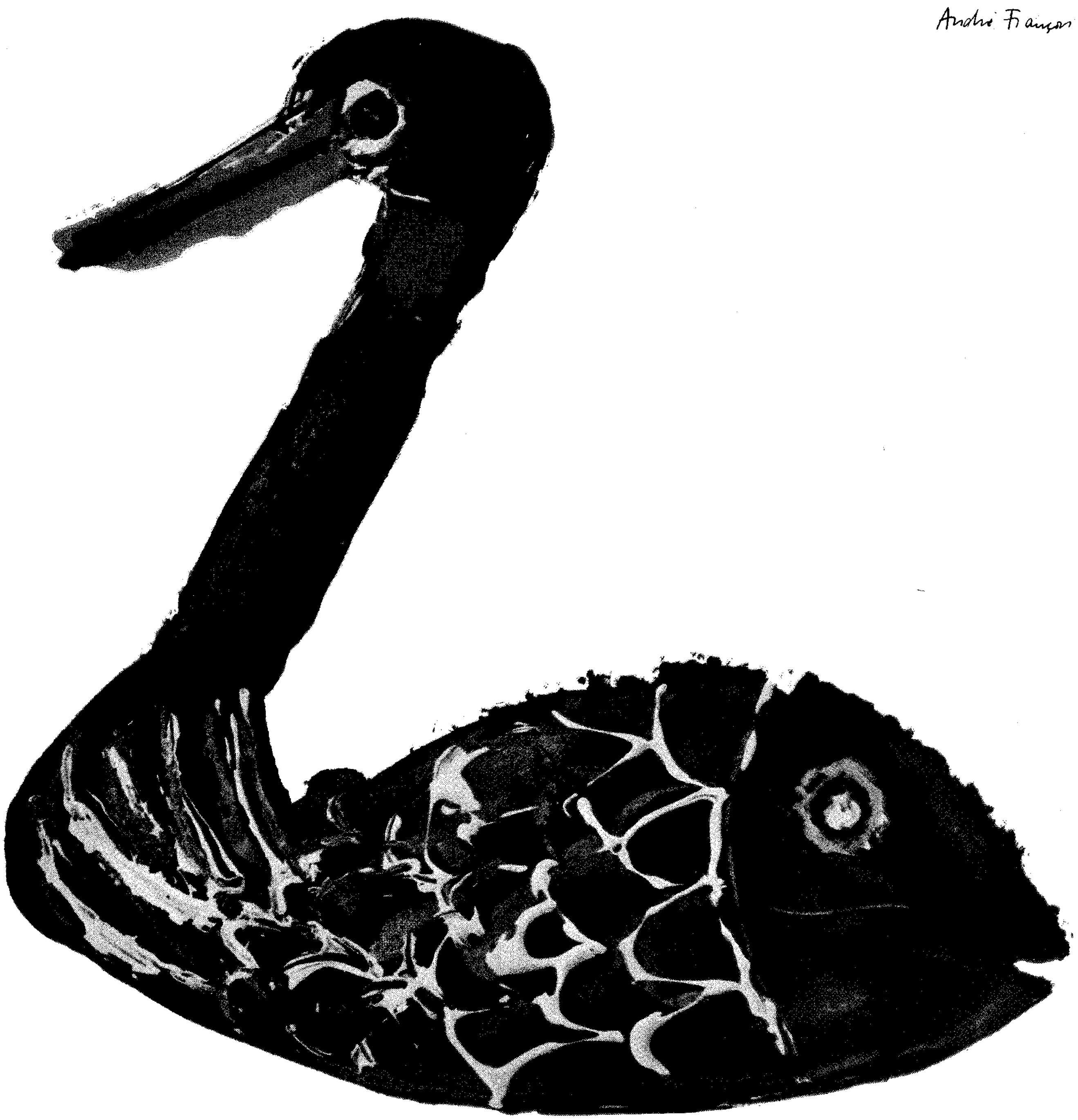
“It will never happen again, will it, my man?” Sir Basil asked.

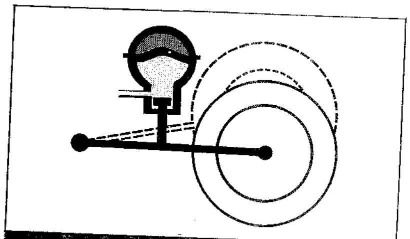
“Never, Gaffer,” the boy said.

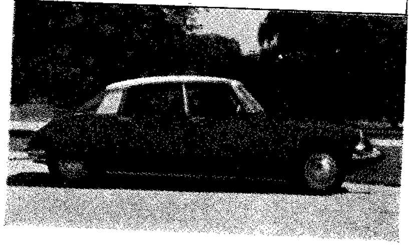
“That’s good,” Sir Basil said.

Sir Basil dismissed the boy and dialled back the clerk in charge of the “E”s. He asked her to call off the search for Edwards, since by tracking down the receipt he had learned that Mr. Edwards had paid cash, so no invoice had been necessary. He shouted, “Miss Halliday!” and then took time to explain to me that this was Miss Eleanor Halliday, a lady of “great probity” who had been working for him as his secretary for thirty-four years, always keeping the same hours he did—seven to five, with a break for a sandwich, or “nosebag.” In private life, he added, she was the happy wife of one Major Atkinson.

Miss Halliday, a solid-looking lady of medium height with graying hair, entered, and Sir Basil dictated to her a letter for Mr. Edwards: “I am replying personally to your letter of July 3rd to express my dismay that your parcel was inadequately packed. It is a most unusual occurrence, and I







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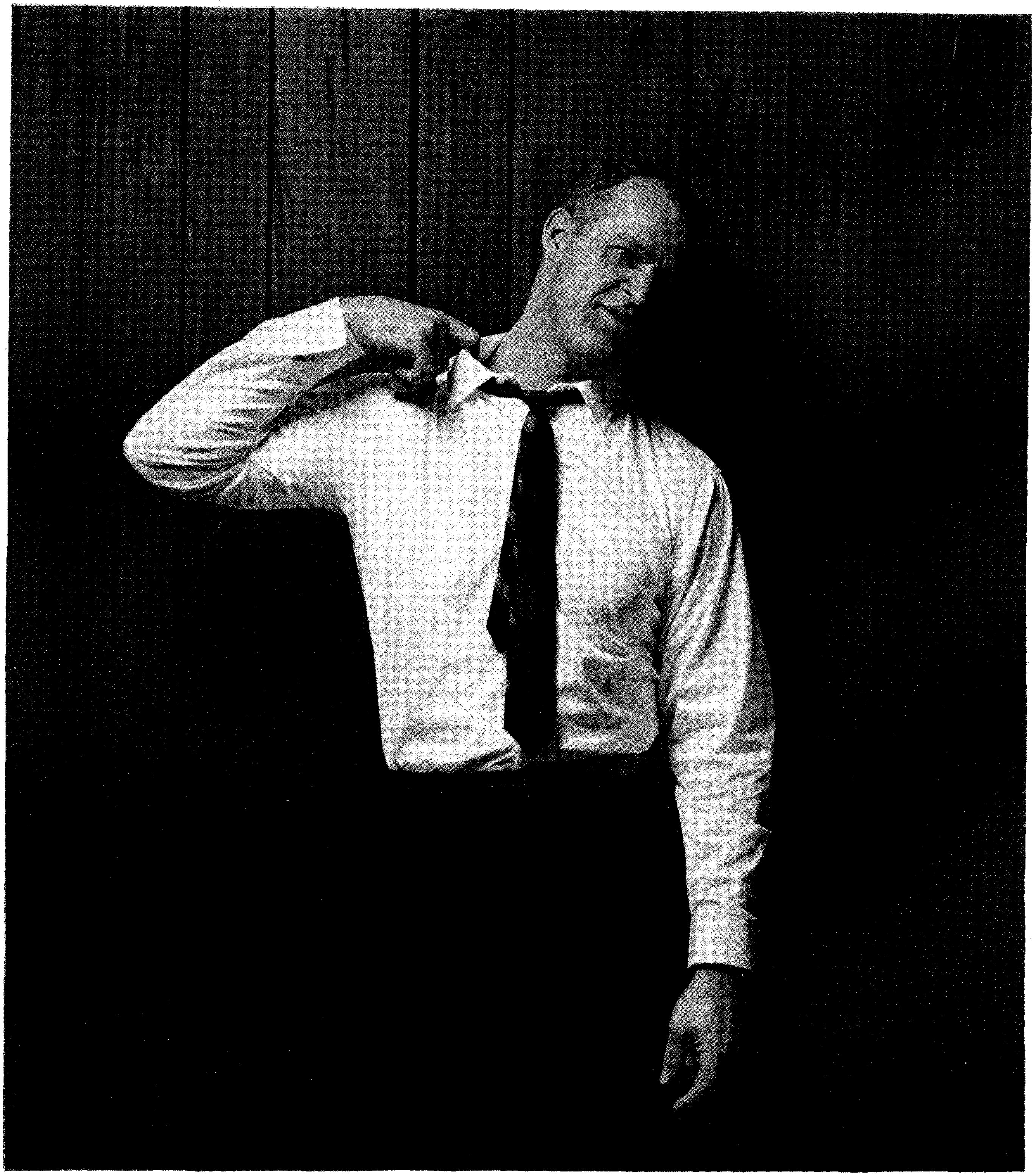
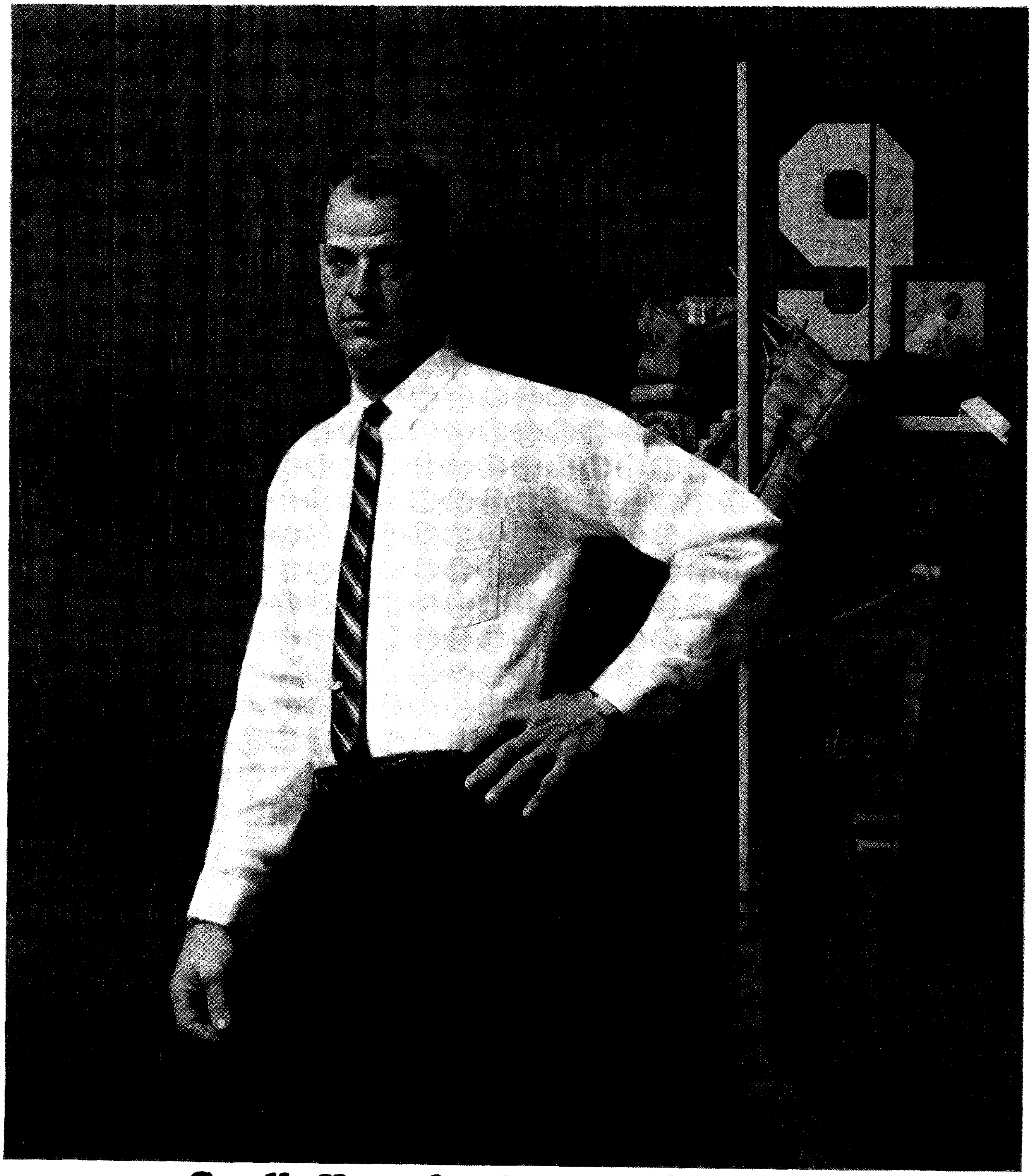


Gordie Howe has loosened his collar.



Gordie Howe has loosened his collar.

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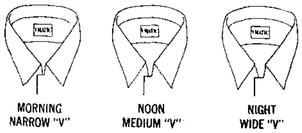

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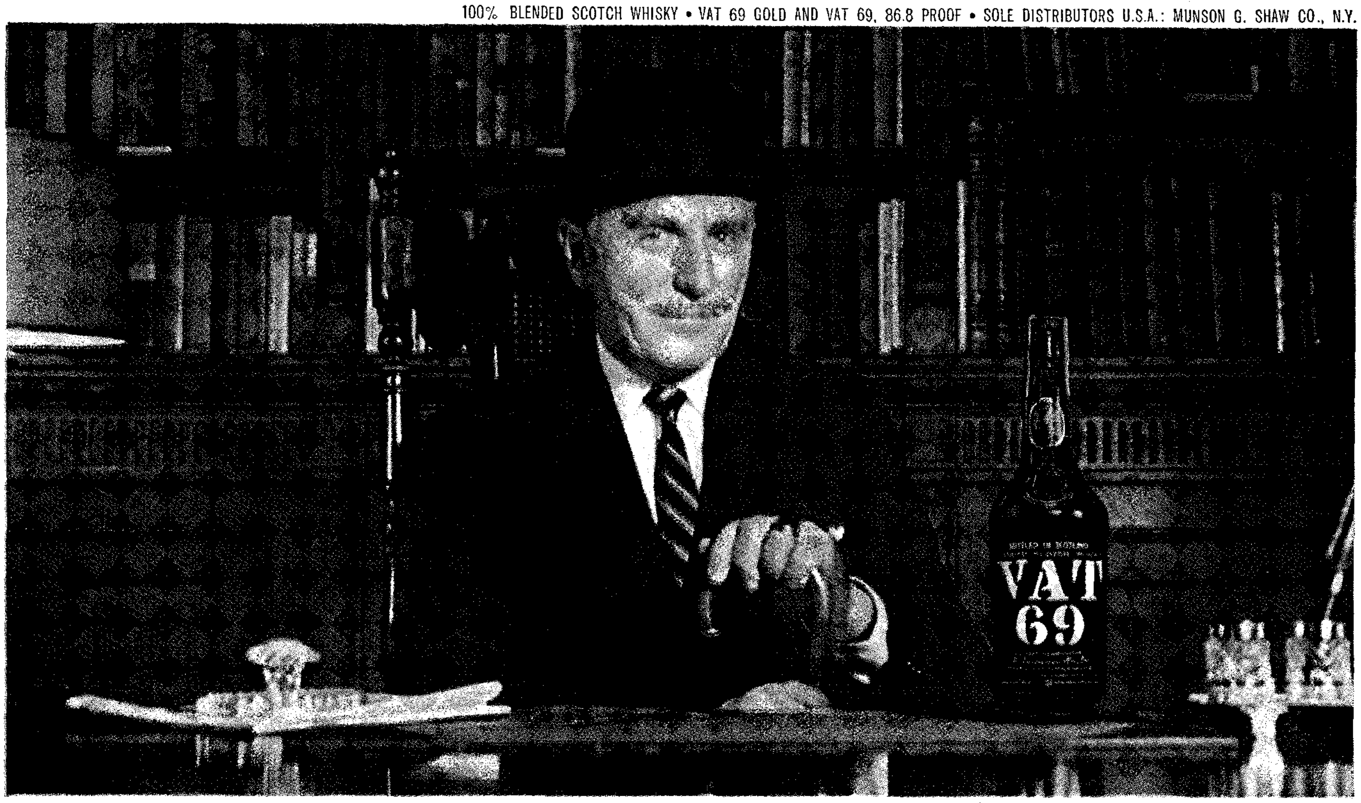

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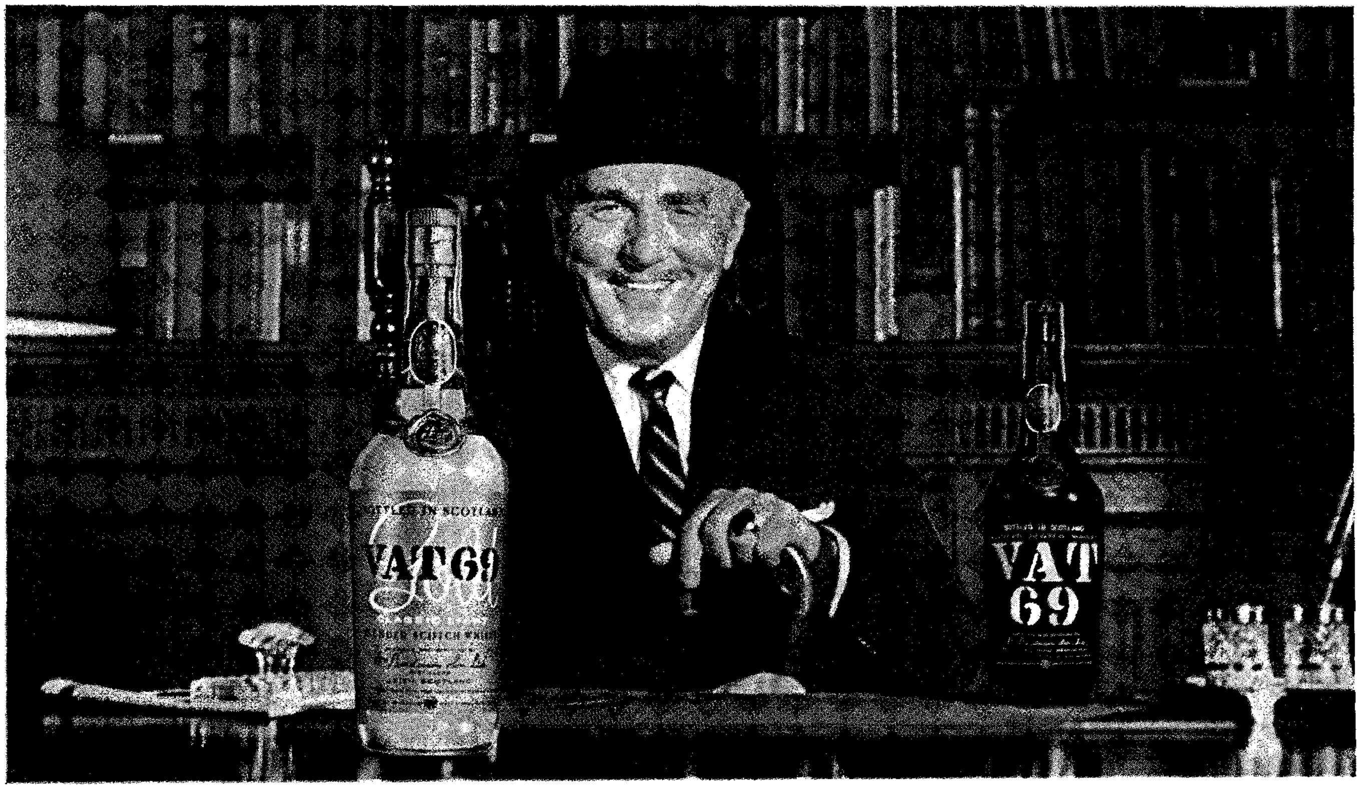

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think it must have been the work of an enthusiastic but inexperienced youth. Happily, the books were not damaged. The young man who served you apologizes for adding the cost of postage. He said he knew better, and will do better next time. I enclose a Postal Order for 6/-d, and promise you that your parcels will be well packed in future. Yours sincerely . . ." Later, when the secretary brought him the typed letter, he signed it with a quill pen.

Picking up another letter from his desk and reading it to himself, Sir Basil said, "Dear, dear, here is a gremlin," and explained to me, "That means getting more than one complaint from the same person." He went on, "The correspondent complains that she ordered two copies of a book, one to be sent to her, the other to a friend in the hospital, but *both* turned up on her doorstep. She sent us a throaty growl but to no avail, for a few days later she ordered a copy of another book with instructions that it should await the recipient's name and address—the book was to be a gift—and it, too, turned up on her doorstep." Sir Basil asked Miss Halliday to put aside the letter until he could look through the lady's complete file—his usual procedure with a gremlin.

Having looked at the next letter, Sir Basil said, "Master Jonathan James of Sedley School in Cambridge attacks us on our publishing side. He writes, 'Dear Basil Blackwell, In your animal book you have made a big mistake the camel has *two* humps and the dromedary *one* hump please excuse me writing to you about it. Jonathan James.' "

Sir Basil sent Kay for the dictionary and the animal book, and, with both books open in front of him, he dictated an answer: "Dear Jonathan James, I am writing to thank you for your letter, in which you tell me that we have made a mistake in our animal book. I am not quite sure that we have. My dictionary tells me that a dromedary is a 'light, fleet, usually Arabian or one-humped camel,' called a dromedary because it runs. 'Dromas' is a Greek word for 'runner.' The dictionary also tells me that the camel is a 'large, hornless, ruminant, long-necked, cushion-footed quadruped,' with one hump if it is an Arabian camel and two humps if it is a Bactrian camel. I think, then, that the photograph on page 14 of the 'Wild Animals' book must be a dromedary, or one-humped Arabian camel, and that is what we should have said about it. Thank you for cleverly spotting this point. May I show my gratitude by

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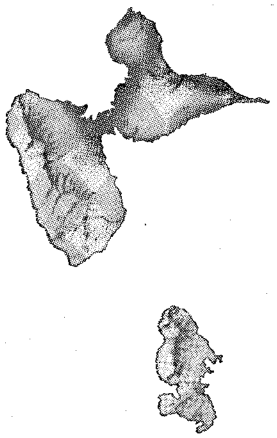

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enclosing a little Book Token? Yours sincerely . . ."

A poodle had been bouncing around the room for some time, and now Sir Basil took notice of him. "That's Ricky, who belongs to our children's shop," he told me. "Originally, the shop was a department here, and the children used to sit and read; we had to be very careful not to step on them, because they always sat with their legs outstretched. When things got too crowded, my son Richard suggested that we take over a separate shop for children. I was against banishing them from here, but the new children's shop, in a small, poky three-story house right across from Balliol, is a great success. There we have built seats for children, though they still prefer to sit on the floor to read books. We try to have books for every child, from tiny tots to boys and girls of fifteen and sixteen, though often when they're sixteen, especially if they're boys, we have some difficulty in helping them, because they get interested nowadays in those horrible technical books."

While Sir Basil sorted and read and dictated letters, a bevy of girls flew in and out of his room doing his bidding—carrying a bundle of orders to the theology department, or helping him and Kay dispose of other mail.

"I don't think I've seen you before," he said to one brunette.

"I started only yesterday, sir," she replied.

"Can you type?"

"No, sir," she said. "I'm going to learn it here."

"Those are wicked winkle-pickers you have on," he said, eying her high heels. Turning to me, he continued, "Have you noticed that sometimes these girls are three inches higher and sometimes three inches lower? It's because of these winkle-pickers."

The girl laughed.

"You know, each time these frippets take a step, they put *eight hundred pounds* of pressure on a square inch, or so someone told me," Sir Basil went on. "I know it's hard on their feet, but it's even harder on my linoleum."

Two girls entered silently and went over to help Kay.

"Are you both new?" Sir Basil asked.

"Yes, sir," they replied in unison.

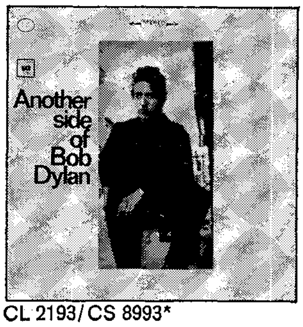
"Don't tell me your names, because I won't remember them, but tell me how long you have been here," he said.

"Four months, sir," one said.

"Four weeks, sir," the other said.

"Now that we have a staff of nearly five hundred, it is very difficult to know

THE SOUND OF ENTERTAINMENT



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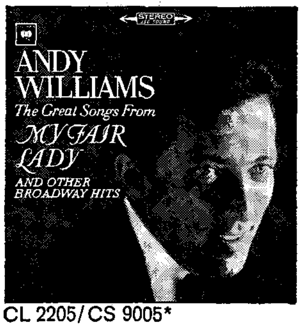

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RAY CONNIFF
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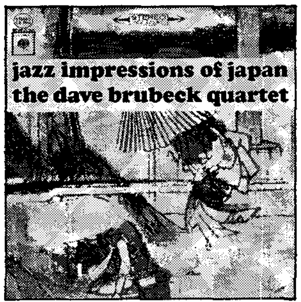

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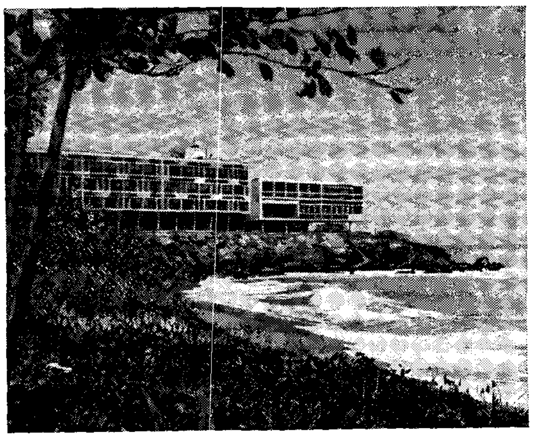

everyone's name," Sir Basil said to me. "When we had only sixty or seventy employees, I knew everything about everyone." He turned to the girls. "Are you diligent girls?"

Both the girls looked blank.

"You don't know what 'diligent' means?"

"No, sir."

"Well, 'diligent' means 'working hard.'"

"Yes, sir."

"I've always had a passion for my frippets," he said to me. "My wife often gives me carnations, and I bring them in and hand them around. The frippets put them in their hair. Kay, last night I gave you four roses—one for you, one for your sister, and two for your mother. Did you do as I bade?"

"Yes, Gaffer," she said.

He held out his hand to her with a few coins in it and said, "Would you pick some money and, when you're finished here, buy Gee's Linctus for the Mimi? Do you know what Gee's Linctus is?"

"Yes, Gaffer." Kay picked out two half crowns from his hand and put them aside on the desk.

"The Mimi has come down with a bad throat and, remember, she has to be in good condition for tea tomorrow," Sir Basil said, and went on to me, "I often have my Cinderellas for tea. It is a great occasion. They pick daffodils, you see. Most of the Oxford girls are beat. Their hair is not combed, their necks and ears are dirty. But my frippets are nice, fresh things. I suppose *that's really why I like them.* I like to look at a beautiful, clean, healthy face."

He said that most of his girls were recruited, with the help of their headmistresses, at sixteen, as they were leaving central schools or one of the other institutions in Oxford. But no sooner had a frippet got the hang of things at Blackwell's than she got married. A girl would work at Blackwell's for about two years, go off and have a baby, come back for a while, and depart for good. Then the baby would grow up and come to work there. But times were changing. The girls, like the male clerks—his word for *them* was "archimandrites"—were very conscientious as long as they stayed, but Blackwell's was coming to be looked upon more and more as just a place for a job. The dedication and complete loyalty to the firm that were common in his father's day and his own earlier days were going. He did, however, always try to keep in touch with former staff members by giving a Christmas party

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each year for their children—his "grandchildren." The head of his publicity department, Mrs. Gladys Neale, kept a list of them, and it was part of her regular job to find out what each child wanted that cost less than a pound, buy it, wrap it, and have it ready for Sir Basil to hand out at the party. Early in the New Year, he gave another party, for every last member of his working staff. It was traditionally held in the assembly hall at Carfax, and when it ended, he shook the hand of everyone, from director to office boy, each time with a fresh pound note in his hand. Everyone could use a pound note, he explained, but, more important, the gesture had the effect of putting everyone on a basis of equality as his child. In addition, any of his children who had not missed a day of work through illness during the year received a fiver, as part of what Sir Basil called his "health marathon."

"I say, here is a rather nice one!" Sir Basil exclaimed, turning up another letter. It was from C. E. Stevens, the tutor of ancient history at Magdalen College, he said, and went on to read it aloud: " 'Dear Sir Basil, The reason for answering a Christmas card in weather only appropriate for Christmas in Australia is not, I am happy to say, that I am full of guilt and shame with a large bill to the Store. It is the more humiliating one of just having neglected to do my duty. May I take this very belated opportunity of wishing you this and many more years of happiness and prosperity to the Shop. It is exactly thirty years since Blackwell's first presented an account to me at this address. The firm has got my books and suffered my credit for a long time now. I think tenderly of the Shop and of the man whose name it bears.' " Sir Basil thumped his desk jubilantly. "Isn't that nice!" he shouted.

I asked Sir Basil if he was able to deal with all his correspondence as easily as he had with that morning's letters.

"Yes—unless the writer happens to be George Bernard Shaw," he said.

He had at hand a pamphlet containing a record of a bout with Shaw—the page containing the exchange was headed "SNOWS OF YESTERYEAR . . . *Members may like to be reminded of former glories*"—which he now exhibited more in the spirit of a conqueror than in that of a man who had been vanquished in battle.

Dear Mr. Shaw [an opening letter from Sir Basil read],

When Constable and Co. published "The Complete Plays of Bernard Shaw" at 12s. 6d. net, they assured the Trade that there would be no reprint. This statement was freely used by booksellers in selling the book to their customers.

The publication of "The Complete Plays of Bernard Shaw" by Odhams Press for sale solely to subscribers to the *Daily Herald* (at 3s. 9d. plus six tokens) has placed those booksellers in the unfortunate position of having deceived the public.

It must be admitted that the new edition differs from the "Complete Edition" in containing three more plays (though this is small consolation to the original purchasers!); but apart from these extra pages and the Warning from the author, apparently the new edition is in fact a reprint from the plates of Constable's edition.

I can hardly suppose that Constable gave the booksellers their assurance without your consent. It would help those booksellers (already sufficiently penalised) who are charged by their customers with a breach of faith, if you could arm them with a statement exonerating them from complicity.

Yours sincerely . . .

To Blackwell's bumbling, Shaw responded like a hornet:

DEAR BASIL BLACKWELL,

In future, when a customer asks you for a book of mine, say "Thanks very much," wrap the book up nicely in paper for him (or her), take the money, give the change, say "Thanks very much" over again, and bow the customer out.

If, out of pure gratuitous incontinence, you prefer to enter into conversation and give unsolicited assurances, of an obviously idiotic character, about my business intentions, you do it at your own risk; and if it turns out subsequently that I never had any such intentions, you will have to exonerate yourself as best you can.

I have given Constable's a letter to the effect that they took no part in the *Daily Herald* transaction, except to oppose it with all their might. I can do nothing for the booksellers but tell them not to be childish.

In America, I have lately had two orders of 50,000 copies each from book clubs, to be given away to their members *for nothing*, as a bonus. Of course, I accepted both.

I am looking forward to an order from Woolworth's for a sixpenny edition.

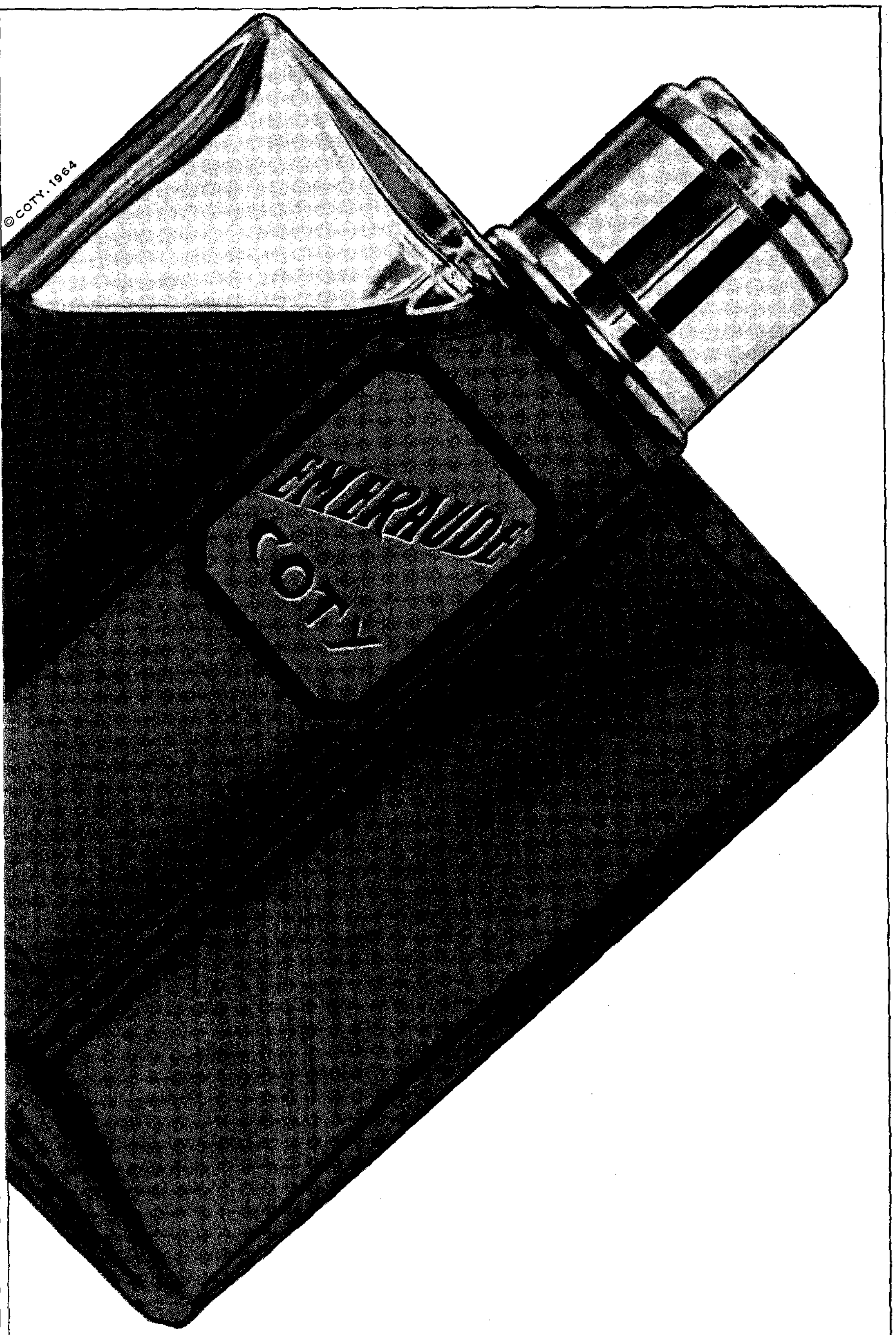
Would you, Basil, refuse such business, if it came your way?

And have you no bowels of compassion for the millions of your fellow countrymen who can no more afford a twelve-and-sixpenny book than a trip round the world? You should see some of their letters.

I am really surprised at you. When we met at Bumpus's, you seemed quite an intelligent youth.

Faithfully . . .

Sir Basil asked if I would enjoy visiting the room where he was born, which was now the office of his son Richard. I said yes, and he led the way up the second flight of the Queen Anne staircase, singing loudly a full chorus of "Hole in the Bucket." "You know,"



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he said as we reached the landing, "when the bookshop was small, there was a wonderful tradition of all the assistants' breaking into song, but now, except for the old man, no one sings. I open the church festivities in Appleton every New Year with this song. Last year, the Mimi threatened to bite my leg off if I did it again, but I don't think I'll ever be able to give it up."

We had been hovering outside a door on the landing, and now Sir Basil knocked on the door and opened it. There was no one in the room. "Richard said he was coming in today, though usually I'm the only director here on Saturday," he said. "Richard had an admirable education for building character. He went to Winchester, and no school has ever had more effect on a boy. He liked it from the first day, and before he left he was the president of the Boat Club. At Oxford, he rowed in his college eights and did brilliantly in classics. How do you like my manger?"

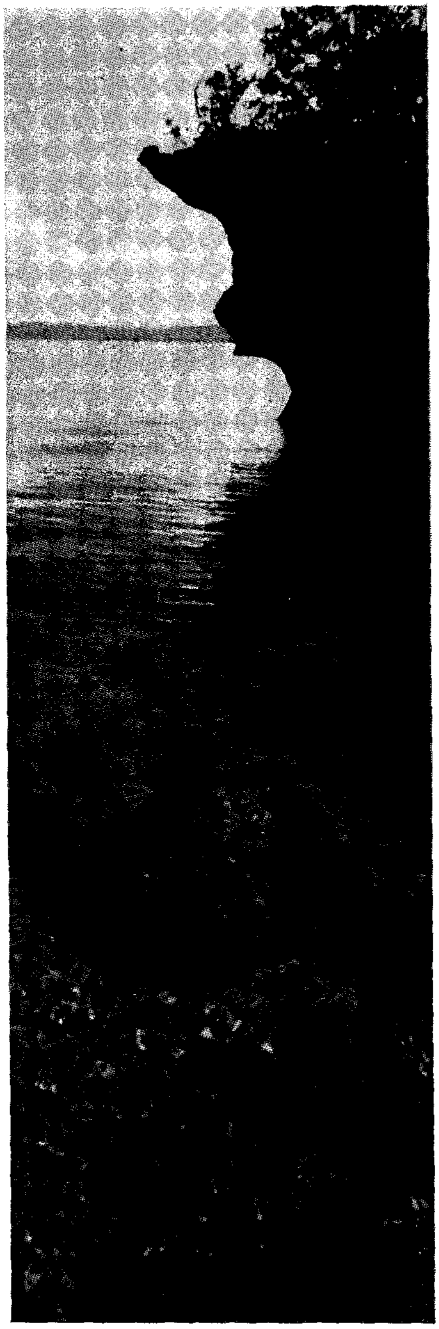
The office we were standing in had no resemblance to a manger—or, indeed, to Sir Basil's den downstairs. There was a carpet on the floor, and the desk was piled high with bundles of papers, folders, and memorandum pads; the emanation was unmistakably that of a business executive. "You see, the world revolves around Richard now," Sir Basil said. "The day-to-day administration has passed into his hands. I'm just tolerated as an old man in residence. Richard belongs to the new generation. My greatest concern in life has been not to get in the way of my sons. A lot of fathers overshadow their sons and don't let them flower, but I want my sons to be better than their father. Richard is a very daring boy; he's taking a good hard look at a proposal to put a computer in the bookshop."

A restless-looking pear-shaped man in his early forties stepped into the room. He was Richard Blackwell. "Gaffer, three tourists are waiting to see you downstairs," he announced.

"Oh dear, it's time for me to give my audience," Sir Basil said. He explained that each Saturday morning he set aside an hour or two for receiving visitors, listening to complaints, and hearing reasons someone should be given a reprieve from dunning. He pattered off down the stairs.

Young Blackwell took a swivel chair and immediately started talking—first about the modern era and then about the family arrangements for the future of the bookshop. Once upon a time, he said, all the Oxford tradesmen—the

EVER SWIM AT DAVAO?



Swim out past the tiny islands. And look down deep. Nobody knows how many Spanish Galleons rest on the bottom. The water's so clear you'll be tempted to spend all your time underwater – just sightseeing. Stay at a luxury hotel and order filet of Lapu-Lapu, Porterhouse steak flown in from New Zealand, and coconut wine made fresh every midnight – brought to you by waiters wearing green turbans. Davao is the undiscovered Riviera of the Philippines. And only two hours from Manila.

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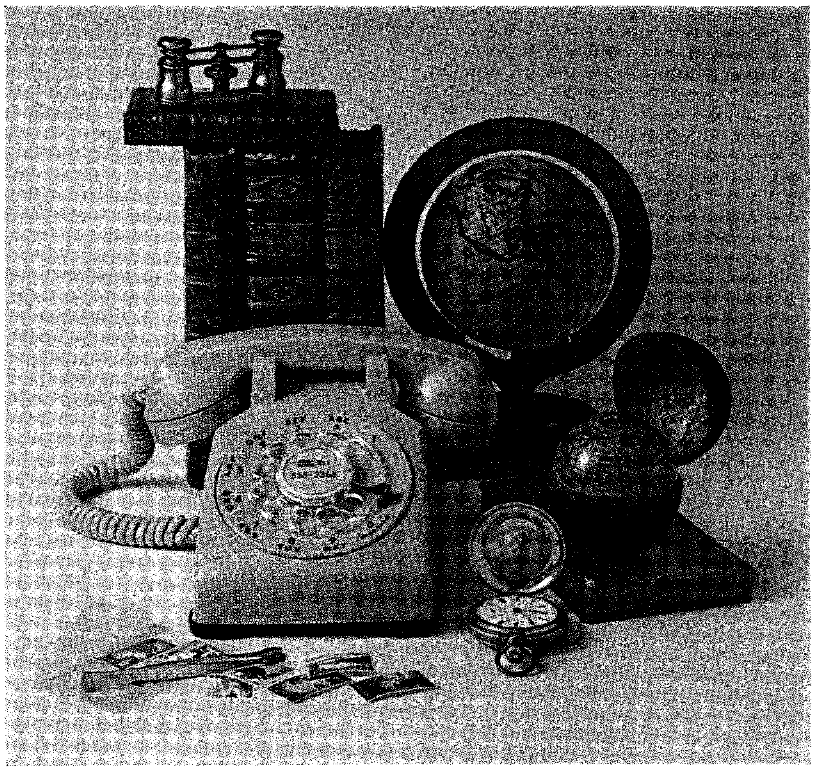

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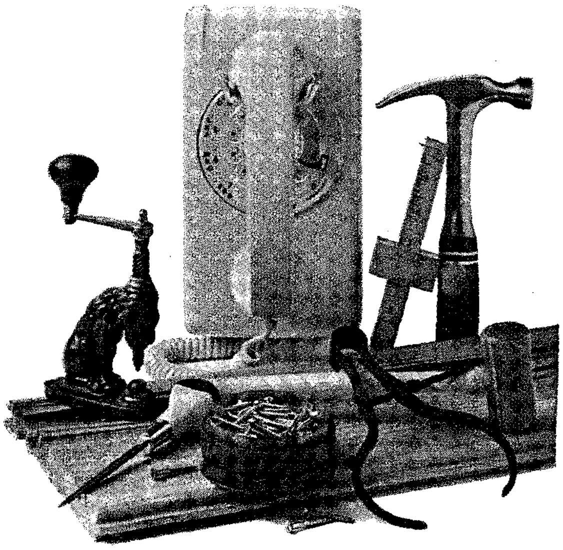

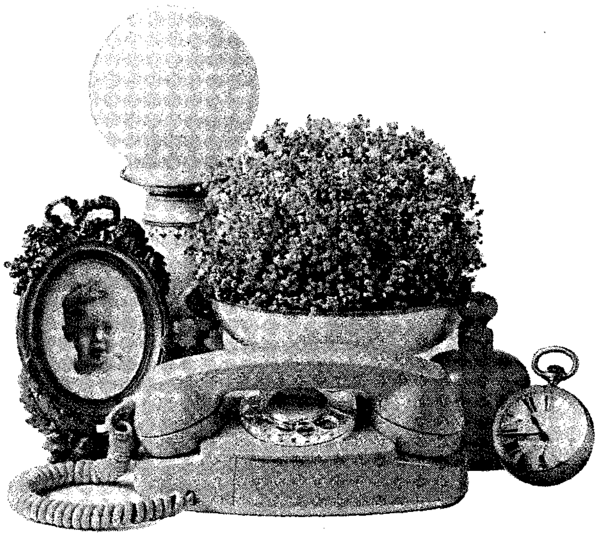

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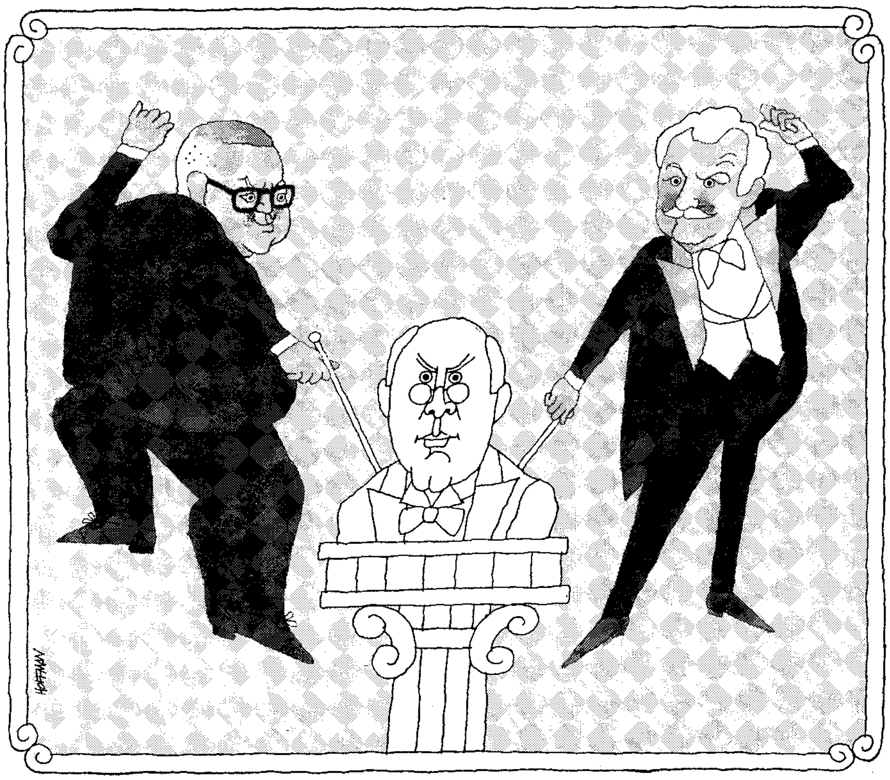
tailors, the wine merchants, the goldsmiths and silversmiths—had done business almost exclusively with the students and the university, extending unlimited credit and giving a very personal type of service. Today, the clients of these tradesmen were the steelworkers at Cowley; in fact, they hardly ever saw an undergraduate. Blackwell's, in doing a large business with the gown, was an exception, but even Blackwell's would eventually have to come to terms with the new times. Sir Basil, having seen the signs, now left the policy decisions more and more up to him and his younger brother, Julian. Sir Basil had already divided up his assets. He has given the freehold part of the bookshop—about twenty-five hundred square feet of ground area—to him, and was leaving the house in Appleton Osse Field to Julian. Alas, his grandfather had made a bad mistake in missing an opportunity to acquire the freehold to the rest of the bookshop from Trinity. Sir Basil had, however, managed to keep on very good terms with the college, and had foresightedly sent Julian there; Blackwell's had just received permission to build an annex on Trinity property behind the bookshop.

The Telemat buzzed in young Blackwell's office, and Sir Basil's good-humored voice came over the loudspeaker. He had adjourned his audience and wished me to rejoin him in his office. As I was leaving Richard Blackwell, he said, "My father is a rare spirit, but he needs somewhat grosser spirits to look after him and keep his feet planted on the ground."

I found Sir Basil chuckling over some mimeographed sheets, which he said were "a newspaper written and edited by myself." He went on to tell me that it was put out monthly for the members of the "Blackwell's society," and was called the *Broad Sheet.* "Here are some choice items," he said, and added, under his breath, "Some more of the Gaffer's prose."

It read:

> Apart from being unattractive and bad for you, stiletto heels do a great deal of damage to our floor coverings. If you cannot wear flat shoes at work, which is much the most sensible thing to do, then buy some plastic caps for your heels, and save our floors if not yourselves. . . .
>
> We regret the water heater for the top floor cloakroom is so often out of action; someone must have cursed this heater from the moment it was installed. It now leaks; a plumber was sent for, but he referred us to the Gas Company. We wait their verdict; we are told this infernal machine needs a new diaphragm. . . . The geyser is there, but not connected. If one turns the tap, at the moment, the



ALLAN SHERMAN/ARTHUR FIEDLER

The masters of musical satire take an affectionate poke at Prokofieff, Brahms, Beethoven & others

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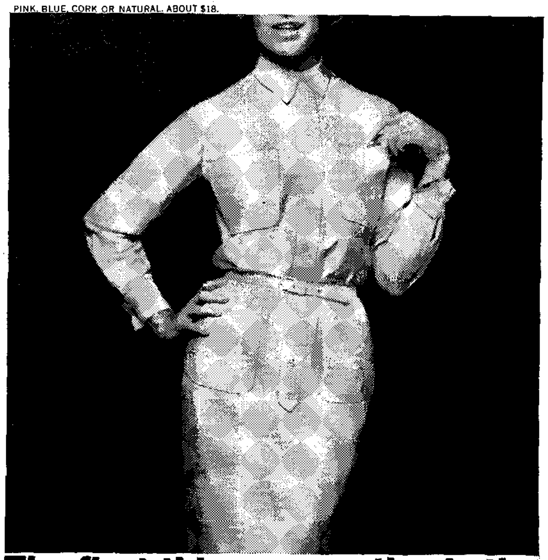

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April has been a good month for New Libraries . . . and the first order has been received from the University of East Anglia. The University of Ife (Ibadan branch) have added 46 titles to their subscription list, and Rutherford College of Further Education—22. . . . Standard Telecommunication Laboratories, Ltd., have sent us a list of 450 periodicals and asked us to quote [prices]. . . .

Congratulations to John Wraight and Michael Honuor on the apprehension of 2 malefactors [book thieves].

Sir Basil remarked that Blackwell's was a sort of society of men contributing to the cause of learning, even if they only packed books, transcribed addresses and records, or placed books on the shelves. The main qualification for a shop assistant was a good memory—the ability to recall quickly the author, title, and publisher of a book—for he thereby saved himself laborious research, saved his employers overhead costs, and saved his customers time. This sort of good memory, for the most part, was acquired by apprentices from an older generation of archimandrites. During the Second World War, though, an older generation of archimandrites had passed from the scene without ever having a chance to train a new one, and now it looked as though there might not be any generation to train, for boys leaving school found an easier and brighter future waiting for them in the steel mills. Perhaps the hope of good bookselling now lay in an occasional clever boy who messed up his university career and took to the life simply because he wished to deal with books on any footing.

"What say we look in on the Mimi for a bite in Appleton Osse Field this evening and carry on talking over some scoff?" Sir Basil said, standing up. "She's expecting you for the weekend."

SIR BASIL'S house turned out to be modest in scale in that it was set in about seven acres of land, but those seven acres were complete with meadow, kitchen garden, orchard of two hundred and fifty apple trees, and garden of seven hundred and fifty rose bushes. Sir Basil had driven me out from Oxford, and as we pulled up he said, "You are about to meet the nicest woman in the world, the Mimi. I have been married to her for half a century." Entering the house, he made the walls shake by shouting "*Home!*" and then he explained, with a laugh, "My way of telling the Mimi the Master is home." Again he bellowed "*Home!*" and added, "Mimi, the Gaffer is come!"

"Gaf-fer, I am in earshot," a meticulous voice answered from upstairs. "Don't deaf-en the Mi-mi." Then Lady Blackwell started coming down the stairs. She had broad shoulders, and mouse-colored hair turning white, which curled softly around her face. She was wearing a plain blue cotton dress, which emphasized the color of her eyes. Her bearing was a little severe, with something of the schoolmistress about it; she looked very country and very competent. At the foot of the stairs, she kissed Sir Basil, greeted me, and turned back to Sir Basil, saying, "Please show the guest to his room. I will be pottering about in the kitchen for some time yet."

"What the pussycat orders, so does the Gaffer," Sir Basil said, and led the way upstairs.

The house was furnished for the most part with unpolished oak tables and chairs, and had the look of a rambling cottage. After a wash in my room, I rejoined Sir Basil, who was sitting on the lawn in a deck chair reading a copy of the *Daily Telegraph*. "You can have a soak later," he said—I had already discovered that "soak" and "nip" were his words for a drink—"but first come and take a turn with me in the garden."

It was twilight. The roses were well tended, and the turf between the beds was well cropped. The apples rotting on the ground—picking them was too expensive, Sir Basil explained, and they were waiting for a part-time gardener to bury them—somehow looked as though they had been strewn there deliberately. There was also a brook filled with trout, not far from Sir Basil's swimming pool. Here and there we passed pieces of garden sculpture, strategically placed, including an elf standing in the middle of a pond and holding up a fish.

In the distance, church bells began to peal. "Oho! That is Cuthbert White," Sir Basil exclaimed, and added that the Whites had been the village bell ringers for a hundred and twenty years. "Once, I had a religious experience," he continued after we'd taken a few turns around the garden. "It had to do with a fever of anti-Semitism I

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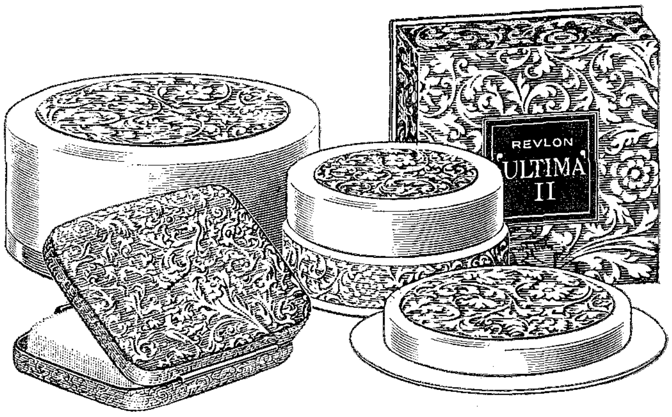

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suffered from. One day in 1944, a Dominican monk came by the bookshop; he stopped in at my office, and I told him about my anti-Semitism and how it troubled me. I asked him if he would put in a word for me. He must have said a prayer for me the very same evening, because I woke up the next morning and the anti-Semitism was gone. It had fallen off me like the pack from Christian's back."

I asked him if he thought that Fascist propaganda had had anything to do with the onset of his anti-Semitism.

"No, I don't think so. It had to do, I suppose, with one of my daughters' marrying a half-Jew," Sir Basil replied. "Actually, one morning in 1939, I was lying in the bathtub, and I suddenly got the idea that Mussolini and Hitler were not only telling lies but also drawing false conclusions *from* their lies. Then it came to me that the only way to combat them was by an appeal to the essence of Christianity—by having the Pope or some other Christian leader take charge of broadcasting stations throughout the world and recite the Lord's Prayer to this worldwide audience. But before I could put this idea to the Vatican or to Canterbury, Germany had attacked Poland."

I asked Sir Basil how he had become interested in religious matters.

"When I was a young man, and especially at the time I was reading Greats, I went through a period of skepticism," he said. "I found my way back to God when, one day, I woke up with the need to say 'Thank you.' Once I'd started saying 'Thank you,' I felt the need to ask forgiveness, and in order to do that, I had to believe in someone. I became very religious. For many years, I was Appleton's churchwarden. Then I gave that up, because I discovered that I was singing hymns and saying psalms that were nonsense. Now I go to church only for the form of it; I like the formality of the service. Tomorrow I am going to have a long lie-in, because there is no Communion service. I usually go to the Communion service at eight o'clock, but one Sunday a month they don't have the Communion service but only the sickly Matins service at nine-thirty. I often wish I were a Catholic. The Catholics do the best job of solving the puzzle. Of course, it still remains a puzzle, but they have one foot on the other side. I think it is more difficult to live a life of virtue out in the world than behind the gates of a monastery. The Trappists and the Carthusians have it very easy. It's much more difficult to love virtue with the temptations of the world all around you—temptations to be proud, to be greedy, to be avaricious."

It was getting chilly, and we went inside. We found Lady Blackwell stoking a fire in the library—a room lined with a reader's books rather than a collector's.

Sitting down in front of the fire, Sir Basil said, "Once, when I went to a flick—I don't often—one of the men in it said that there wasn't a day in his life when he wouldn't have remarried his wife. I feel the same about the Mimi. It's not original, but it's true."

"Now, Gaffer, if you aren't careful, you'll tell the guest the date of our golden wedding anniversary," Lady Blackwell said. Turning to me, she explained, "We don't want to see our picture in the paper, holding each other's hands and laughing. Such pictures of old people always make me uncomfortable."

Sir Basil offered me a "nip," and poured me a glass of sherry at a side table. He and Lady Blackwell each took a glass of water, informing me that they were both secret teetotallers, taking only an occasional glass of wine.

"You know, a very nice thing happened to me today," Sir Basil said when he had sat down again. "Wilson Knight, the Shakespeare critic, came by the office. Visits from men like him are a rather nice part of bookselling. I told Knight something about Shakespeare *he* didn't know."

"What did you tell him, Gaffer?" Lady Blackwell asked.

"That in the original version of 'Hamlet' the Ghost said nothing. He just appeared and beckoned to Hamlet, and Hamlet spent a little time with him offstage. Since no one knew what the Ghost had told Hamlet, the motives of his subsequent actions remained a mystery. The play was far more interesting that way. It was the theatre manager who insisted that Shakespeare write a speech for the Ghost. The theatre manager said the audience was too dim to follow such an oblique treatment."

"And, pray, how do you know that, Basil?" Lady Blackwell asked.

"Exactly the same way the Catholics know that the Virgin Mary went to Heaven in the flesh—through the imagination."

"There you go again, Gaffer—inventing historical data when you know I like information," said Lady Blackwell. "I hope you told Mr. Knight that it was fantasy."

"I did," Sir Basil said, "and we had a good laugh."

The telephone rang, and Sir Basil

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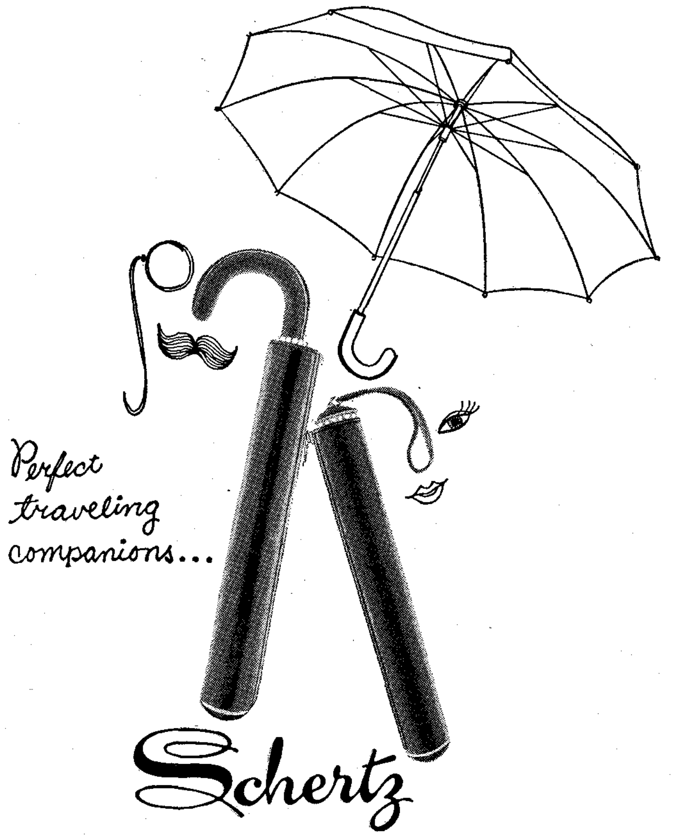

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went to answer it. When he returned, he said that it was Per Saugman, head of Blackwell's Scientific Division, who had just bought for Blackwell's the best bookshop in Denmark—Munksgaard, of Copenhagen—thus extending Blackwell's interests overseas.

"Why did he have to disturb the prophet in his chamber?" Lady Blackwell asked.

"He's just spent four hundred thousand quid of my money," Sir Basil replied. "That's important." Turning to me, he continued, "Richard goes on the modern theory that one should borrow and expand, that money exists only on paper, that it can be created by adding a few noughts to a figure. But"—Sir Basil sighed—"when it comes to money, I think like a village grocer."

"Gaffer is such a village grocer about money that he won't draw out all of his year's salary," Lady Blackwell said. "He's afraid that the firm would collapse if he took out the whole seven thousand pounds."

"The children have been talking about installing a computer, but there's only one question I'd like to put to the computer," Sir Basil went on, as though he had rehearsed the question. "When will a firm that on the average gives three months of credit, buys on one month of credit, expands at the rate of fifteen per cent a year, and sacrifices fifty-two per cent of its annual profits to the income-tax collectors—when will it burst? No doubt the computer would burst before answering such a question." Sir Basil laughed.

"Now it's time for dinner," Lady Blackwell said.

As we walked into a long, bare dining room, furnished in heavy-looking, unpolished oak, Sir Basil said, "You know, in Appleton we have a rather nice way of ringing the passing bell. They put a leather pad on one side of the clapper, and leave the other as it is, so that sharp and muffled sounds alternate. At the first thud, the villagers know that one of their number has died. I hope the custom will still be carried on when the Guardian Angel comes calling for me. But I hope that won't be very soon." He filled the room with a shout of laughter.

—Ved Mehta

•

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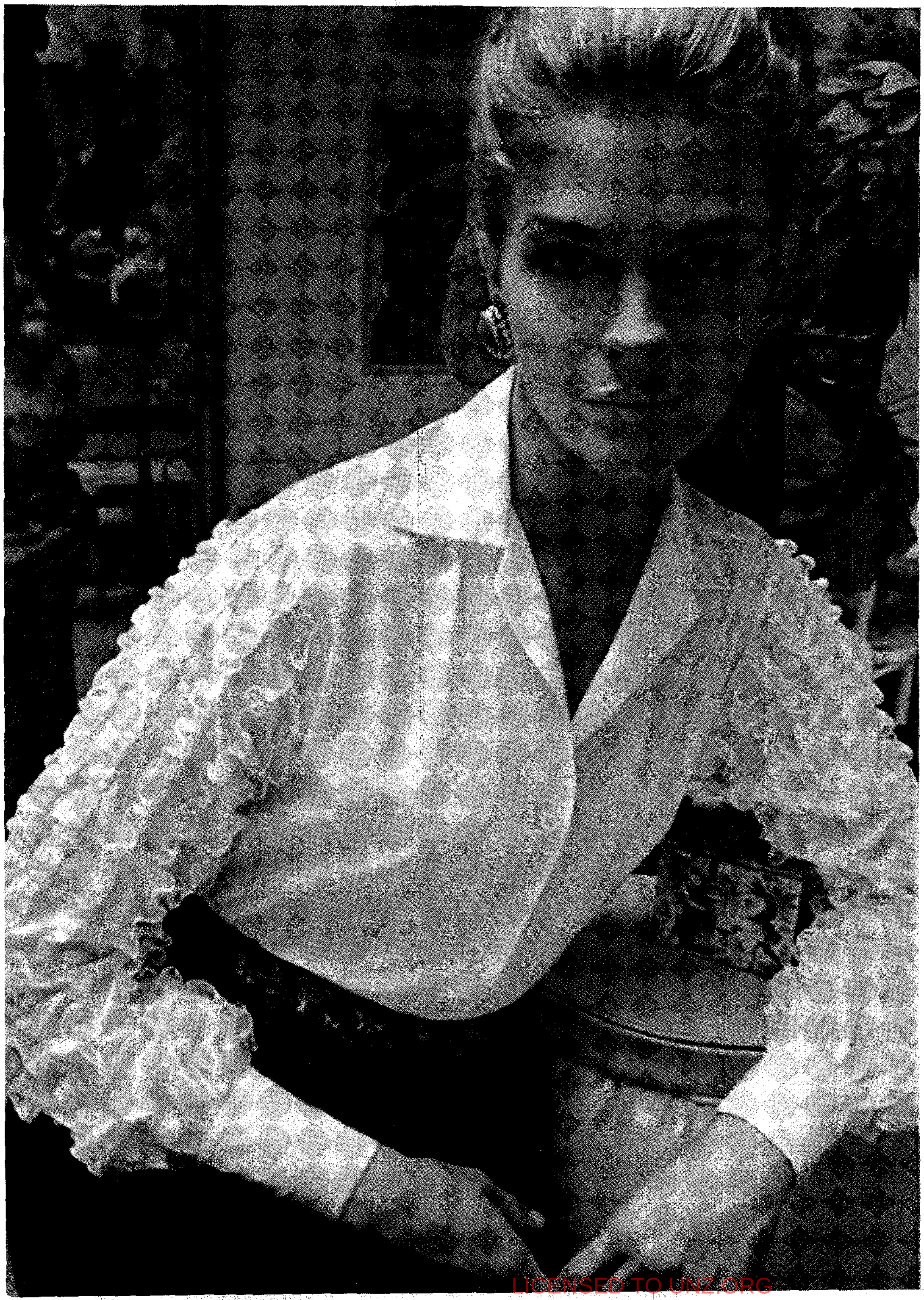

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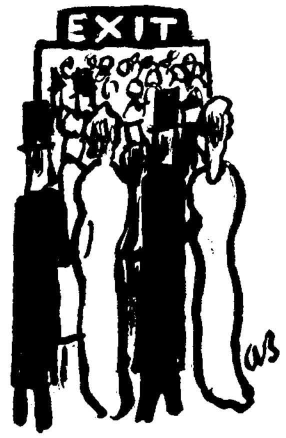
THE THEATRE

DIM ECHO

A QUARTER of a century ago, give or take a couple of years, I went to see "Golden Boy," by Clifford Odets, then a young man abrim with social significance and dialogue that tended to equate the ecstasies of love with the visceral pleasures of eating ice-cream cones. The play had to do with the agonies of one Joe Bonaparte, an impoverished Italian violinist, who had to take to pugilism to make ends meet. It wasn't one of Odets' better efforts, and the boxing lingo introduced sounded a long, long way from the patter heard at Stillman's Gymnasium. Nevertheless, it had some melodramatic substance, and the Group Theatre, which put it on, gave it a fine production. Now, at the Majestic, we come upon "Golden Boy" as a musical, with our old acquaintance Bonaparte transformed into Wellington, and with the Odets scheme of things radically altered by William Gibson. As this "Golden Boy" goes, we have a Negro for our hero, and what he wants to do is to escape from the accumulated horrors of Harlem. His method of escape is the prize ring, an area in which he is agile and clever but by no means as authoritative as, let us say, Ray Robinson or Joe Louis used to be. Just why he is reluctant to throw a settling punch is never made clear, but I must say that the opening number of the show, which presents the rhythmic doings in a fighters' training establishment, and a climactic fight ballet are to be recommended highly.



Most of the time, there isn't much to sustain the piece, and, unfortunately, when I witnessed it, Sammy Davis, who portrays the hero, was stricken with laryngitis, which necessitated his using a body microphone and made him sound like the late Hamlet *père*. Despite his affliction, Mr. Davis was nothing if not enthusiastic in his dance routines, and yet I have a feeling that his talent is better suited to night clubs than to the wide legitimate spaces of theatres like the Majestic. In the course of the evening, Mr. Davis is called upon to love and lose a toothsome blonde (Paula Wayne), but I'm afraid that playing a forlorn lover is not Mr. Davis's dish of tea. As a matter of fact, he conducted himself throughout the dramatic proceedings—at least at the performance I saw—with the cardboard authority of Dick Tracy, whom, in profile, he resembles. However, the rest of the cast includes all kinds of enterprising performers. The music for "Golden Boy" was put together by Charles Strouse, and the lyrics were written by Lee Adams. They are intermittently effective, and I'm certain that you will enjoy "Don't Forget 127th Street" and, in particular, "No More."

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Five O'Clock and All's Well

"5 A.M. JAZZ," the second of the two one-acters at the Astor Place that make up Will Holt's "That 5 A.M. Jazz" (this confusion is not of my making), is, I think, an original and successful blend of songs and satire. Mr. Holt is a composer, lyricist, singer, musician (on piano and guitar), and dramatist who has recently been appearing in theatres and night clubs in a program of songs by Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht, and who several years ago wrote and performed in a splendid little revue called "Signs Along the Cynic Route." The script he has written for "5 A.M. Jazz" is a better-than-strong-enough framework for the songs. It is about the brief reunion, at five o'clock in the morning, of a husband and wife in the executive suite of a hotel that the husband owns in Las Vegas. During the eight years they have been separated, she has been drinking and bumming around in Los Angeles and its environs, and he has been associating with local gangsters, making big money, and buying up hotels. Now he is about to run for the Senate. Dolly Jonah, of the platinum hair and husky voice (she is Mrs. Holt), plays the wife, in slacks and dark glasses, and a young actor and singer named Lester James plays the husband, in a cowboy suit and in dark glasses, too. Both husband and wife are tired to death and noticeably scuffed by the tawdriness of their lives, and, for all its comic moments, there is real pathos in this meeting of theirs, itself a progression of recollection, seduction, and loneliness. The songs are as important as the script, and the lyrics and the score certainly sounded good to me. They are accompanied, and sometimes sung as well, by a trio—piano (played by Mr. Holt), electric guitar, and percussion—that the husband has hired to supply mood music for the occasion. Especially effective are "Campaign Song" ("Look to the West and see our leader . . ."), a parody of cloppity-clop music, which Mr. James sings with the trio; "Gonna Get a Woman," which he sings as a mocking serenade to the brash, wisecracking, unhappy wife; and a merry number (in a thumb-to-nose way) called "The All-American Two-Step." Mr. Holt has assigned himself one solo—"Nuevo Laredo," a Western lament that comments on all the Western laments you've ever heard. The two characters of "5 A.M. Jazz" and every word they spoke or sang were entirely convincing to me, and Miss Jonah and Mr. James are exactly right for their parts.

Even though I tend to be anti-fable, I must say that I enjoyed the comic fable "The First," which is the curtain-raiser of the evening and is set at the World's Fair. The title character is the first man to get in line before the opening day. He is a prissy, spinsterish soul, bristling with outrage and italics, and his stretches of monologue as he confides his personal curriculum to the audience are amusingly delivered by James Coco. The other characters are someone billed variously as the Maker and the Barker (Jerry Jarrett) and a mechanical woman named Little Eva (Ruth Jaroslow)—a robot that the Maker awards the hero as a door prize. She is just the kind of beefy, undulant female who is bound to be most disconcerting and frightening to our little fusspot, and she works by push-button remote control, like a television set—a television set with one forbidden channel, that is. Well, of course, he pushes the forbidden channel, bringing her to life—and himself to life, too. Again, the lines are shrewd and funny, and again Mr. Holt is able to darken or soften the prevailing mood in an in-

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stant. His exposure to Brecht has undeniably had its effect on his point of view, but he is also a New Englander, which may account—in part, anyhow—for his sharp-eared, laconic wit. "Satirist," "ironist," and even "writer" are words that are loosely applied these days, but they do fit Mr. Holt. His kind of show is what Off Broadway is all about.

"HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD AND DIE" did so after just one performance at the Mayfair. Its setting was a circus, its theme was capital punishment, and its target was the fatuity or cruelty of those who have either supported capital punishment or taken it for granted throughout history. The members of the company sang and danced and tumbled around quite well. The show was written by David Wright and directed by Braham Murray when both were undergraduates at Oxford, where it originally opened. It later moved to the West End and then was revamped for New York. Neither Mr. Wright nor Mr. Murray deserves his tough luck, although it must be said that the razzmatazz got awfully numbing after a while, whether by design or not. —EDITH OLIVER

•

AN EXPERIMENTAL STUDY OF THE SUPERVISION OF PSYCHOTHERAPY
—R. M. Whitman, M. Kramer, and B. Baldridge
Arch Gen Psychiat 9:529 (Dec) 1963

A study of the process of group supervision of psychotherapy utilizing the patient's, the therapist's, and the supervisor's dreams revealed that each of these three people tend to dream upwards, ie, in the direction of who is observing. Thus, the patient dreams about the therapist, the therapist about the supervisor of research, and the supervisor about the research. Serious defenses against the learning process are demonstrated in the therapist's dreams about the supervisory conference when he is anticipating making a presentation.—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Bunch of sleepy social climbers, if you ask us.

•

Have your wedding announced, or have your questions concerning weddings answered, by Mary Miller on her television program, "Wedding Bells," Sundays, Channel 13, 11:40 A.M. Also to be broadcast will be news concerning Mary Miller's Packaged Wedding Plan that provides brides with the best wedding possible for only $150,000 for the wedding, plus 30c per guest at the reception. —*Adv. in the Houston Chronicle.*

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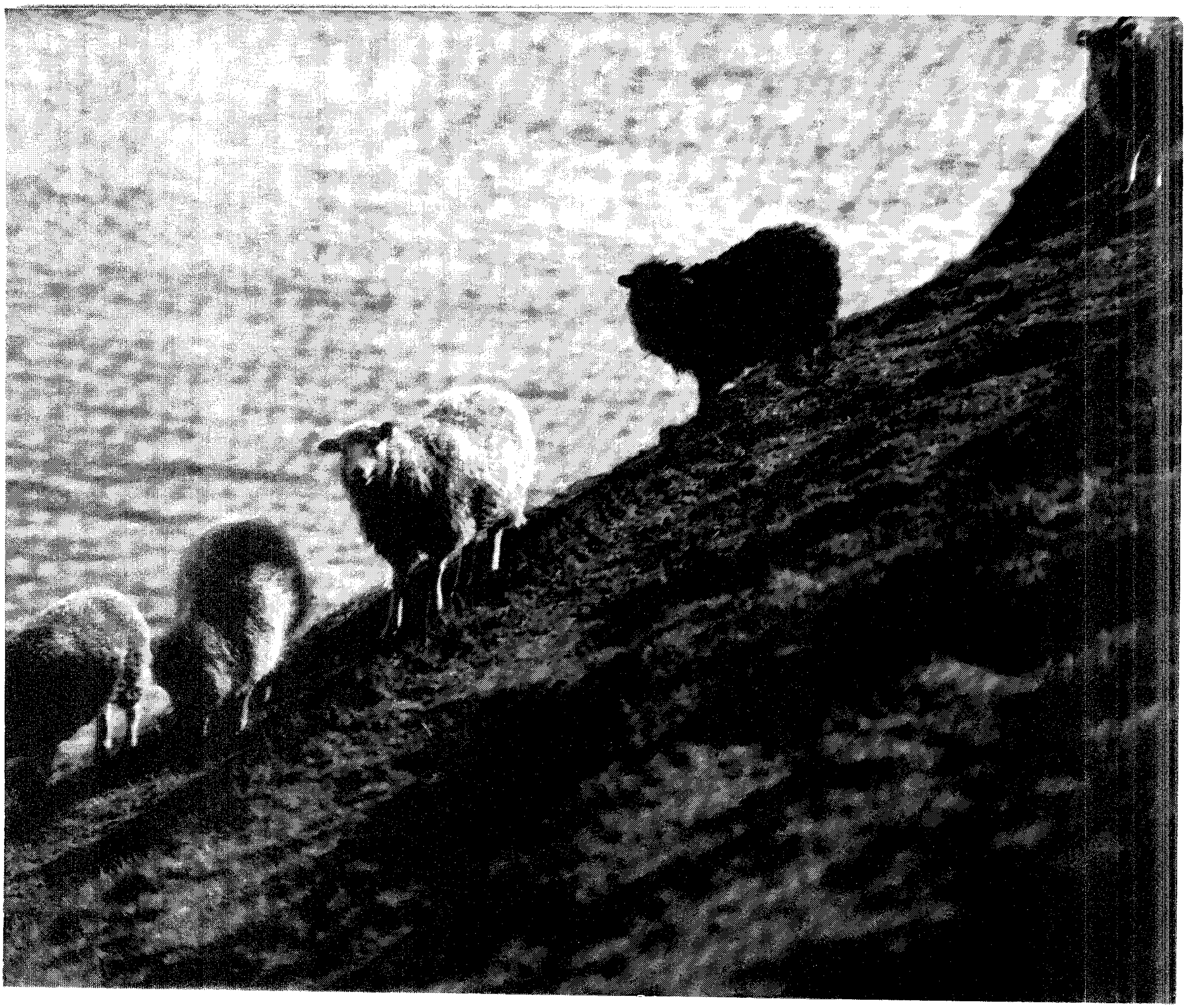

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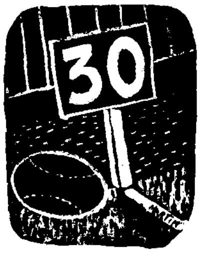

INEQUITIES and what amount almost to iniquities are beginning to turn up in that best-regulated of all small worlds, the Ivy League—an establishment carefully put together to prevent things like inequities and iniquities by providing annual round robins in one sport after another between eight reasonably well-matched academic institutions. Half a dozen good performers can become a suitable tennis or golf or fencing squad, but it takes half a hundred good ones to make a football team, and the inequities of distribution among the League's football teams are becoming—well, more inequitous every season. Columbia and Brown have been shorthanded now for a stretch of years that seems like forever; a couple of seasons ago, Pennsylvania joined this below-the-salt group, and recently Cornell applied for membership. This fall, Harvard barely outwitted an invalid Columbia, barely outlucked an unlucky Cornell, and came completely unglued last Saturday (48–0) against a Dartmouth that is good, all right, but not anything like perfect. So perhaps Harvard is now ready to join the have-nots. Yale has a fine big line and a fine set of running backs, but Yale had hell's own time tying Columbia, 9–9, and beating Cornell, 23–21, these past two Saturdays, so there are structural deficiencies there, too. All of which leaves Dartmouth and Princeton, as has happened so often of late, to conduct a private competition for the League championship. Practice, though (as someone must have said already), does make perfect, and because the rules of the Ivy League require that most of the practice be done during the season instead of before it, it could happen that what looks now like a long, widely spaced parade toward the championship will become again, as it used to be, a free-for-anyone. It is a consummation devoutly to etc., etc.

HARVARD, it can be presumed, will rise again from its rude tête-à-tête with reality against Dartmouth. What course Pennsylvania takes can be something else. Being whopped by Cornell, 32–0, a while back was discouraging; being whopped, 55–0, last Saturday by a Princeton team whose third- and fourth-stringers ran as decisively as their betters did was dismaying, and it is unlikely that this particular patient can recover. Its best effort of the afternoon was assisted by a pair of accidents: a pass was caught and then dropped by its catcher, but since the dropped ball went out of bounds, the maneuver was worth a gain of twelve yards; two more passes went uncaught, but a fourth one was caught by a Princeton back, who, on his way toward the Pennsylvania goal, obligingly dropped it at the feet of a Pennsylvania player, thereby donating a gain of sixteen yards to Pennsylvania's meagre supply. Princeton is getting where it is going this fall by means of psychological warfare—the inducing of much worse accidents by the opposition. It had, with some difficulty, got its first touchdown in the second quarter, and had kicked off to Penn. One minute later, a Penn back juggled the ball for an instant, and the impact of the surging Princeton line bounced the ball into the air, where Roth, a Princeton back, snaffled it. There was not a Penn man in sight as he crossed the goal for his team's second touchdown, and thereafter, as the Penn mass mind tottered, there was hardly ever a Penn man at the right spot during any Princeton maneuver. Princeton and Pennsylvania, the oldest of friends, have been meeting in one sport and another for years and years, and Saturday's meeting—following on midfield ceremonies celebrating the hundredth year of Pennsylvania athletics—could not possibly have been a gloomier anticlimax. —J. W. L.

◆

WINDHOEK, Saturday.—Elephant meat is to be exported to the United States, but only a privileged few will be entitled to share an unusual meal.

In a letter to the South West Africa Tourist and Publicity Organization in Windhoek, the Republican Party, whose emblem is a donkey, asked for elephant meat to be exported to America for a party luncheon in Philadelphia. This would demonstrate that the Republicans would devour their political opponents, the Democrats—whose emblem is an elephant—at the presidential elections later this year.—*Johannesburg (South Africa) Star.*

Anyway, it tastes like chicken, we're told.

◆

News of Khrushchev's drop from power hit with stunning impact around the world.

President de Gaulle's comment was typically French. "Sic transit gloria mundi (Thus passes glory in the world)," he said to a diplomat at a reception in Rio de Janeiro.—*The Post.*

Ah, the Gallic wit!

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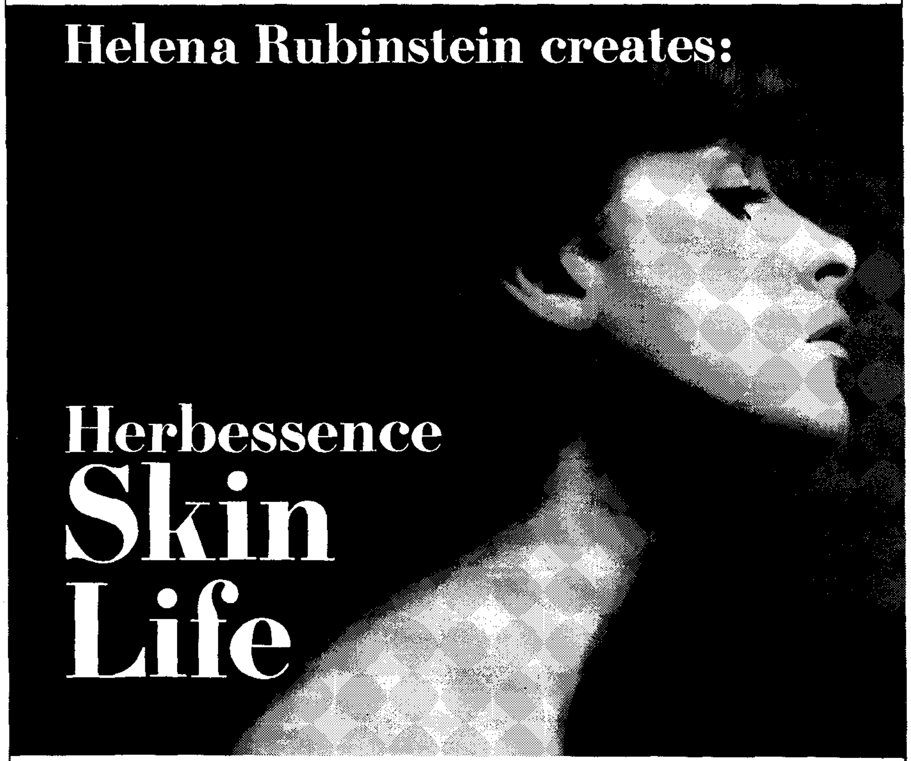

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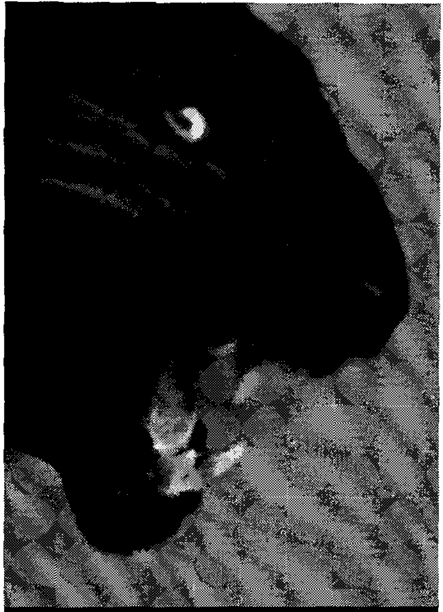

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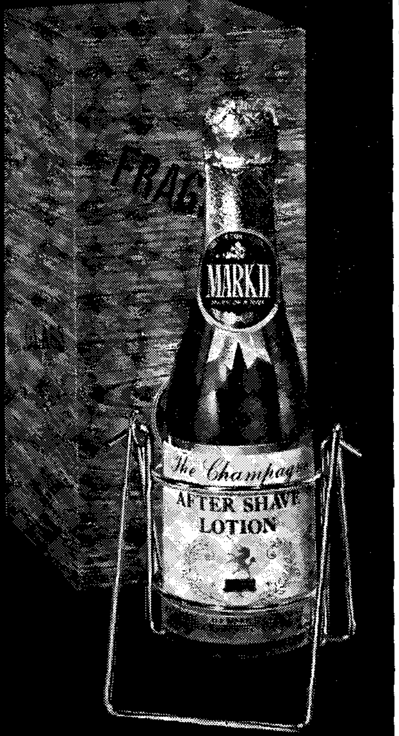

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THERE are dour gremlins *of the soul that* tempt us to assume that the worst will happen when the best is by no means unlikely. Because of the gremlins, I approached the movie version of "My Fair Lady" with considerable skepticism—how could Audrey Hepburn possibly make as charming an Eliza Doolittle as Julie Andrews? Time and jadedness being implacable enemies of actors, how could the Rex Harrison and Stanley Holloway of 1964 equal the Harrison and Holloway of 1956? And how could Hollywood, with its fatal bent for gigantism, not seduce Cecil Beaton into diminishing by exaggeration the bold and delicate Edwardian fancy of the sets and costumes? (The original sets were by Oliver Smith, the original costumes by Mr. Beaton.) No doubt you've already guessed that I wouldn't have asked these questions if the answers weren't, to my astonishment and delight, uniformly favorable to the picture. For the marvellous fact of the matter is that "My Fair Lady" has survived very nearly intact the always risky leap from stage to screen, and Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, whose posthumous transatlantic marriage of minds with G. Bernard Shaw—talk about two cultures!—remains the theatrical miracle of the age, can now settle down to collecting new fortunes for their efforts as, respectively, the author of the screenplay and the composer of a few additional bars of music.

Miss Hepburn wisely makes no pretense of not owing much to her illustrious predecessor in the role, but her qualities as an actress and as a personality soon turn her Eliza into an utterly different, though no less captivating, creature than that of Miss Andrews. She is a girl *born* to be transformed from a screechy guttersnipe into a soft-spoken West End young lady, and only awaiting the certain advent of Professor Higgins to bring it about. Miss Hepburn isn't particularly convincing as a Cockney flower girl, but, having mastered her vowels and consonants in the "rain in Spain" scene, she comes into her own, and her steadily increasing beauty and warmth are such that the

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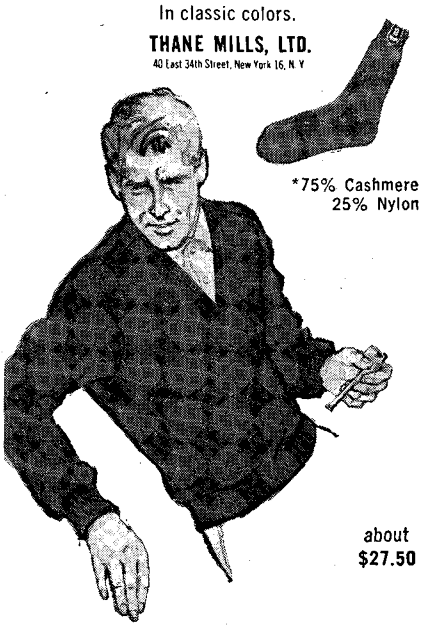

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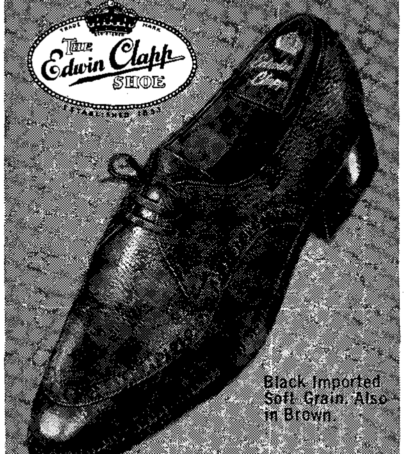

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Professor's treatment of her after their joint triumph seems more outrageous than ever, and the possibility of a happy ending seems, to the same degree, more plausible than it did in the musical comedy. When the Professor barks his final command at her, it's as if he were saying, "With these slippers I thee wed." Shaw's ghost may rage at seeing his unsentimental "Pygmalion" turned into still another Cinderella story, but song is the thief of reason, and after listening to Eliza's lilting "I Could Have Danced All Night" and the Professor's rueful "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face" most of us would find even the hint of more misery between them unendurable; better a happy ending to "Hamlet" than an unhappy ending to "My Fair Lady"!

Mr. Harrison's Higgins is, if anything, a greater performance on the screen than it was on the stage, in part because of the pleasure we take in watching that alert and quizzical face in closeups, and in part because of the fantastic bravura with which by now, as a veritable Caruso among non-singers, he sails through his difficult songs. Wilfrid Hyde-White is disappointingly dim as Colonel Pickering—I remember Robert Coote as serving as a much more vigorous foil in the original—and Jeremy Brett is a total blank as Freddie Eynsford-Hill, but Stanley Holloway hurls himself with accustomed jaunty abandon into the role of the unscrupulous Doolittle, Gladys Cooper is splendid as the Professor's sharp-tongued mother, and Mona Washbourne makes exactly the sort of stout, no-nonsense housekeeper that one would like to count on finding below-stairs in a grand house on Wimpole Street. George Cukor's direction struck me as unnecessarily conservative—he appears to have let himself go only in the "Get Me to the Church on Time" scene, where the camera whirls about playfully in dizzy pursuit of the drunken Doolittle—but then he had a precious possession in his charge and Warner Brothers may have urged him to hold on to it for dear life.

UNLIKE "My Fair Lady," "The Visit" has lost its way in passing from the stage to the screen, and, by a conventional irony, it may have done so by following its old self too closely. The play, in which the Lunts appeared on Broadway several years ago, is the handiwork of Friedrich Dürrenmatt, and its scenes march rapidly and with great technical dexterity from one complication to the next. Wasting not a

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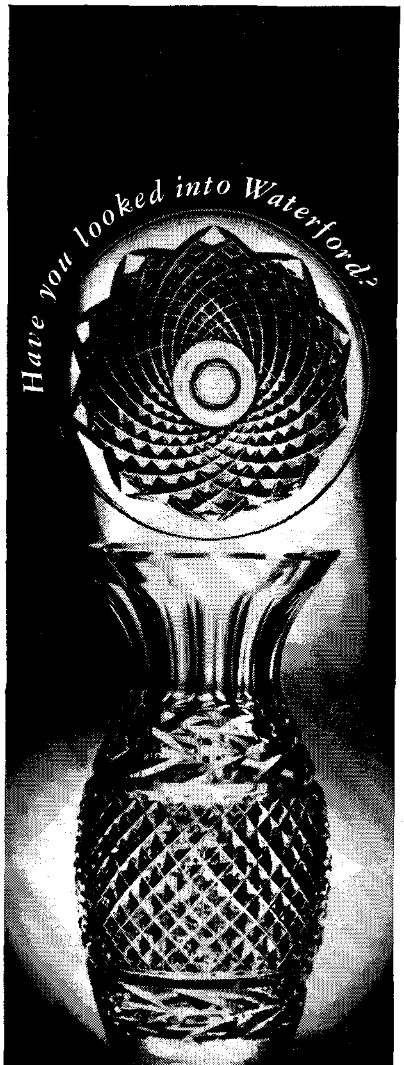

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moment or a word, the playwright deploys his numerous characters and brings his parable of evil to its shocking climax. Now, in a movie such economy tends to ring false, because the camera, which affects to be but a bystander, never taking sides, offers a kind of silent guarantee that what we behold is in some sense real life, and in real life there are few tidy actions. As Ben Barzman's screenplay recounts the story of a woman's horrible revenge against a man who injured her in her youth, we long for the camera to falter and turn aside, but under Bernhard Wicki's taut, hurried direction it never does so. The picture also fails because Ingrid Bergman as the avenging woman is clearly uncertain of how to play the part. Though she is supposed to have achieved the perfection of maleficence, something in her expression causes us to expect her to change her mind and turn suddenly from a Lady Macbeth into a Lady Bountiful. Anthony Quinn, as the man whose death she seeks, looks only a trifle less bewildered than Miss Bergman. Among the players in lesser roles I was glad to catch a glimpse of Eduardo Ciannelli, who filled my youth with an incomparable assortment of gangster snarls.

"SALVATORE GIULIANO" purports to be an account, in documentary style, of the life and death of the famous Sicilian outlaw. It's an ambitious, vivid, muddled, and unsuccessful piece of work, which I recommend only to fourth-year students of the Italian film industry, and in particular to those who may be doing term papers on Francesco Rosi, the promising young man who directed it. —BRENDAN GILL

•

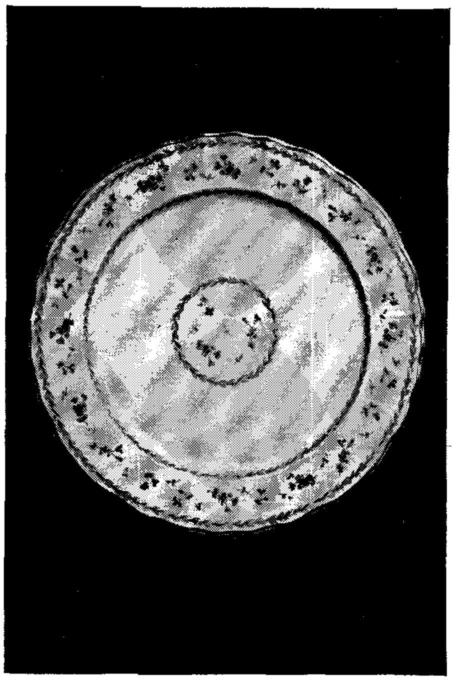
> Quentin Hogg, minister of science and a prominent party spokesman during the campaign, needed 12 policemen to make a path to his car, but said he was happy and explained he is always naturally happy and explained he is always naturally happy.—*Chicago Tribune.*

We don't believe him.

•

UNIVERSITY PARK, Oct. 8 (AP)—New Mexico State University football Coach Warren Woodson, whose team has surrendered 112 points in their first three games, is stressing defense.—*Albuquerque Tribune.*

Idea *probably* came to him in a dream.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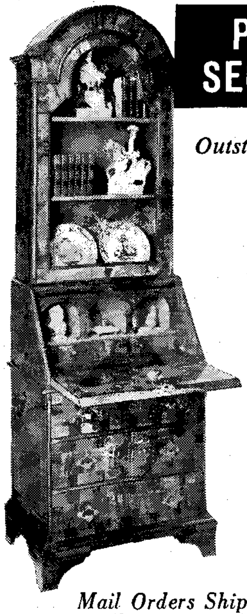
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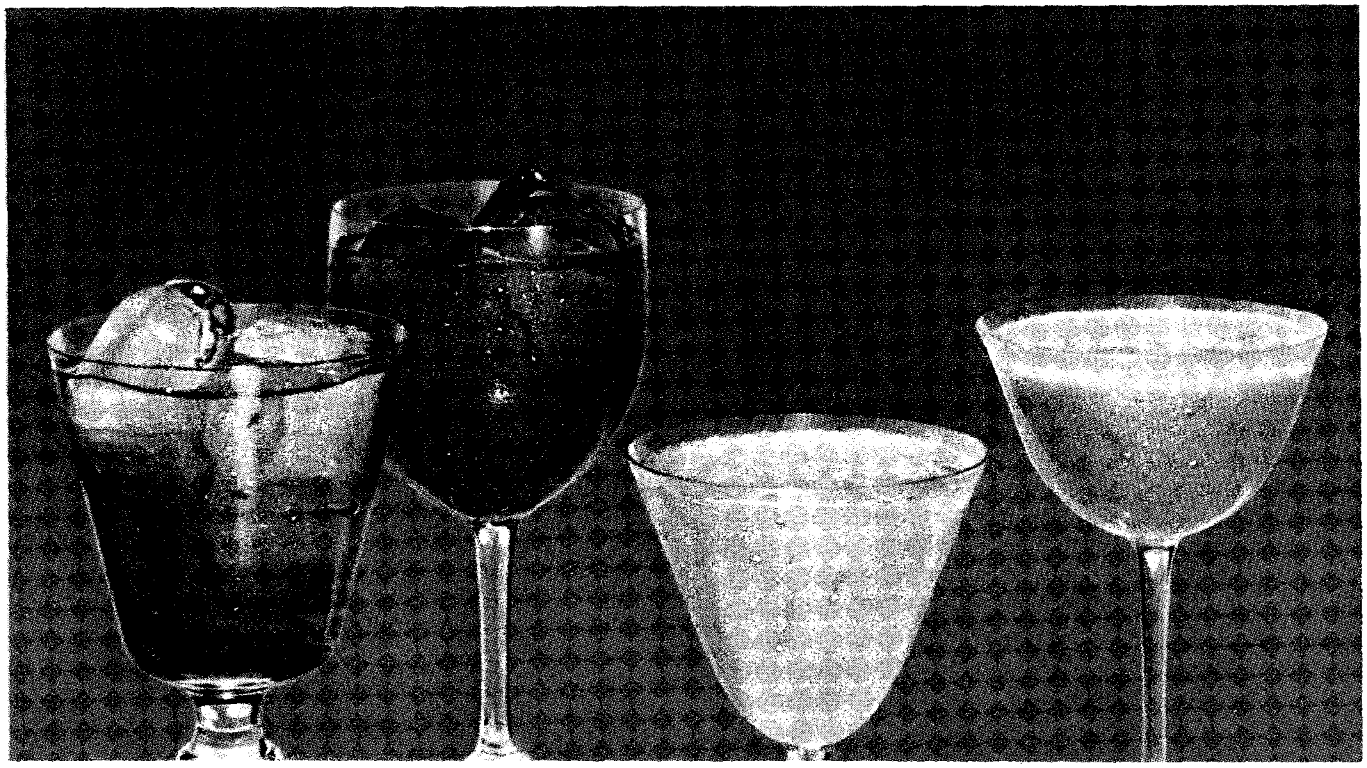

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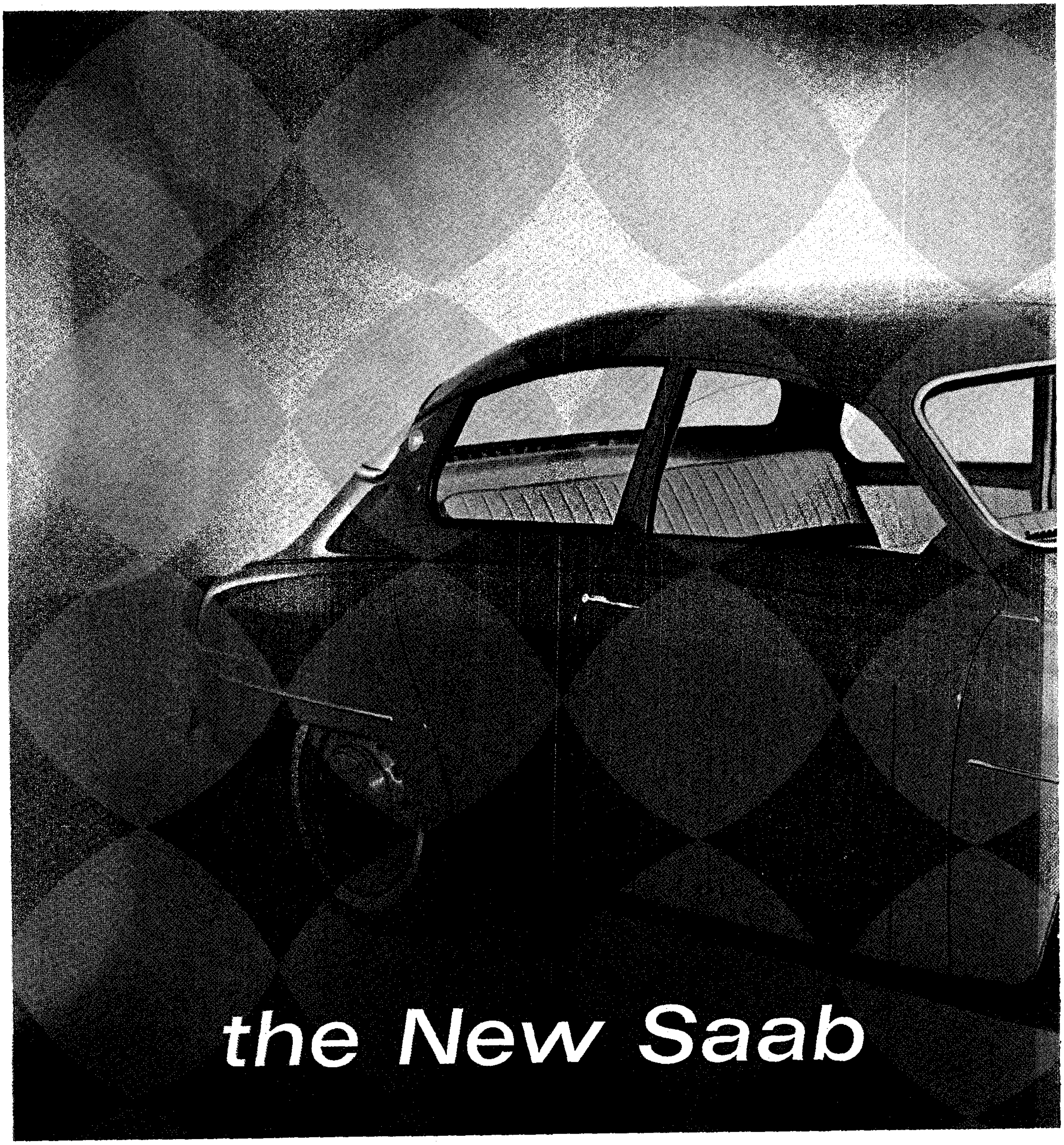

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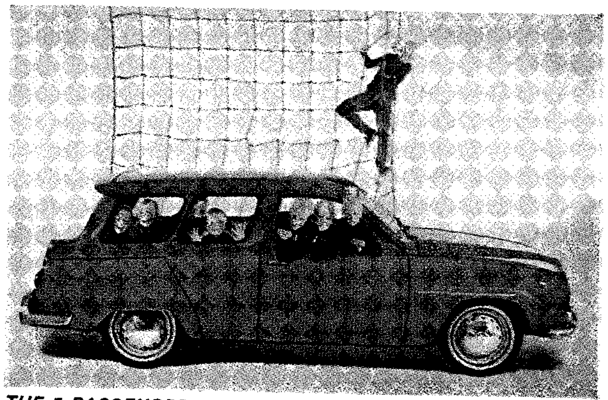

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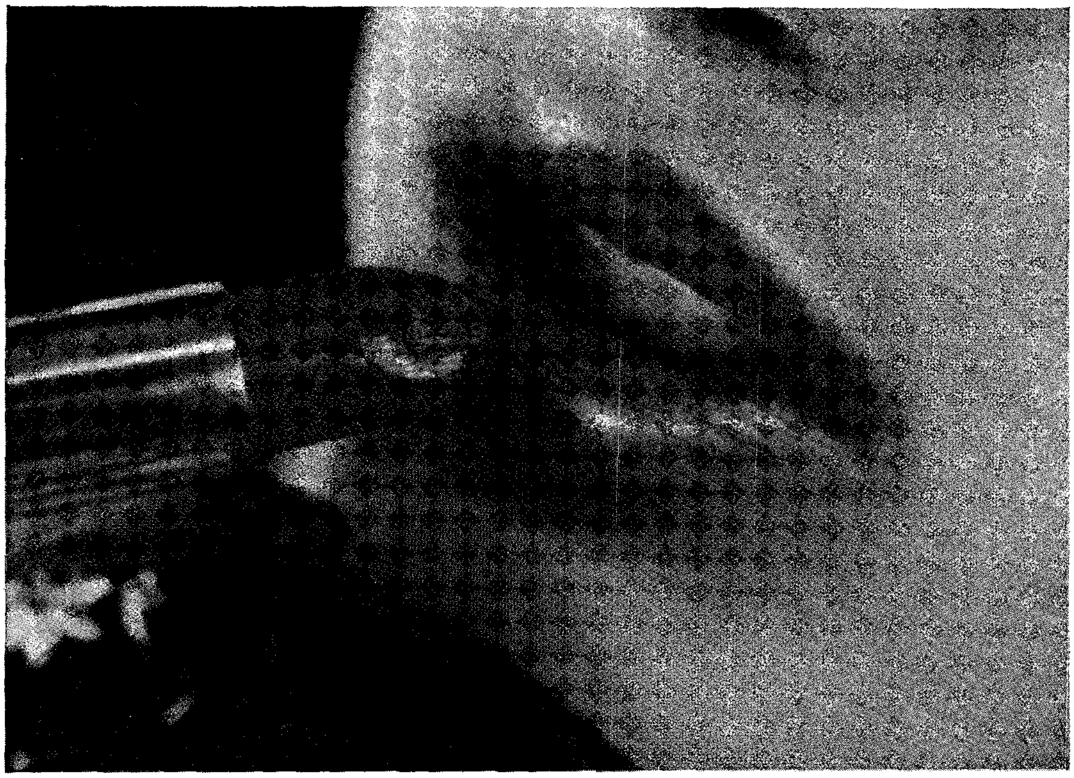

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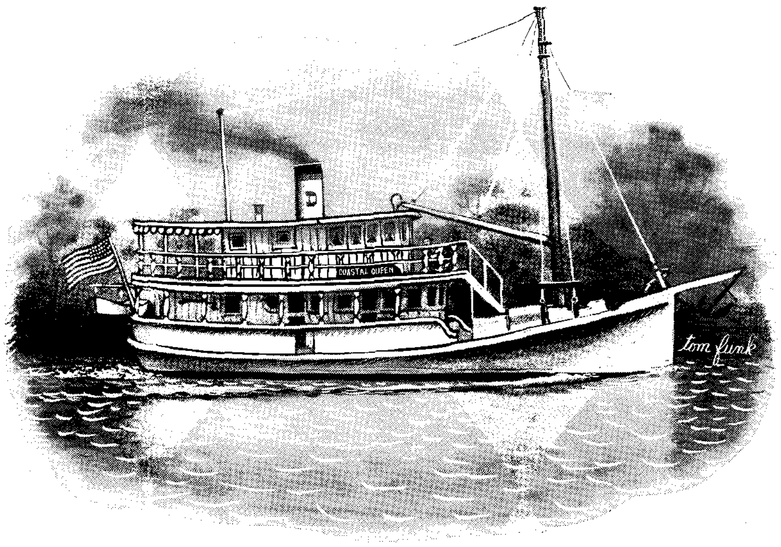

TOWARD dusk one Friday late last October, I started a fortnight's journey by boarding a Florida-bound jet at Newark Airport with the understanding that it would get me to Jacksonville in time to catch what the timetable said would be a connecting plane to Daytona Beach. For inscrutable reasons, however, the jet was an hour late in taking off, with the result that although it did the best it could—tearing south at six hundred miles an hour and covering the eight-hundred-and-eighty-eight-mile run in only a trifle over an hour and a half—it missed the connection and I alighted in Jacksonville to find that the Daytona plane had left nine minutes before, possibly bent on connecting with some other connecting plane down the line. And so, with an almost physical jolt, the pace of my journey decelerated. In the end, this was probably for the best, since it let me begin to readjust my mood well ahead of time into a frame of mind suitable to the tranquil adventure that lay ahead—one of the most tranquil adventures available nowadays to travellers in the United States.

With a couple of middle-aged women who had also come down on the plane from Newark—and who heatedly let it be known that at that very moment friends were waiting for them at the Daytona airport—I stood around while a dutifully apologetic representative of the airline set about arranging for a taxi to take us the rest of the way at his employer's expense. When he had accomplished this mission, my two fellow-passengers bundled themselves into the rear seat and I took the place beside the driver. The distance from Jacksonville to Daytona Beach is a hundred miles, or about one-eighth of the distance from Newark to Jacksonville; our travel time for the two trips was almost identical. Once outside the city limits, we bowled down Florida's eastern coastline at a steady sixty miles an hour through innumerable alternating zones of subtropical darkness, illuminated only by our taxi's headlights, and neon incandescence emanating from colonies of motels and filling stations. In the back seat, the two women—one thin and querulous, the other plump and gushy—spent the better part of the trip discussing the trials of a stenographer's life in a high-powered Manhattan office, but the subject turned out to be not quite inexhaustible, and at last their conversation dwindled to nothingness. Then:

"Where you from?"

The question, I judged from its tone and parabola, was directed by the thin woman to me. I said I lived in Connecticut.

"Where you staying down here?"

I replied that I wasn't really staying, I was about to board a boat.

"Oh, one of those cruise ships, eh?"

"Not exactly," I said. "This boat is going north."

"You came all the way down here just to go back north? What are you, a sailor?"

I answered yes and no, respectively.

"Won't it be rough?"

"I don't think so," I said. "This boat is going up the Intracoastal Waterway."

"What's that?"

I replied that, from what I knew of it, it was a shallow coastal route, sometimes called the Inland Waterway, that runs along the Eastern Seaboard and is used by boats that might find the ocean too rugged for them.

"You got your own boat?"

No, I said. I had a reservation from Daytona Beach to Norfolk aboard the Coastal Queen, the only commercial passenger vessel operating on the Waterway.

"How long will it take you to get to Norfolk?" the plump woman asked.

That depended to some extent on weather conditions, I said, and to a considerable extent on the ability of the Coastal Queen's owner-captain to avoid running aground at the edges of the Waterway's frequently narrow channel. If all went well, we'd chug along at eight miles an hour for ten hours a day and reach Norfolk in a fortnight.

At this point, the driver announced that we were entering the outskirts of Daytona and that he would drop the ladies off at the airport before taking me to my pier.

From the airport, where the two women found their friends still waiting for them, the driver and I, ignoring the advice of half a dozen local night owls who were unwilling to believe that we weren't looking for Daytona's famous oceanfront beach, made our way to the City Dock at the Municipal Yacht Basin. The pier thrust out from a palm-bordered road into a placid body of water that was clearly not the Atlantic. Dim lights revealed several conventional pleasure craft along its sides, and at the far end I could see a singular tall funnel and promenade deck with a scallop-edged awning—features that had earlier caught my eye in a picture of the Coastal Queen. It was just midnight when the taxi drove off and I began making my way down the pier, stepping cautiously over mooring lines and hoses. On reaching the end, I looked up and saw that I had not been mistaken; along the rail of the boat, spelled out on the nameboard in gilt capitals that shone in the glow of her port navigation light, were the words "COASTAL QUEEN." A light was burning in a cabin aft, but there was no sign of activity aboard, and through one of a row of cabin windows lining the deck came the sound of snoring. I stepped on board as quietly as possible. In front of me was a screen door with a note stuck in it bearing my name. It read:

> 9 P.M.
>
> Welcome!
>
> Your stateroom is the one aft on the main deck—with the lights burning.
>
> Be back about 10:30 P.M., but turn in before then if you feel like it. [This sentence had been crossed out.]
>
> Breakfast at 8 A.M.
>
> SLADE DALE

The note—especially the thoughtful deletion of the line about Dale's antici-

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pated return, obviously done after the information had ceased to be pertinent—was soothing. Boarding ships had always been associated in my mind with a nerve-frazzling hubbub of porters, stewards, and visitors, to say nothing of hordes of passengers battling their way to the purser's office or waiting impatiently to argue with the chief steward. I entered my stateroom—which proved to be fir-panelled, carpeted, and furnished with twin beds, armchairs, and a chest of drawers, and to have a closet and a tiny bathroom containing a washbasin, shower, and toilet—reflecting that I much preferred the Coastal Queen way of doing things.

Before turning in, I strolled out onto the aft deck and stood there for a while watching an occasional car whoosh along the road past the pier. The trunks of the palms glistened under the streetlights. The flight from Newark, the drive from Jacksonville, the slow search for the pier, my cautious walk out to its end, and now the stationary Coastal Queen, ready to begin her peaceful northward crawl in the morning—this had indeed been a day of running down, a day in which the ticks of the clock had become ever more widely spaced, with each tick sounding louder and larger than the one before.

I FIRST heard about the Intracoastal Waterway from the owner of an oceangoing yacht, but when I pressed him for more information he confessed that because the Waterway was too shallow for his boat he had never bothered to learn much about it. He suggested that I get in touch with Slade Dale, president of the Dale Boat Lines, Inc., at Bay Head, New Jersey, and captain of a passenger vessel, the Coastal Queen, that regularly plied the Waterway during six months of the year. Dale, my friend said, knew as much about the Waterway as anyone afloat. So I wrote to Dale, and he favored me with a long reply written on his company's stationery, which bears a striking drawing of the Coastal Queen coming round a bend. In his letter, Dale sounded genuinely delighted to learn that I shared his interest in the Waterway. "I can't help feeling that in this country the Waterway is taken for granted by those who know of it, yet if it were somewhere in Europe these same people would travel thousands of miles to cruise on it," he wrote. "Of course, only an infinitesimal percentage of people in the United States even know it exists." Dale concluded by saying that he would drop in on me in Connecticut

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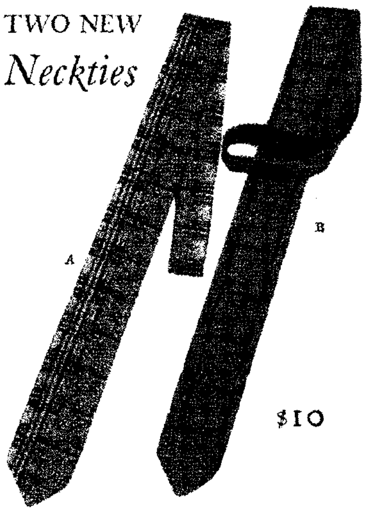

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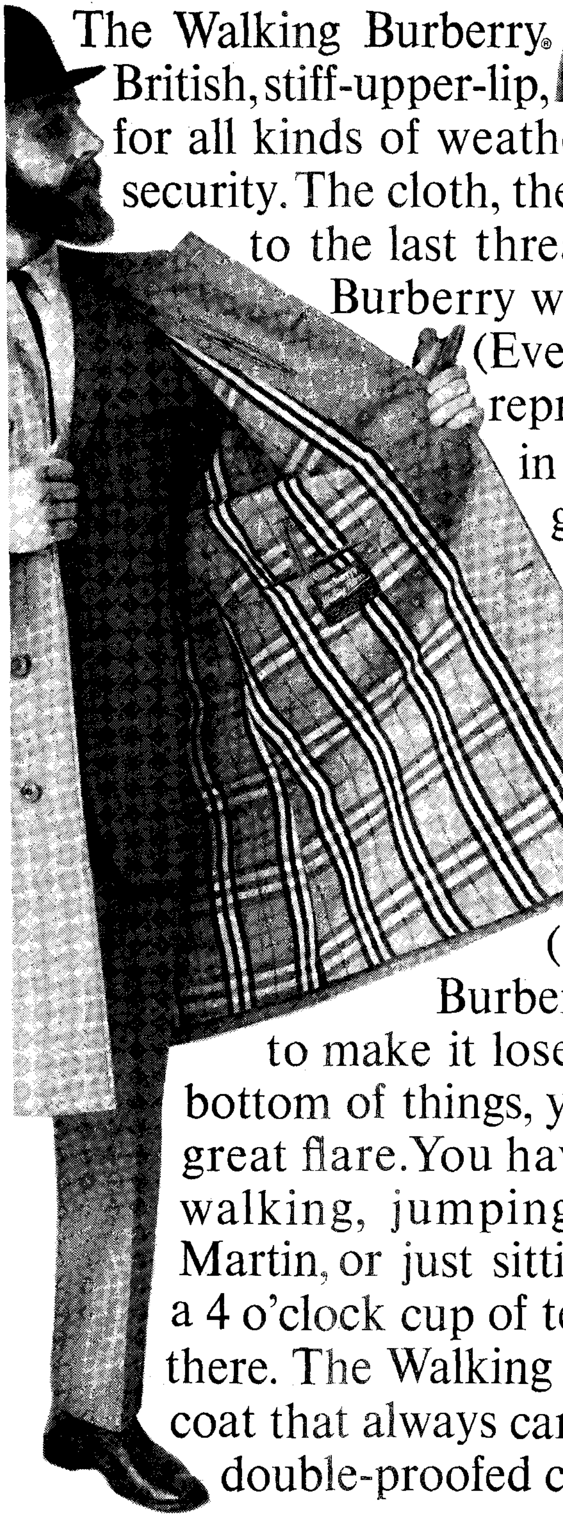

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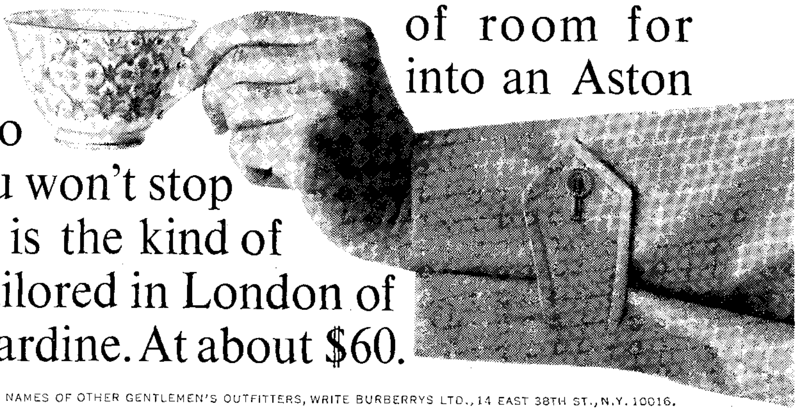

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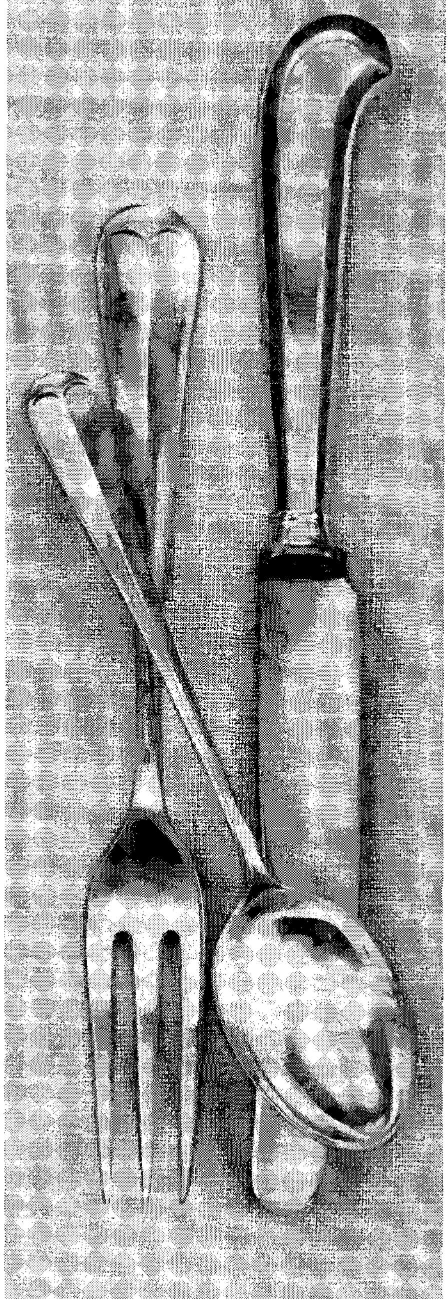

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someday soon and tell me more about the Waterway. His willingness to put himself out to this extent made me wonder uneasily if he had misinterpreted something I said in my letter as a tentative proposal to buy the Coastal Queen instead of just an inquiry about booking passage on her.

I needn't have worried. A week or so later, Dale did drop in—a mild, inquisitive-looking man in his early sixties, with a round, pink face and thin gray hair, who was wearing a rather rumpled single-breasted suit of good worsted, a checked sports shirt, and a striped tie. He had driven the two hundred and fifteen miles up from Bay Head that morning, he said, and he couldn't stay long, because he was due at a clambake being given by the Marine Historical Association in Mystic, not far from where I live, and he wanted to get back to Bay Head in time for dinner. Dale made little effort to describe the Waterway and its attractions in detail; instead, he gave me a booklet about them that had been turned out by the Federal Writers' Project of the W.P.A. in 1937. I had already pretty well sold myself on the idea of signing up for a trip with Dale, and the few sentences that I read as I skimmed through the opening pages of the booklet convinced me altogether:

> The waterway, at many points within a few hours' ride by rail or air from the metropolises of the eastern seaboard, runs through long stretches of territory inhabited only by the ghosts of legend.... In only half a dozen places are there modern cities; most of the towns and villages on and near the waterway belong to a past century.... Here were enacted many of the most important early scenes in one of the most amazing adventures of all time, that of the expropriation of a continent—so complete that within 300 years after the first settlement the surviving natives had become sideshow curiosities. . . . [Here] are the unmarked graves of the thousands of settlers who died, victims of rival colonizers, of natives fighting desperately for their home lands, of hardship, and of disease, before the conquest was complete. Many acres along the waterway are part of the estates that in less than 150 years so built up the wealth and prosperity of the owners that they dared join in the only entirely successful major challenge of the power of Britain; they are also the acres that gave the power and wealth that 85 years later enabled owners to challenge their own Government. Many scars of this conflict are visible.

During Dale's visit, and later, as a passenger aboard the Coastal Queen, I succeeded in extracting from him a few biographical details that help explain how he happens to be doing what he does. The son of a Scotsman who arrived in this country at the age of ten

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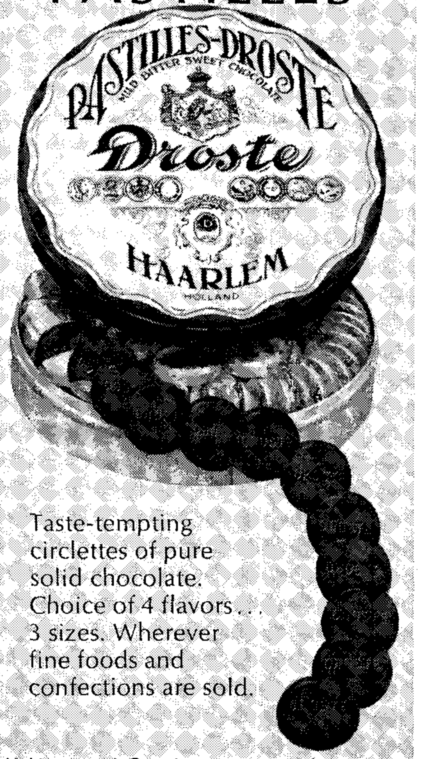

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and became a mechanical engineer, he was born in 1902 in Plainfield, New Jersey; when he entered prep school, at Stevens Academy in Hoboken, his parents moved to New York but continued to spend their summers, as they always had, at Bay Head, where Dale devoted himself almost entirely to boats and boating. He took a degree in mechanical engineering at Stevens Institute of Technology, also in Hoboken, and then got a job as a field engineer for the New York State Commission on Ventilation. After a year or so, finding the work boring, he quit, and in 1925 persuaded a friend from Stevens to join him in an undertaking that he had had in mind right along—a trip down to Florida by way of the natural inland passages that are now part of the Intracoastal Waterway and, where there weren't any, by way of the open sea. The vessels he chose were two twelve-foot Barnegat duckboats—often called sneakboxes, because they lie so low in the water as to be barely visible and are thus popular as floating duck blinds. The boats were decked over, with a cockpit to sit and sleep in and a hatch cover to keep the water out, and were rigged with a sail and oars. The vogue for outboard motors was still a long way off, but the Johnson people were then trying to promote one, and Dale arranged with the company to let him have a pair in return for favorable mention in some magazine articles he planned to write when he got back. That October, the two young men sailed down New York Harbor and set a course for Miami. They arrived three and a half months later, having brought off a fifteen-hundred-mile voyage without incident except for running harmlessly aground from time to time. Because their craft drew but six inches and could creep through ditches and flooded meadows, only twice did a lack of navigable water "inside" oblige them to venture "outside" for any considerable distance. Dale shipped back on a coastal schooner and wrote the promised articles, and they were printed in *Yachting*. The Johnson firm was so pleased with them that it offered him a franchise as its sales representative in the Bay Head area. He accepted, and sold twenty-four Johnsons, all three-horsepower, his first summer. But if the going was slow to begin with, he sold more outboards each year than he had the last, and in time he was able to add Chris-Craft powerboats to his line of outboards, and waterfront property to his original patch of ground. By 1958, he was the owner of a large boatyard

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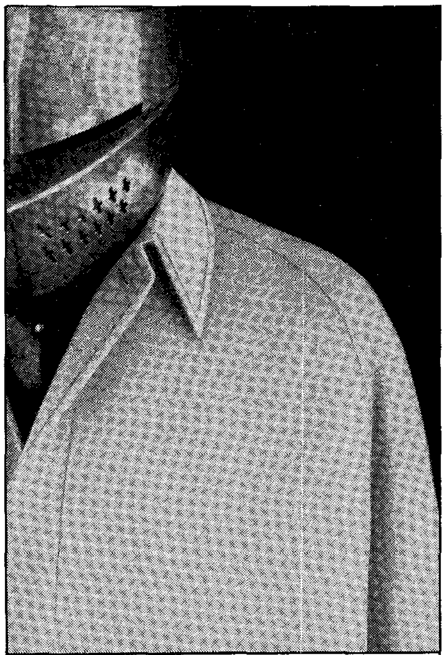

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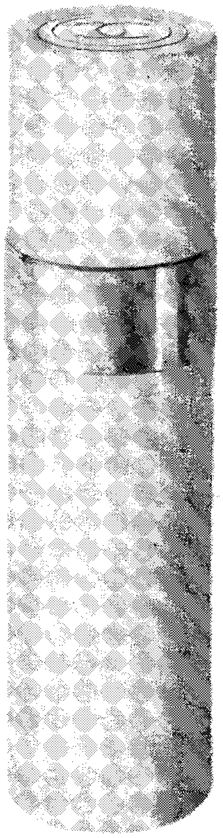

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at Bay Head, which did a gross business of a million and a half dollars a year, but in that year he tired of it all and sold out, for over a million dollars.

Dale has never married, so once he had made his break he felt free to do pretty much what he pleased. For twenty years or more, he had been hoping someday to retire to a life aboard a slow, dependable boat big enough to move around on and with creature comforts designed to his own specifications, yet with a draft shallow enough so that it could meander up and down the Waterway without running aground every few hours, and during most of that time he had had his eye on just the boat for his purpose—the A. G. Price, an oyster buy-boat that had been built in 1928 near Cambridge, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. This was an unprepossessing nautical drudge that during the "R" months circulated among the tongers out on Chesapeake Bay, buying on the spot whatever oysters they had brought up from the bottom and taking them in to the various packing houses along the bay for resale, and in summer carrying general cargo—grain, fertilizer, tomatoes, and so on—from Baltimore out to the nearby bay ports. Dale was pretty sure that the A. G. Price was sound, but he wanted to confirm his judgment, and he could afford to take his time, for as a potential buyer he had the field fairly much to himself, so he tracked down an elderly carpenter who had helped build her. The carpenter recalled for Dale how he had sawed by hand her deck beams, six inches square, out of Eastern Shore pine, and how the beams and frames were set up on a beach of the Little Choptank River. So Dale went ahead and bought the A. G. Price, paying ten thousand dollars for her—probably more than he would have had to if he had chosen to appear standoffish, but then she was the boat he wanted and he didn't feel like haggling. Once he had taken possession, he made a deal with a yacht-builder in Oxford, Maryland, for the use of his boatyard and his crew of skilled workers, and set about remodelling the aged vessel from stem to stern. To make sure everything was done just so, he rented a houseboat at the boatyard and camped aboard it until the job was done and the rejuvenated A. G. Price was deemed worthy of being rechristened the Coastal Queen. Dale did such a thorough job of facelifting on his buy-boat, in fact, that the drab old workhorse of the Chesapeake oyster beds became the cynosure of the

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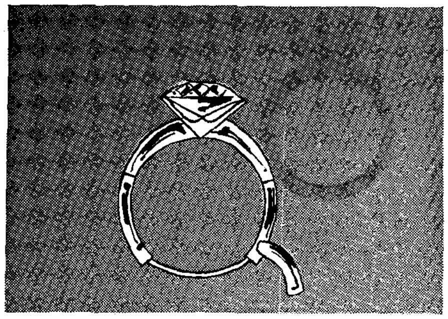

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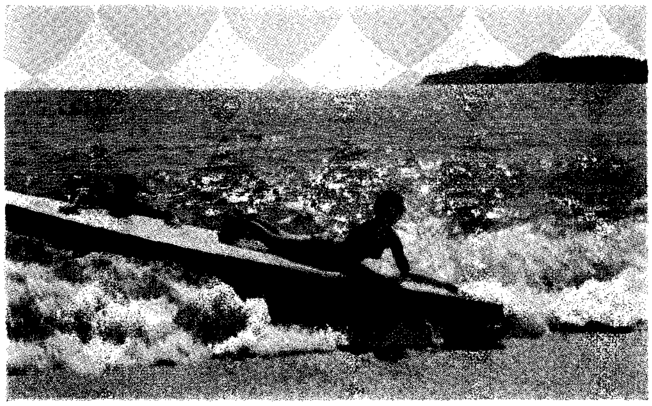

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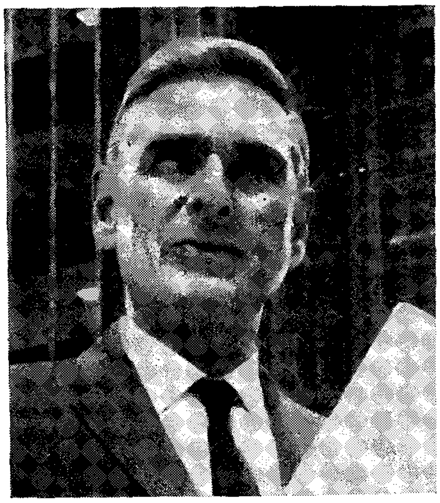
Waterway. Nowadays, seasoned fishermen who take care to display no interest in most passing vessels turn and wave when the Coastal Queen goes by, sportsmen at the wheels of fast powerboats stare at her wistfully as they hurry past, bridge repairmen shout to one another and point when she approaches, and small boys dash down the banks and welcome her with piercing whistles. In sprucing up the Coastal Queen, Dale spent ninety thousand dollars—just nine times her purchase price—but though he equipped her with such modern luxuries as a central heating system and an electric freezer, he was a disappointment to marine-accessories salesmen, for they could not interest him in any of the up-to-date navigational crutches that many helmsmen have come to rely on. The Coastal Queen has no radio direction-finder, for instance, and no ship-to-shore radiotelephone; her master prefers traditional ways—taking his soundings with a lead line, and shouting to passing skippers or going ashore when he wants to communicate with the world beyond his floating domain.

As I began to suspect from Dale's schedule the day he called on me, he likes to drive almost as much as he likes to sail. Notwithstanding all the time he spends piloting the Coastal Queen up and down the Waterway, he manages to average three thousand miles a month at the wheel of his car—an implausibly flamboyant white 1960 Chrysler Imperial. Often he drives somewhere just because he feels like driving, but he also uses his car to get to events that interest him—six-day bicycle races, say, or golf tournaments, and gatherings of fellow-antiquarians given to riding on Victorian palace cars coupled to antique steam locomotives.

MY first morning aboard the Coastal Queen, I made a point of getting to the saloon at five minutes to eight, but even so I found Dale, the ship's engineer, and a male passenger there ahead of me, seated at a dinette table and already well along with their meal. From the spot where he was wedged in with a bowl of Wheaties, Dale introduced me to the passenger, Henry Briggs, a tall, white-haired man of sixty-five who was a lawyer in Philadelphia until eight years ago, when he retired to spend his time fishing in the waters off Florida; to Charles Cattus, the Coastal Queen's engineer, who immediately told me he was seventy-one; and, when the third member of the ship's company stuck his head through the serving hatch from the galley to



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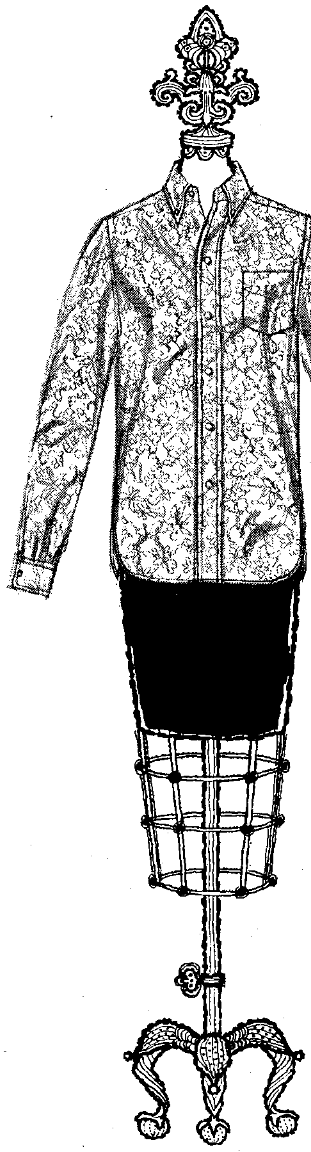

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ask how many wanted coffee and how many tea, to the cook, John Hughes, a plump man of around forty, who also fills in as unofficial secretary and accountant of the Dale Boat Lines, Inc.

"You and Mr. Briggs are the only passengers on the first leg of the trip," Slade Dale told me. "A third—Robert Collins—is joining us at Charleston, and we were to have had a young lady as a fourth, but she wired last night that she couldn't make it; she didn't say why. This will be a light trip north—always is at this time of year. On the way back down, we'll probably have six—a full load."

Hughes came in with a steaming dish of oatmeal. "You hear any more from that young widder, Skipper?" he asked Dale. "The one who came down with us two trips ago and said she was hoping to come again?"

"John thinks she had designs on him," Dale said to me. "*I* think she just liked John's cooking."

Pancakes followed, then eggs and bacon and ham and a lot more—far, far more than I could eat. Cattus, who, I was told, had the reputation of being Hughes' best customer, was also lagging behind, but satiety was not the reason. He was telling us the plot of a movie he had seen the night before, and wanted to get every detail in before his audience started drifting away.

After breakfast, I took a short stroll ashore, returning to the Coastal Queen to find Hughes preparing to cast off her stern line and Cattus standing by on the foredeck. A thin geyser of light-gray smoke was rising straight up from the funnel. Dale came out of the pilothouse, leaned over the rail, and looked forward and aft to make sure that all was clear. "O.K., John," he said. "O.K., Charles." First Hughes and then Cattus cast off their lines, and so, with a minimum of fuss, the Coastal Queen got under way.

Our first stop was only a hundred yards distant—the dockmaster's office, where Hughes went ashore to get our mail. Then we were off again. As the Coastal Queen swung out into the main channel of the Waterway and headed north, I caught sight of a drawbridge ahead. Dale reached up and pushed a button overhead, sounding his horn. The response was impressive. Red lights flashed on the bridge, bells rang, gates were lowered at either end, and lines of cars formed in front of them. Then a crack appeared in the center of the span and the two halves lifted, leaving a slot for us to pass through. From a window in the bridge-tender's cabin, a man waved down at

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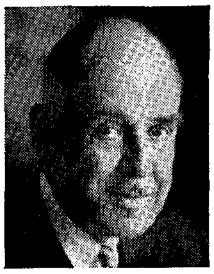

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the Coastal Queen, and her master waved back. When we had cleared the bridge, the bells rang again, the two segments of the span swung downward until they met, the gates were raised, and the waiting cars moved forward. Dale glanced at a gauge showing the engine's revolutions per minute and gave the throttle a little push with his palm, boosting the reading from 1,300 to 1,400—standard for the Coastal Queen when she is cruising at her customary eight miles an hour. About ten yards to our starboard and mounted on a piling ten or twelve feet above the water was one of the thousands of markers that line the Waterway for its entire length—a square black wooden panel outlined in yellow, indicating the boundary of the channel on that side and bearing the number "29" boldly painted on its face in white. The number corresponded to a number on the chart in front of every responsible skipper navigating the Ditch, as most of the men who ply the Waterway call it. Similar markers, but triangular in shape and painted red, defined the limits of the channel on our port side. For nighttime navigation, every so often a marker is equipped with a blinker light, which is topped with a spike that is supposed to keep off birds. Even so, they sometimes manage to find a perch, and, snuggling up to the light to keep warm, obscure the beacon.

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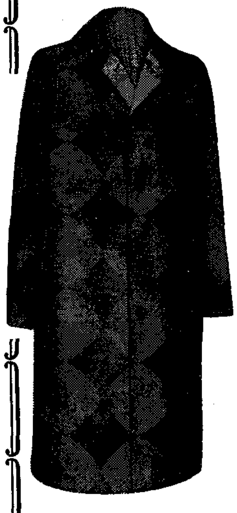

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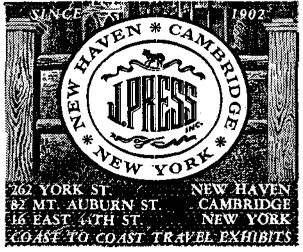

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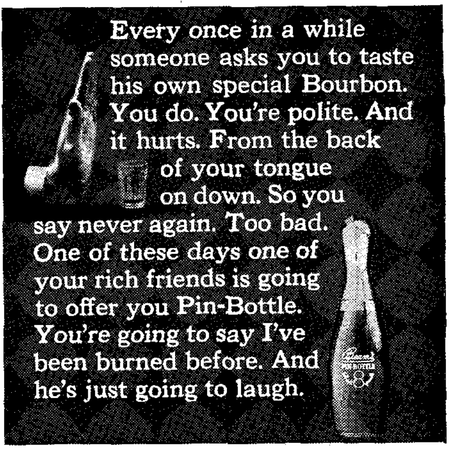

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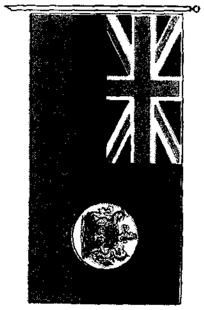

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the compass, the horn, a spotlight, and a berth—is Dale's real home. He runs his boat from there during the day and usually sleeps there, too, after putting in for the night at one of the anchorages he favors along the Waterway.

When he bought the Coastal Queen, Dale told me after we had left Daytona behind, he hadn't intended to carry paying passengers, but once he started refurbishing her he decided he would like to. On previous trips up and down the Waterway in other boats, he had taken along some friend or other who shared his fondness for that kind of travel and would chip in something toward the cost of food and fuel. Some of these same people travel with him today, but as paying passengers. He has never advertised, but, as word of the pleasures of life aboard the Coastal Queen got around, more and more customers booked passage for one of the southbound runs in the autumn or northbound in the spring. It is not a cheap mode of travel; the fare for Stateroom C, for instance, is four hundred and fifty dollars per person—quite an expensive way of getting from Daytona to Norfolk, especially on a boat with so few frills that passengers are required to make their own beds. Because of the cost, and the time, most people who book passage with Dale are middle-aged or older, conservative in their habits, and fairly well off. Because there are only three cabins, with twin beds in each, some people make up their own party beforehand. Others, after insisting that they want to be protected from gregarious fellow-passengers, often turn out to be bridge fiends. Some have little interest in the Waterway as such but are looking for the special kind of tranquillity that the trip affords; some are interested in the Waterway only as another trophy to add to their collection, having previously done the Amazon, the Nile, and the Rhine; and some—Dale's favorites, naturally—simply like any kind of quiet coastal sailing. All in all, as Dale describes them, they sound like characters out of Henry James; he says they have included "a demure widow of thirty-eight," for instance, and "an elderly New York matron and her lady travelling companion," "a Baltimore physician and his family," and "Captain Leek, a retired officer of the Clyde Lines."

FOR a time as it heads north out of Daytona, the Waterway is the dredged-out channel of the Halifax River. Then it passes through a sprawling compound of bungalows built on lots that developers have carved out of

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reclaimed marshland, shored up with bulkheads of palm trunks, and hastily sold to people willing to pay high for property fronting on the water. Haste is necessary, Dale told me, because the lots not only front on the water but, despite the bulkheads, tend to fall into it as each vessel churning through the channel takes with it in its wake a generous scoop of soil. "Sometimes a buyer has hardly taken possession when he finds he's either got to put up a real solid bulkhead or see his lot slide into the channel," Dale said. "Like over there." He pointed to a row of palm trunks rising from the water a dozen feet out from the shelving bank on our port side. "The people who moved in when those palms were on dry land probably ran out of money before they could shore up their waterfronts the way they should be shored up," he said.

Happily, the farther we got from Daytona, the fewer these dispiriting evidences of a jerry-built civilization became, and before we had progressed many miles the river spread out around us like a long, shapeless lagoon and wound its way through a deserted countryside made up of light-green marsh meadows with stands of stumpy pine trees and of low islands with occasional copses of live oaks. A corporal's guard of pelicans occupied the end of a spit of land, appearing to be anchored to it by the weight of their jowls, and as we approached a cypress tree, a large egret, alarmed, took off from a branch, beating the air with great, flapping strokes but making so little headway that it seemed very close to stalling. Now and then, a heron could be seen, absorbed in its day's work of standing knee-deep in the water and patiently waiting for a fish to happen by. All of a sudden, its head would dart downward and its bill would shoot forward and, with a gulp, it would be ready for the next course, though usually not until it had taken a few paces forward—for exercise, perhaps. When Dale noticed my interest in the birds, he consulted the log of a previous voyage and informed me that among the birds one of his passengers had spotted were sanderlings, fish hawks, ruddy turnstones, loons, grackles, black skimmers, willets, laughing gulls, turkey vultures, cardinals, and cormorants. I asked him what a ruddy turnstone looked like, and he replied, "Gosh, that list was compiled by an expert. All birds are marsh hens to me."

As we proceeded north, we passed about twenty southbound pleasure boats a day, most of them being gunned relentlessly down the Waterway by skip-

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The Night That Counts

A fact-of-life for those who tend to forget how young a medium television really is:

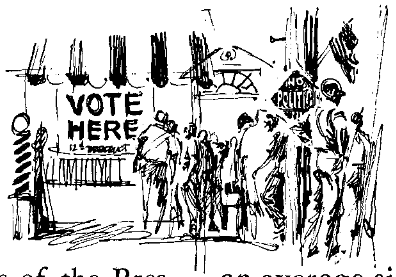
The candidate elected to the Presidency next Tuesday night will be only the third man to have scored such a victory before a major TV audience.

The other two were Dwight Eisenhower and the late John Kennedy. (At the time of President Truman's election, there were fewer than three-quarters of a million TV homes in the entire nation.)

Young but Thorough

For all of television's comparative youth, however, no medium covers such a news event so completely, so efficiently and so dramatically. And if that appraisal needs any further confirmation, it will come Tuesday night—particularly on NBC.

At the network's Election Headquarters in New York, Chet Huntley and David Brinkley will, of course, be serving as anchor men for the entire operation, with John Chancellor reporting on NBC News' projections of winners in all vital races; Frank McGee covering the contests in the Senate and House, and Edwin Newman concentrating on the 25 gubernatorial elections.



But one of the added dimensions to this year's reporting is the live coverage of the reactions of the Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates (and the main contenders in five pivotal States) to the incoming returns.

As for the results themselves, NBC-TV expects to have many of those within an hour or two after going on the air. This will be achieved largely through the direct transmissions from its own reporters in 6,000 specially selected voting precincts, and the operation of the Network Election Service that's been formed by the three networks, the Associated Press and United Press International.

But Tuesday night's coverage also ushers in a new era of electronic journalism. One of the most valuable innovations is EVA, which is neither little nor a girl, but a bank of seven RCA computers that will perform NBC's Electronic Vote Analysis.

"Never before has so much analytic material been available in an election," says William R. McAndrew, Executive Vice President in charge of NBC News. Each hour, EVA will furnish enough explaining-and-comparing copy to fill an average-sized office from floor to ceiling and wall to wall. And it's this output that will serve as a basis for NBC's projected results in all the important contests.

A truly unique part of the electronic set-up is DIVCON (Digital Visual Conversion), a device which—for the very first time—will convert a computer's statistics to word messages for the home screens.

The Human Element

Yet, the heart of this network's Election Night reporting will be the talent and dedication of its newsmen — the most able in all of broadcast journalism. Wondrous as technology may be, there are still some tasks—even the creation of the message you're now reading, for example — that can't be performed by machine by machine by machine by machine......

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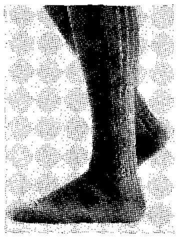

pers intent only on making as quick a dash as possible for the winter sunshine ahead of them. Now and then, a boat would stand out from the rest—a haughty ninety-foot luxury yacht, say, or a twenty-five-foot converted lobster boat—but the majority were conventional powerboats, ranging in length from thirty to fifty feet and running along with their bows up and a high rooster tail of spray fanning out from their squat transoms. The hurried pace of these pleasure craft vaguely annoyed Dale. "Once in a long while, you'll see a couple in a small boat taking their time as they head south," he remarked to me one afternoon. "They'll stop in at towns here and there along the Waterway and stay for a week, to get a little under the surface of things. They're in no mad rush. But people like those are few and far between." Then, in a voice in which commiseration had replaced the touch of irritability, Dale added that probably the reason most of the powerboat owners were in a hurry was that their craft were poorly designed for admiring the scenery along the Waterway—a slightly condescending criticism that I suspected was based on his having gone to considerable pains to install a score of lofty sash windows in the archaically towering superstructure of the Coastal Queen. "Look at that one!" he said a moment later, pointing out a low-slung cruiser that was roaring toward us, its helmsman straining to see over the raised bow. "That fellow's getting a stiff neck from just staring ahead of him trying to see where he's going, and his passengers are lucky if they can see where they've been. That sour expression on their faces comes from riding for days with nothing to look at but more of the same, which, from where they're sitting, isn't much."

Another afternoon, though, we encountered a Waterway traveller who was in even less of a hurry than we were, and, in fact, seemed surprised that his vessel, of which he was the sole occupant, moved forward at all instead of abruptly sinking under his feet. A rickety homemade catamaran of sorts, this conveyance consisted of a small, square deckhouse mounted on two-by-fours laid crosswise, with their ends resting on twin hulls that were perilously awash; a lateen sail above it, just aft of a bright-colored awning supported by a scaffold of piping; and, somewhere out of sight below, an outboard sputtering away. The helmsman, who had a long beard, was standing upright amidships and grinning wildly as he clutched a kind of air-

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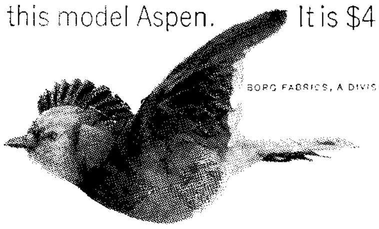

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craft joy stick. As we went by, giving him the widest berth possible, Dale waved to him and he waved back. "I ran into him shortly before Norfolk on the trip down," Dale told me. "Seems he's a New York sculptor—works in stone, big stuff—and he built that craft of his in his studio loft in downtown Manhattan and launched it in the East River. He said he'd been having trouble with leaks in his hulls, and asked me if I knew how to fix them. Well, as far as I could see, his hulls were all right except that they just weren't designed to support anywhere near the weight he'd put on them. I couldn't understand how he'd managed to get as far as he had, and told him frankly that I was afraid he'd be swamped before he even got out of Norfolk. And now here he is."

Apart from the fast pleasure boats and the occasional you-name-it phenomenon like the sculptor's raft, we saw many humdrum commercial and maintenance craft stoutly plodding up and down the Waterway. Among the latter were dredges and Coast Guard launches, and among the former no quinqueremes of Nineveh carrying ivory and peacocks but tugs hauling or pushing long strings of black steel barges laden with grain, wool, machinery, chemicals, jet fuel, gravel, pulpwood, paper, fish, coal, steel, and sugar, among other things.

OUR first day's run—fifty-three miles straight north to St. Augustine—was an uneventful one, punctuated only by a stopoff for lunch at Marineland, the celebrated aquarium where the porpoises perform. To judge from the crowds on hand, no self-respecting tourist heading down Florida's east coast had thought of missing it. On our way there, we passed through an improved channel behind Flagler Beach and then through a canal, known locally as Fox Cut, that had been dug out of solid land a dozen years ago to replace the former, now silted up, channel. Relatively new though the canal is, it looks, like Petra, half as old as time, because boats' wakes at intervals have carved its mudbanks into fantastic shapes, which nature has turned into gargoyles by adorning them with grass-tuft eyebrows and pelts of palmetto. Inland from these grotesqueries lie flat pastures, where I saw cattle grazing under live oaks hung with Spanish moss and reflected, not for the first time, that this growth, however indigenous to the Southern outdoors, suggested dusty attics full of spider webs. The moss, which is an epiphyte

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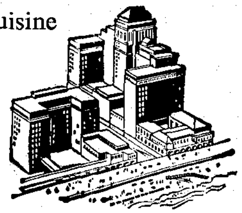

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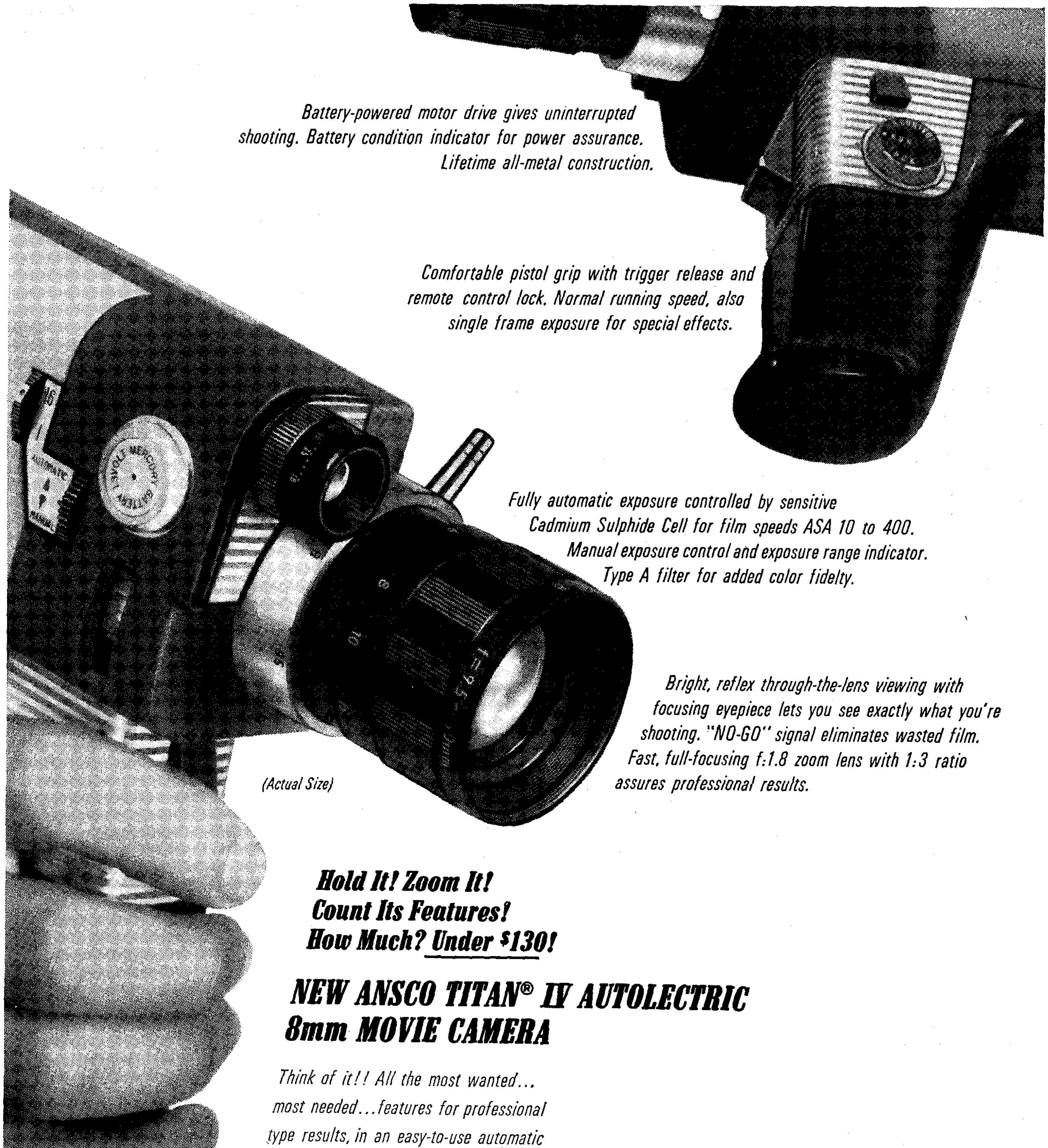

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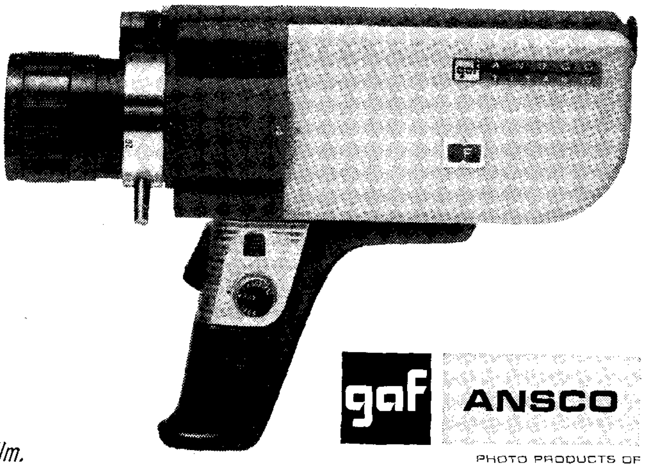

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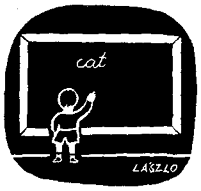
(I speak with the voice of Webster's)—that is, a plant that grows on another without feeding on it parasitically—was once used by the Indians to make rope. During the Revolutionary War, it was used both as gun wadding and as a dressing for wounds, and in the peaceful years that followed as mattress stuffing. In modern times, it has proved valuable as filter material for air-conditioners. Whether it has now been retired, like sponges, by a du Pont synthetic, I don't know. All I can say is that we saw no one gathering the stuff—which, as Dale pointed out, proves nothing.

The Waterway may not be as deep as the ocean, but the water in this stretch is almost as briny, and the salty breeze gave me such an appetite that in midafternoon I dropped by the galley to see what preparations Hughes was making for dinner. The preparations were enormous, but as he busied himself with them he was able to talk of other matters, and I learned that he was a native of North Carolina who had gone to work for the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad as a young man and eventually become a freight supervisor. After sixteen years with the railroad, during which time he had married and fathered two sons, he chucked his job and took to the sea, working as a ship's cook, first on a yacht belonging to the Mellon family and then on one belonging to Huntington Hartford. One of the outstanding memories this phase of his life left him with was that of ordering ten thousand three hundred dollars' worth of meat to be delivered to Hartford's yacht from a City Island butcher. "The crew ate well on that boat," Hughes said. "There were nights when I'd be told that the owner and his guests were about to sit down to dinner and then, after I had put enough New York strip steaks on the fire to go around—at seven bucks apiece—they'd decide to have another drink. That meant those steaks would be overdone a bit, so they'd go to the crew, and I'd put another lot on. One night, three extra rounds of drinks were served before they were ready for their steaks." Hughes, who had worked on several other yachts before he signed on the Coastal Queen, said he preferred the comparatively routine life of sailing up and down the Waterway to the erratic one of catering to the whims of millionaires on the high seas. For one thing, it permitted him to get to a post office every day or so. For another, he liked people, and all along the Ditch he was on a first-name basis with men who worked in the boatyards, marinas, and garages, while in cafés, motels, and drugstores he knew girls with names like Dolores, Eunice, and Roseanne. Although Hughes had a bunk in one of the forecastle staterooms, he generally slept on the floor of the saloon, he told me, because Cattus, the stateroom's other occupant, stayed up late at night reading. Hughes was up at four-forty-five every morning to stoke the galley fire, and he had the day's first pot of coffee ready when Mr. Briggs, a poor sleeper, came down for an early cup half an hour later. At six-thirty, Hughes began work on breakfast: fruit, fruit juice, hot and cold cereal, eggs, chipped beef, bacon, ham, French toast, waffles, pancakes, muffins, hot biscuits, grits, and toast.



As I had anticipated while watching Hughes at work, that night's dinner at our anchorage in St. Augustine was overpowering: Waldorf salad, roast turkey with sage stuffing, oyster pie, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, creamed spinach, grits, gravy, hot biscuits, crab-apple jelly, strawberry shortcake, and coffee.

"I hope Charles brought his appetite to the table!" Hughes called out from the galley.

"I certainly did," said Cattus, who was energetically demonstrating it.

"Going to the movies tonight, Charles?" Henry Briggs asked.

"I expect so, Mr. Briggs," Cattus replied, "though I don't know what's playing here."

"Since when has that made any difference?" Hughes wanted to know.

The Cattus and Dale families, I discovered, had been friends and neighbors at Bay Head ever since the present captain and engineer of the Coastal Queen were young men, and Dale had rooted for Cattus when Cattus rowed as a member of the New York Athletic Club eight in 1914. Later, Cattus suffered sunstroke while serving with the 7th Regiment in the Mexican campaign against Pancho Villa. After being invalided out of the Army, he went to sea for therapeutic reasons, working on tankers and cargo ships in the years between the two World Wars. Nowadays, Dale sometimes twits the elderly engineer about his persistent reading; if the hot-water heater needed stoking or the mooring lines got tangled up, it would turn out to be because Cattus was deep in a book about wildlife in Uganda or a biography of

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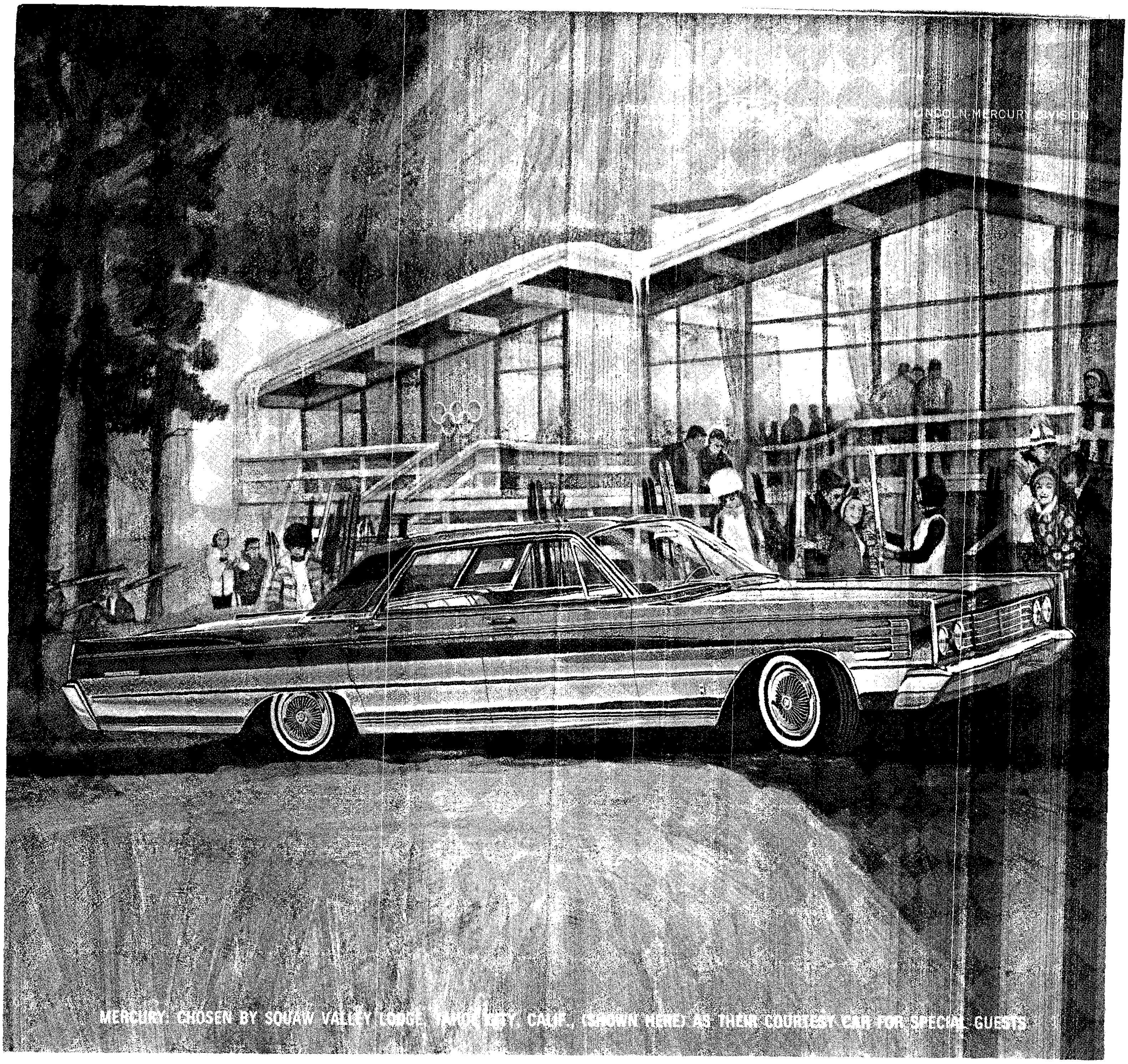

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Woodrow Wilson. For a septuagenarian, however, Cattus in his non-literary intervals moved smartly, strongly, and—when he was able to remember which way a hitch went onto a cleat—efficiently.

ONLY a single seagull hovered overhead when, at six-forty-five the next morning, Dale took his place on a high stool behind the wheel and the Coastal Queen began thumping northward again. An hour later, we reached Palm Valley Cut, which the late Fessenden S. Blanchard, in his "Cruising Guide to the Inland Waterway and Florida," calls "a dramatic gate to the real Florida," adding that "particularly on Saturday or Sunday it is gay and exciting." (Mr. Blanchard's book is addressed chiefly to southbound pleasure-boaters, and his technique is transparent—to cheer them on through what he considers the more dispiriting passages of the Waterway by holding out the hope of a sunny Florida just around the next bend. Anyone reading Blanchard backward while negotiating the northbound journey begins to feel that he is leaping from the warming oven into the deep freeze.) In reality, Palm Valley Cut turned out to be a cramped man-made ditch ten miles long and lined with vacation bungalows, shabby docks, and a standard collection of picture-postcard palms. It was not only dull but just plain dead, and this was Sunday morning, too. There wasn't even anybody fishing.

In the late morning, we reached the mouth of the St. Johns River, moseyed across it, and entered a twenty-seven-mile section of the Waterway—leading across the border into Georgia and terminating in Cumberland Sound—that quietly made history back in 1828, when Congress, having decided that it should be enlarged, voted an appropriation for the purpose, thus involving the federal government for the first time in the Waterway. For centuries prior to that time, scattered efforts had been made, both by Indians and by colonists, to capitalize on the natural system of sheltered rivers, bays, lagoons, and swamps that laced much of this continent's eastern coastline by dredging channels through them and stringing them together with canals. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the colonists and descendants of colonists who pioneered in this field financed their enterprises either by soliciting subscriptions or by setting up companies and issuing stock; in either case, tolls were charged for the use of the new thoroughfares, and the expec-

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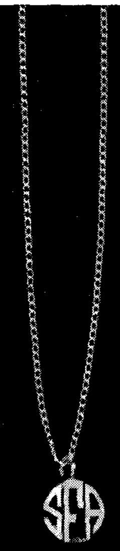
tation was that in time commerce on them would so increase that they would not only pay for themselves but earn a profit. In 1787, to cite a classic instance of how the Waterway grew piecemeal, work began on one of its earliest links—an eighteen-mile canal cut through the Great Dismal Swamp to connect Albemarle Sound, in North Carolina, with Norfolk, Virginia. The project was sponsored by the Great Dismal Swamp Land Company, which numbered among its stockholders both George Washington, who had helped survey the region, and Patrick Henry. This canal, which was to become the last lap on the Coastal Queen's northbound itinerary, was not completed until 1828, the actual pick-and-shovel digging having been done by Negro slaves using mule teams as bulldozers. It stands today as one of the oldest artificial waterways still in operation in the United States.

When Congress found itself getting into the waterway business, it cast about for a federal agency capable of constructing new facilities and maintaining and expanding existing ones, and concluded that the only candidate even remotely qualified was the Army Corps of Engineers. So the job went to the Corps, which still has it, although it now parcels out much of the construction work to civilian contractors. In 1911, the Engineers embarked on a drive to close the gaps in the Waterway that were still making the coastal trip hazardous for small craft, their first major project being a canal, seven feet deep, across the peninsula separating Beaufort, North Carolina, from Pamlico Sound. A quarter of a century later, with the announcement by the Corps that it had completed a canal behind Myrtle Beach linking Georgetown, South Carolina, and Little River, on the North Carolina border, the job was finished, and it was at last possible for boats to sail all the way from Norfolk to Florida without ever once stepping outside.

The Engineers keep a vigilant watch over the Waterway and everything related to it, listening on the local level to arguments over plans for its future that may affect the well-being of any of the communities along its banks, granting or withholding approval of contemplated secondary projects that may affect its usefulness, recommending congressional appropriations for further improvements, and awarding contracts to civilian firms on the basis of competitive bidding. The Corps maintains several district headquarters along the Waterway, and teams of en-



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gineers from these are always out measuring the depth and course of the channel in areas where it is prone to silt and shift, supervising dredging operations in an effort to keep the channel at least twelve feet deep all the way from Norfolk to Florida (actually, in some spots it's a good-sized chore to keep it at even half that depth), relocating the channel markers, letting the Coast and Geodetic Survey know so navigational charts can be revised in accordance with the latest movements of shoals and sandbars, and trying to keep the passage clear of waterlogged stumps and tree trunks, which tend to lurk just beneath the surface. (No one could hope to spot them all, though, and this is why Dale rarely sails the Coastal Queen after dark.)

It took us the better part of the afternoon to cover the stretch of the Waterway that first tapped the generosity of Congress. En route, we passed Fernandina, just south of the Georgia border—a town I recall for its malodorous paper mill and because just as we arrived there a fleet of crescent-sheered shrimp boats came in from the ocean through Cumberland Sound Inlet and, like a procession of communicants, tied up, one behind another, at the municipal wharf. Then, as the Coastal Queen moved on across the inlet from which this little covey had appeared, we left Florida behind us and almost immediately found ourselves at once in an entirely new geography. After being hemmed in for so long by the low, stringy barrier beach that outlines Florida's east coast, I felt as if we had embarked on some mysterious inland sea. This was Cumberland Sound, a wide, desolate expanse of water, salt marshes, and sandy islands. Georgia has what amounts to two coasts: an outer one, made up of eight large islands generally called the Sea Islands—Cumberland, Jekyll, St. Simons, Sapelo, St. Catherines, Ossabaw, Skidaway, and Tybee their names are, reading from south to north—which range in length from four to twenty-three miles and are protectively lined on the Atlantic side with high dunes pegged together by stunted and twisted oaks; and an inner one, which is the mainland itself, with creeks and river mouths deeply indenting its wooded shore. Between these two coasts, innumerable tidal estuaries thread their mazelike way through the salt marshes, and there is also a series of snaky channels, some broad and deep, others skinny and shallow, that have been fused ingeniously into one channel—that of the Waterway. Most of Cum-

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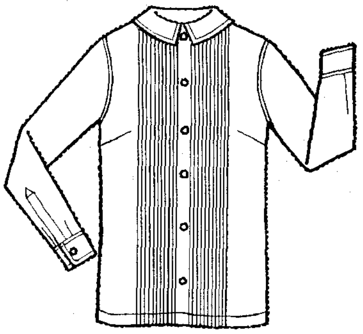

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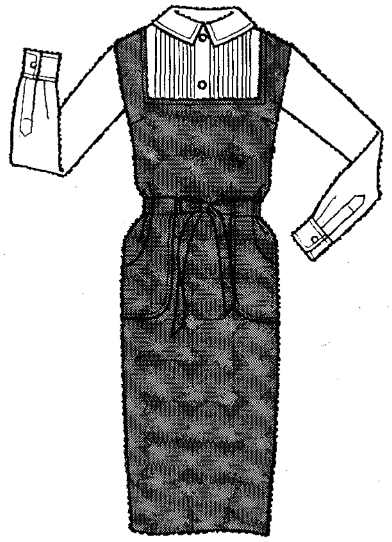

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berland Island—the largest in the group, and the only one we got a sight of that day—belongs to descendants of Andrew Carnegie's younger brother, Thomas, who bought a large estate there in 1893 and later built a home on the site of a hunting lodge built by Sir James Oglethorpe, who founded Georgia in 1732. Through binoculars, we could see some heifers grazing in lush pastures, and along the waterside some signs reading, "Private Property—Do Not Come Ashore." As it happened, nothing was further from Dale's mind; instead, he swung the Coastal Queen in the opposite direction, leaving the Waterway to sail a short distance up Crooked River, where we anchored for the night.

WE were away in the first, pale-gray light of morning—or, rather, we were out of Crooked River again, and heading north across the broad reaches of St. Andrew Sound on our way to the next island, Jekyll. As we emerged from the river, it became apparent that by taking refuge in its quiet waters Dale had spared us a restless night, for on the sound the wind was blowing quite briskly from the north, and the Coastal Queen began pitching. Dale usually stops at the Jekyll Island wharf to let his passengers stretch their legs and look about, and as we tied up there I reflected that our doing so constituted an interesting commentary on the times, for not so many years ago our welcome on that shore would have been even less hospitable than the one promised us by Cumberland the previous afternoon.

In being handed—or wrenched—around from one set of owners to another, Jekyll Island has come full circle. The Creeks, a confederacy of Indians centered in what is now Georgia and Alabama, originally occupied it. Then, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it was owned by the crowns of Spain and England, in that order, and it was under the latter that its name became Jekyll (the Creeks had called it Ospo), in honor of Sir Joseph Jekyll, a rather jowly gentleman, to judge from a portrait I saw of him on the island, who was a friend of Oglethorpe's and who, together with his wife, contributed six hundred pounds toward helping Oglethorpe found his colony. In 1791, four French émigré aristocrats bought the island, and the family of one of them held possession of it until 1886, when it was sold, for a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, to a corporate entity called the Jekyll Island Club, whose members—a group of fifty-three American million-

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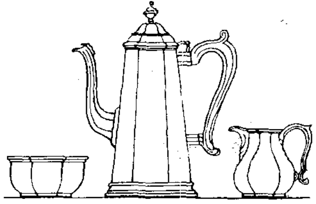

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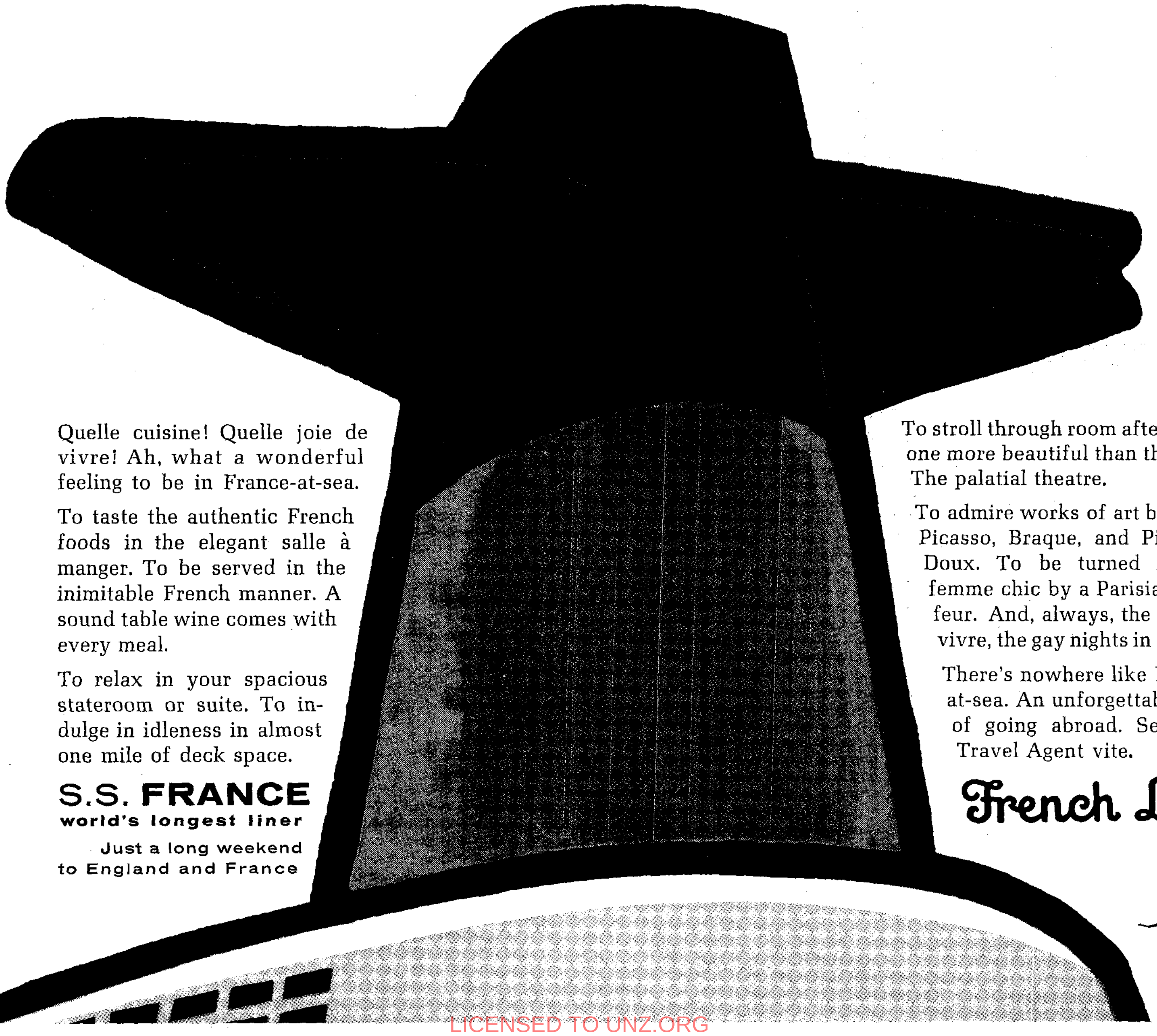

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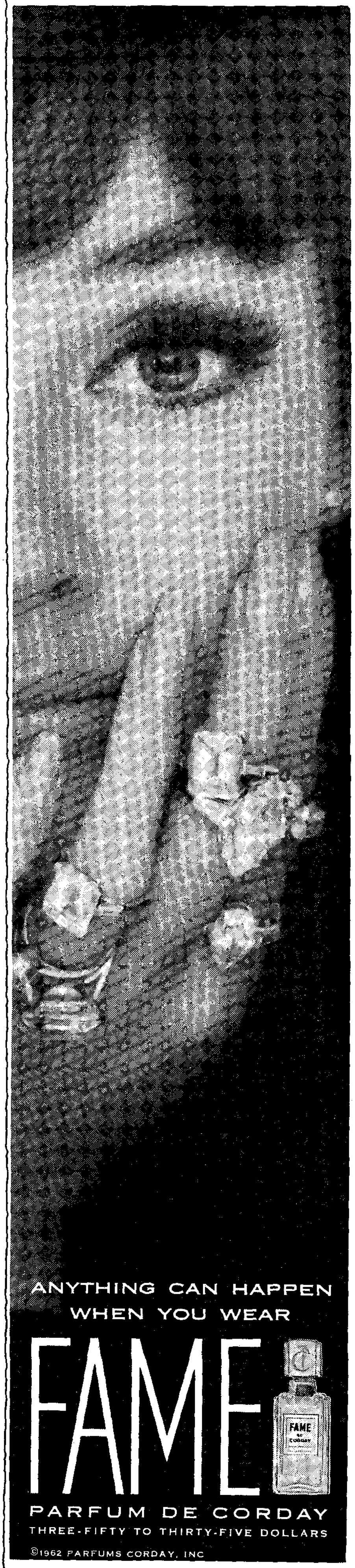
aires, mainly from New York—converted it into a private winter playground for themselves and a few carefully selected guests. (At that, guests were never allowed to stay longer than two weeks.) In April, 1942, when the members had enjoyed fifty-six years of exclusive seasonal frolics, a German submarine torpedoed a tanker off neighboring St. Simons, and the government ordered everybody to leave Jekyll immediately. The club never reopened, and in 1947 sold the island, for six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to the State of Georgia, which converted it into a public park. That's what it is today.

The charter members of the Jekyll Island Club—men named Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Harriman, Lorillard, Pulitzer, Morgan, and McCormick, and the like—were reputed to control a sixth of the world's wealth, and may well have done so. A majority of them had summer homes in Newport or Tuxedo Park, or both, and had been looking for a retreat where they could also enjoy salubrious weather in winter (from New Year's to Easter was the season at Jekyll) and still not be wholly out of touch with their sources of income. The island was especially appealing to them on this score, being only twenty-four hours from Wall Street by private train. Most of the members built "cottages" of their own on Jekyll—edifices that were perhaps not quite as grand as what passed under that name at Newport but were hardly vacation shacks, either—and the rest stayed at a central clubhouse. All of them took their meals at the clubhouse, because the season was too short and provisions were too difficult to come by to encourage the use of private kitchens. Still, there was no hardship. Three-hour, ten-course dinners were regularly prepared and served by a chef and full kitchen and dining-room staffs sent down from Delmonico's. Ordinarily, the menu consisted of items brought over by boat from Brunswick, on the mainland, but the members could easily supplement it, for the island was well supplied with deer and wild turkey, not to mention three hundred boars that had been presented to J. P. Morgan by King Umberto of Italy.

Upon going ashore, Dale and I walked up a drive lined with palms and live oaks to the former clubhouse, which is now the Jekyll Island Hotel. It is a huge, rambling structure with a porch in need of paint, and a woman behind the desk in the lobby gave us an understanding glance as we showed no sign of wishing to register but just wandered around, looking. All the room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keys were on their hooks behind her, and the pigeonholes for mail and messages were all empty except one, which held a solitary letter. Back outdoors, we strolled along tarred paths and across lawns of sun-browned grass past a number of slightly shabby Victorian houses—the cottages of the club members. One of these—a twenty-room residence built by William Rockefeller and lugubriously named Indian Mound—is now the island museum, filled with treasures that the members left behind. Dale and I, having paid a girl on duty near the door a thirty-five-cent admission fee, went in and tiptoed around. The exhibits included lots of bamboo and wicker furniture, a whole roomful of china water jugs, hip baths, and handbasins, and a roomful of stuffed birds and animals.

On our way back to the wharf, Dale and I ran into Hughes, who had gone over to the ocean side of the island to mail some letters. That, it seemed, was where the crowds gathered, attracted by a boardwalk, a fairground, picnic tables, and five motels, whose customers drive over on a causeway that was opened in 1954.

At eleven o'clock, chugging along again between the now familiar rows of markers, we rounded a bend in the channel to see ahead of us what Dale assured me was the largest floating object ever seen in the Waterway. This was a vast dredge, and by the time we were clear of it I was more than ready to take his word for it. Creeping along at the insistent nudging of a low, powerful tug, this monster consisted of a floating three-story structure with a wicked-looking boring screw at its stern and, stretching out behind it, a long tail of pontoon rafts, each carrying a section of pipe. When the dredge reached its destination, the screw would start boring away and the spoil would be pumped through the pipes and deposited on the sides of the channel. More than a quarter of a mile long from its foraging snout to the tip of its tail, the thing sprawled in the channel like some medieval dragon, and it was our misfortune to encounter it at dead low water. The bend was sharp and the cut was narrow, and, all in all, I felt we should reverse rapidly and take to the open sea. Dale felt otherwise. "It seems the outside of the bend is where we belong," he said calmly and, throttling back to half speed, steered his boat disconcertingly close to the mud on the starboard bank. I was the one who was disconcerted, for, having grown accustomed to the Coastal Queen's usual

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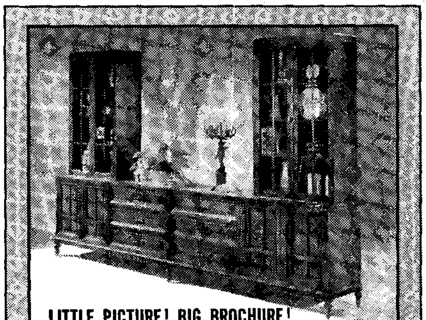

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sounds and vibrations, I could sense from the changes in them the almost hairbreadth proximity of the bottom. As we crawled abreast of the tug nuzzling the dredge's flank, her windows slid past ours, and Dale and a couple of her crewmen exchanged casual salutes. "That's a hard job they've got there," Dale told me gravely when at last we had the channel to ourselves again. "It takes a lot of know-how to handle those pontoons in all kinds of weather. Well, before long we'll be out in St. Simons Sound, and we'll have a little more elbowroom there."

We did have more elbowroom upon reaching the open water, but we also had more wind; it was blowing quite perkily now, whipping up whitecaps and causing the boat to roll. As we neared St. Simons Island, our next destination, we passed within a good championship drive of a damp green fairway that was part of the celebrated St. Simons golf course. Then, continuing up a network of small channels, we reached a well-kept but deserted dock. Landing there, Dale and I walked through a copse of tall live oaks to the edge of a creek, where we came upon the stone ruins of Fort Frederica, which was built by Oglethorpe in 1736 as one of a series of bastions to protect Georgia's southern border from Spanish forces in Florida and since 1945 has been set apart as a national monument. Happily, the remains of Frederica have been merely preserved rather than "restored."

From Frederica, a crushed-shell road leads seven miles to Hampton Point, the site of a pre-Civil War cotton plantation owned by a member of an old Georgia family, Pierce Butler, whose wife for a time—or, to be specific, from 1834 to 1849—was the British actress Fanny Kemble. A short visit that she paid during the winter and spring of 1838-39 to Hampton Point and to a rice plantation her husband owned on Butler Island, a few miles north of St. Simons, was what made her begin to wonder why she had married Butler anyway. She recorded her horrified impressions of her stay in a series of letters to a friend in the North, and, under the title "Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation," they were published both in this country and in England at the beginning of the Civil War. They went down very well in New York, but in London the *Saturday Review* complained that some of the passages could scarcely have been written by a lady and would be impossible to read in a proper Victorian drawing room. (In Georgia, scholars are still fussing over the

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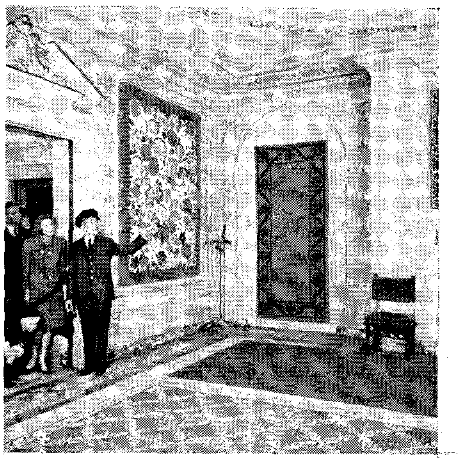
"Journal," and every now and then one of them will publish a ponderous critique in which a single error in fact on Miss Kemble's part is construed as evidence that the whole thing is a tissue of lies.)

While Miss Kemble was in Georgia, she carried on a personal fight for progress, despite her own discomfort. She bribed the women among her husband's slaves to wash their babies' faces; cleaned up the slaves' infirmary, where she found patients lying on the floor; and, when slaves were to be sold, used what influence she had on Butler's overseer and on Butler himself to see to it that families were kept together. She was not much impressed by the Southern aristocracy, noting that one of two gentlemen on St. Simons who were supposed to fight a duel prematurely assassinated the other and was subsequently acquitted by a jury. Southern women she found impossibly languid, and the palatial residences of the Southern gentry were "such as a well-to-do English farmer would certainly not inhabit . . . all things have a Castle Rackrent air of neglect, and dreary, careless untidiness, with which the dirty, barefooted negro servants are in excellent keeping." No exception was made in the case of the two Butler residences.

THAT afternoon, we went on as far as the next big Georgia island, Sapelo, where we glimpsed a red-roofed mansion belonging to the Reynolds tobacco family, and at dusk we anchored near Sapelo, about a mile off the Waterway. The next morning—Election Day, as it happened—we set out for Savannah, and tied up there around noon, at a ramshackle pier on the Savannah River. The Coastal Queen is a dry ship, in the sense that no alcoholic drinks are served or sold aboard, but passengers are welcome to bring their own, so, having reached the first city of any size since St. Augustine, I went ashore with the idea of laying in a supply of beer. While I was aware that up North my errand would have been in vain until the polls closed, I somehow didn't suppose that anyone would feel there was a need for a similar ban deep in the one-party South. The proprietor of the first luncheonette-*cum*-package store that I stopped in at relieved me of this misapprehension; he could sell me nothing but a sandwich until after 5 P.M. At nine that evening, after a post-dinner nap, I went ashore to try again, and this time I found the proprietor of the store hanging up a "Closed" sign on the inside of his door. He gave me a friendly wave but



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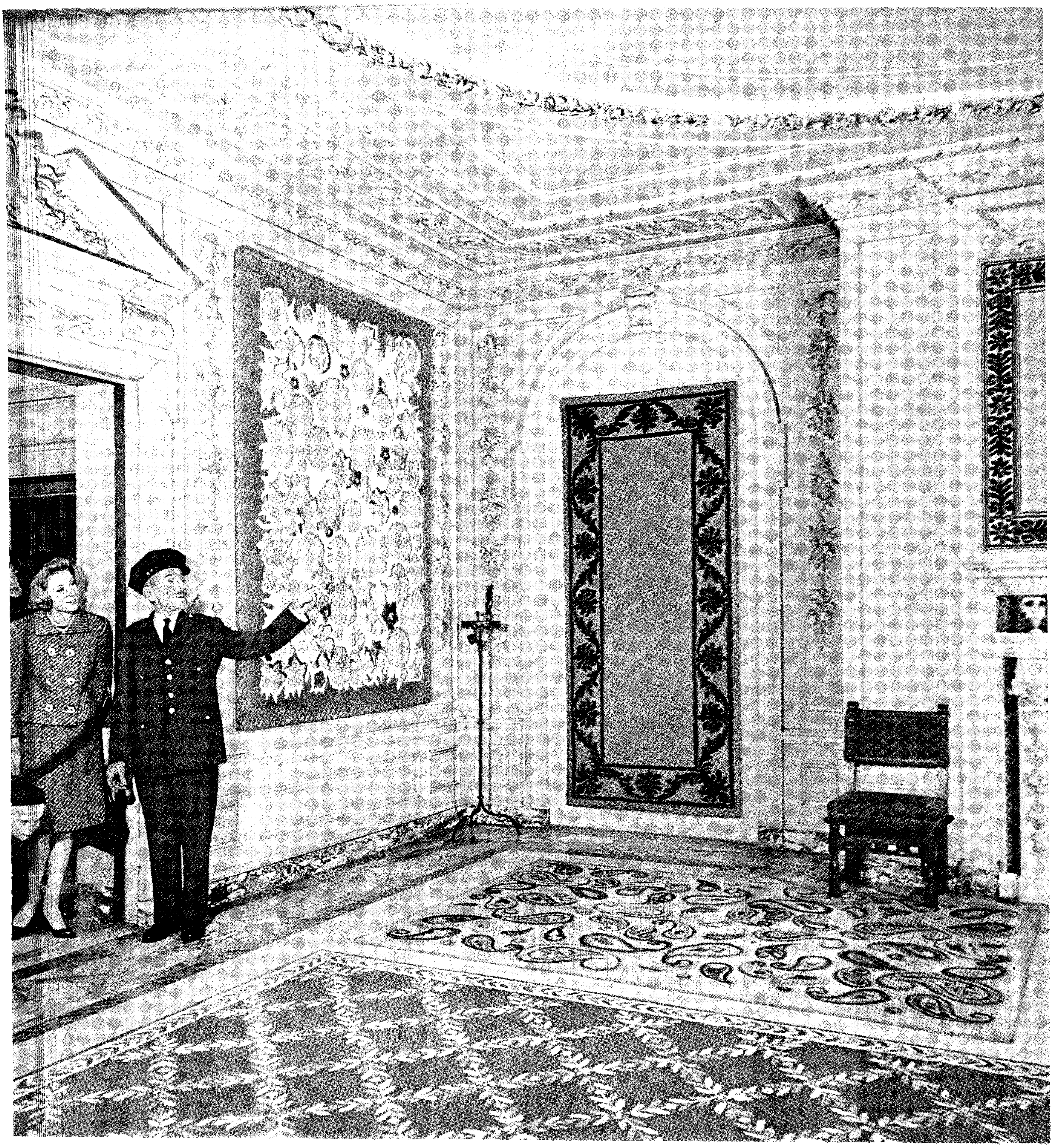

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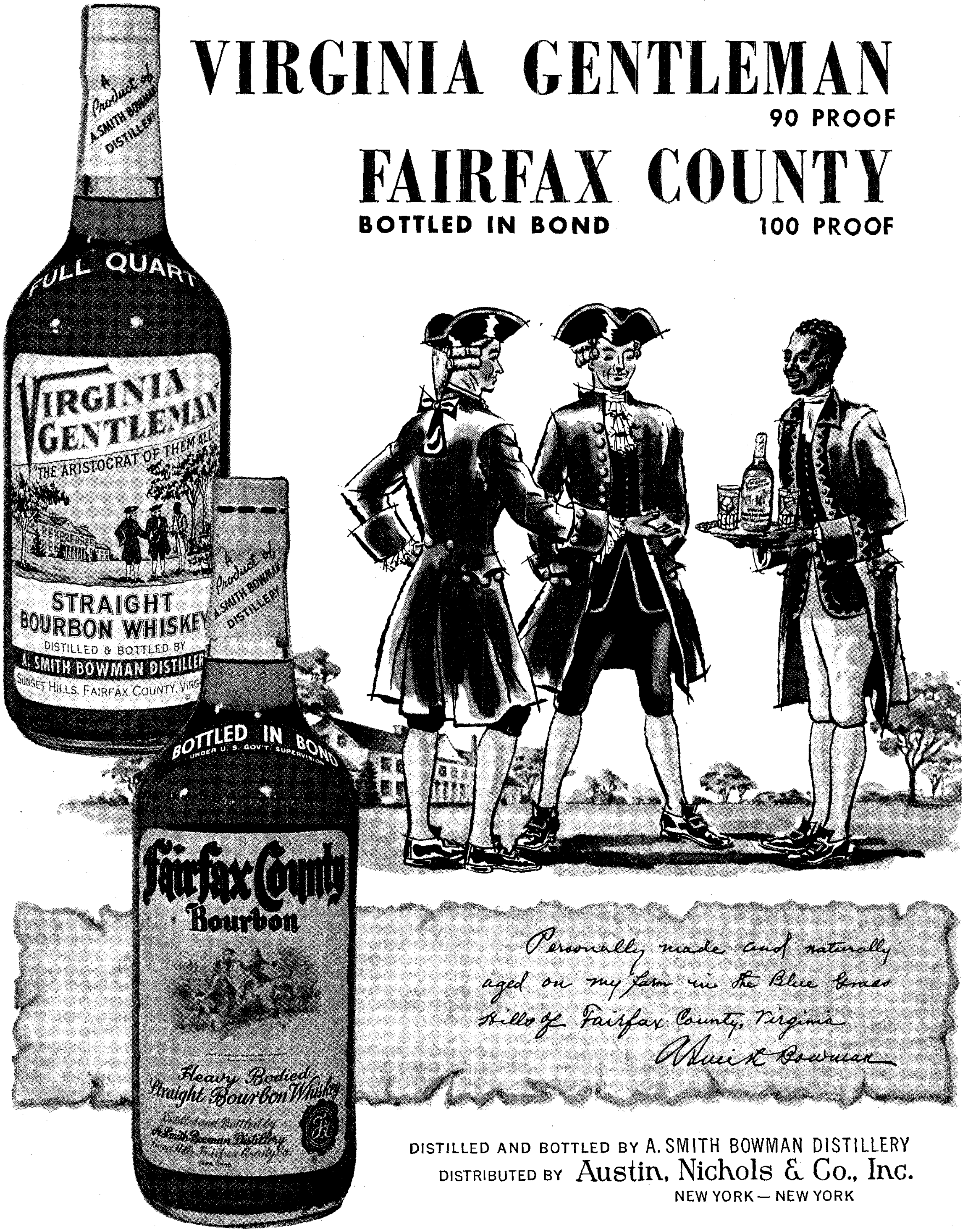
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pointed to a clock on the wall behind him and shook his head. I tackled another store, but nine was the curfew, all right. During the night, the Coastal Queen creaked against the piles of her wharf as ships of all sizes passed up and down the river and the waters surged in deference to their bulk.

We were off shortly after dawn, and in no time we had sailed over the border into South Carolina. A day and a half of marshland and open sound lay ahead as we made for Charleston. Porpoises jollicked off our bows, birds dived toward us, and the sun shone. Passing Parris Island, we heard gunfire but saw no Marines.

I finally got my beer at Beaufort—pronounced "Bewfert," unlike Beaufort, North Carolina, which is pronounced "Bowfort." But although Beaufort, South Carolina, labors under the uglier version of the name, it is a handsome town. From beginning to end of the Civil War, it was occupied by federal troops, thus escaping the pillage suffered by so many of its neighbors and keeping intact a number of distinguished examples of prewar architecture. Perhaps the most noteworthy of these is St. Helen's Church, a finely proportioned brick building with an outer surface of smooth light-pink cement stucco, which has a double tier of Georgian windows admitting light into a spacious Colonial interior.

That afternoon, Dale took the Coastal Queen through a labyrinth of inlets, swamps, and small islands, and toward sundown we turned into a gently curving reach of calm water called Wimbee Creek, whose channel, if any, was not indicated on his charts, but whose depth he had found sufficient in the past. Just to be sure, he stationed Cattus in the bow to take soundings with a lead line and keep him posted on how many fathoms of water he had under his keel. Then, steering from headland to clump of trees to tributary ditch to patch of bushes, he moved forward cautiously while Cattus called out at intervals, "Nearly four," "Just about three," and, finally, "Down to two." With that, Dale waved a signal, Cattus let go the hook, and in a moment the Coastal Queen was swinging in an easy arc, at anchor for the night half a mile downstream from a cluster of vacant summer cottages.

THE next morning, as we neared Charleston, our course again took us through a grid of meandering passages. It also took us past an obscure bit of land called Whooping Island,

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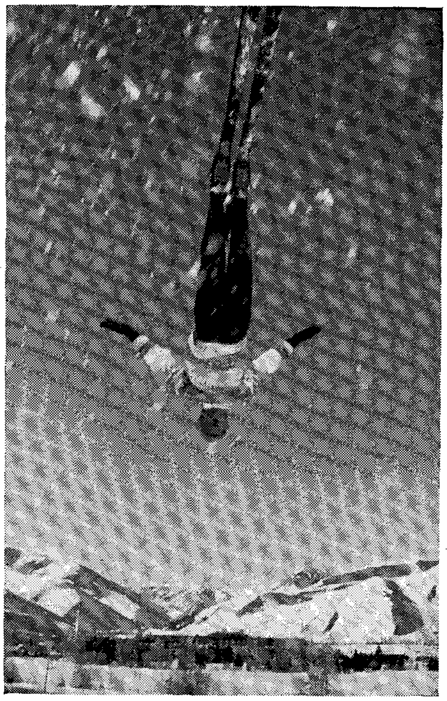
which, Dale said, was named not for the cranes but for a custom observed at a time when it was served by a ferry whose owner was accustomed to doze on the mainland side until some would-be passenger on the island summoned him by whooping at the top of his voice. That morning, we saw our first batch of ducks—six blacks, riding on the surface of a backwater. They saw us, too, and, taking to the air, whirred off southward. "Winter," said Mr. Briggs, shivering slightly.

It was gray and raining as we came into Charleston, but several men were out on the dock of the municipal yacht basin, ready to take our lines. Hughes and a jovial Negro dockhand exchanged loud greetings, as if our little vessel had been around the world since she last put in there. Charleston is the major metropolis on the route of the Coastal Queen, and Dale generally stays there a day and a half, to give his passengers an opportunity to go sightseeing among its museums, parks, colorful gardens, and historic houses. On this trip, the weather discouraged such expeditions, but Dale stayed on anyway, waiting for his third passenger, Mr. Collins, to join us. Despite the rain, Cattus and Hughes hurried ashore as soon as they could, the one to see a movie and the other to visit the post office, while Mr. Briggs, plainly skeptical of his stateroom's shipboard contrivance, made an excursion to the Francis Marion Hotel, where he planned to engage a room for the express purpose of taking a bath. I had agreed to meet him for dinner that evening at a restaurant opposite the old produce market, but because I didn't feel like reconnoitring in a downpour I stayed aboard for the time being. Toward evening, the rain abated, and I set out in time to walk around a bit before keeping the rendezvous. In some ways, Charleston reminded me of an English provincial seaside town like Brighton or Bournemouth—particularly along its promenade around Battery Point, where large, upper-middle-class houses are separated from the seawall by the width of a boulevard, and along King Street, a narrow thoroughfare lined with small shops on whose doors one would not be startled to see the traditional boast "By Appointment to H.M." The city's Southernness is also very apparent, however, in the many verandas with rocking chairs, for example, and in the abundance of Baptist churches and loan offices, and in the Confederate flag to be seen everywhere. And yet somehow the spirit of rebellion seems alien to Charleston. Its real



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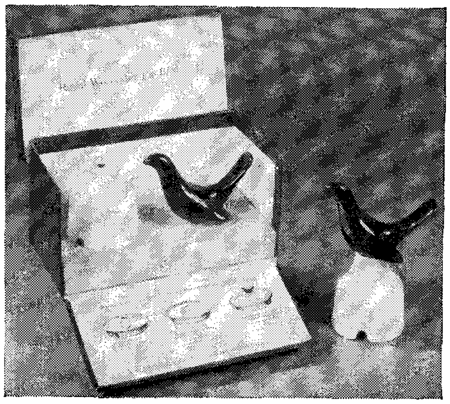

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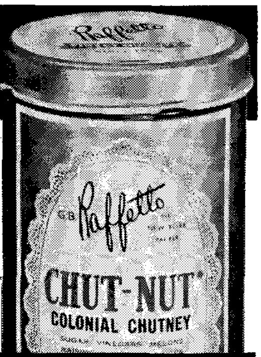

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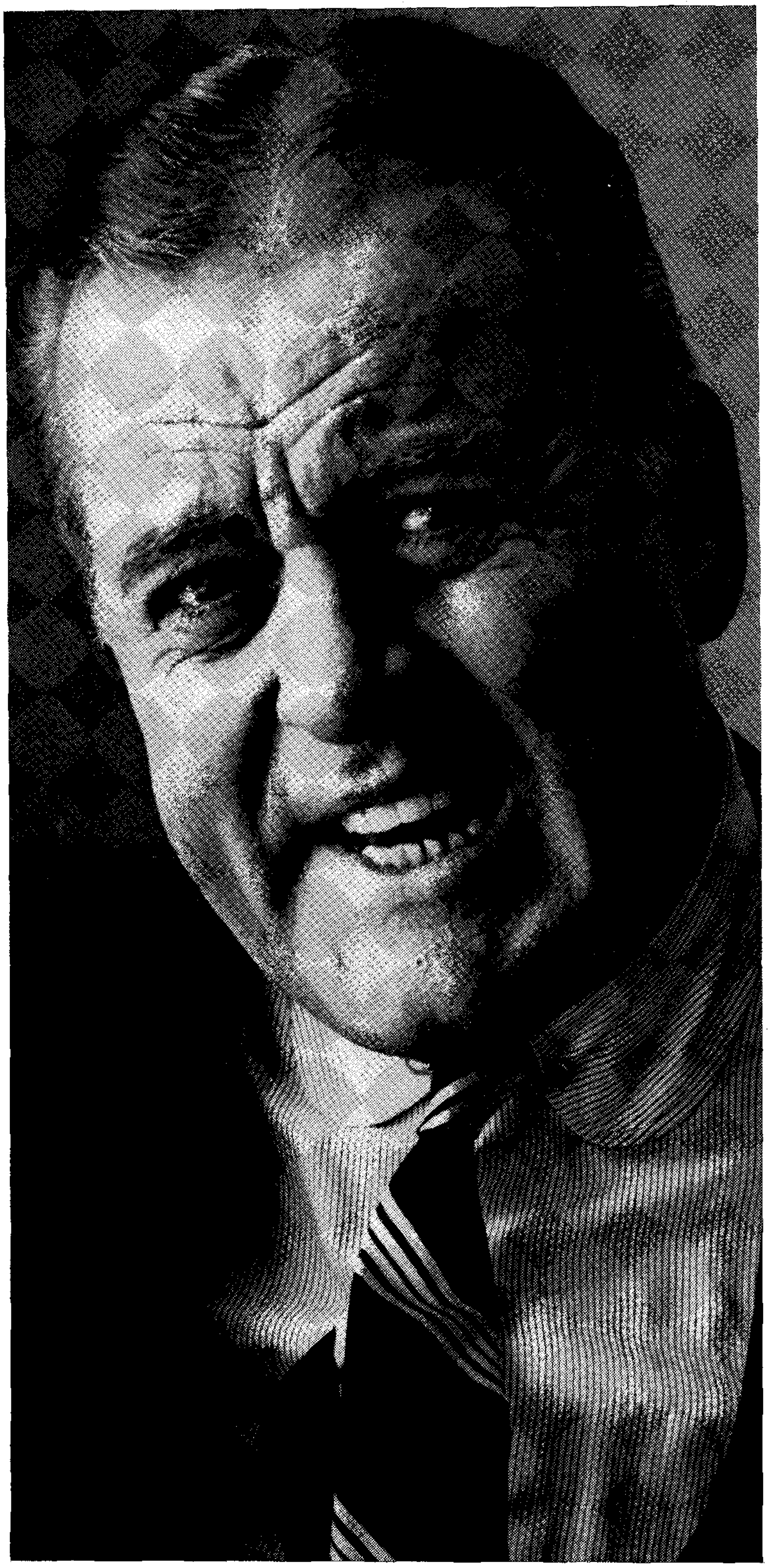
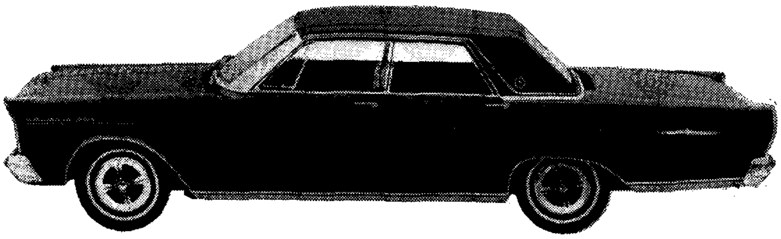


So I'm henpecked.



Still Strictly A Family Affair

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.,
President
Old Fitzgerald Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849

After more than 60 years as President of our family distillery, my father, the long-time editor of these familiar columns, assumes the title of "Senior Proprietor".

As a rugged independent of the old-fashioned Kentucky Sour Mash School, he prefers this title to the customary "Chairman of the Board".

"Chairmen," he claims, "are on the last step up the ladder. *Senior Proprietors* are on the rung after that!"

Now, in a gesture both modest and generous, he hands his pen to me to acquaint you with *two* promotions, his *and* mine. After more than a quarter-century under his direction, "aged-in-the-wood and bottle-ripe", he now names me OLD FITZGERALD's President.

Traditionally, the making and aging of old-fashioned Kentucky Bourbon has always been a family enterprise—a father-to-son affair in which the family recipe, so carefully protected through the years, is preserved for the generations to come.

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And so committed are we to the best tradition of old-fashioned Kentucky sour mash that our OLD FITZGERALD recipe remains today as it was three fathers-and-sons ago.

With my father's pen now in hand, I assure you it will always be so. Whatever change the future may bring, there will be no compromise of famous OLD FITZGERALD quality.

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spirit, I thought, was well expressed by a shopkeeper of whom I asked directions. "Well," he said, "the most *comfortable* way to get there is . . ."

We had arrived in Charleston on a Friday, and Mr. Collins was expected aboard that evening, but he didn't show up. On Saturday morning, there was an air of suspense among the ship's company over whether he would show up at all; Dale, I sensed, liked to feel that even on a light run north at that time of year the Coastal Queen was doing a respectable amount of business. Mr. Collins didn't fail him. He arrived at twelve-fifteen. He had flown up from Miami, he explained, and he apologized for not having been able to get away from his office there in time to catch a plane the night before. A small, pink-faced, stooped, but spry gentleman of eighty, he told me he lived in Coconut Grove, sailed a catboat on Biscayne Bay, and, as a still practicing architect, designed movie theatres.

When Mr. Collins had been shown over the ship and his bags had been put in Stateroom A, Dale declared that it was time to leave, and we headed out past Fort Sumter toward the sea before turning north through still another network of creeks and islands. It was a splendid afternoon. Mr. Collins sat in the pilothouse with Dale and me, made several remarks expressive of his feeling of well-being, decided that he would be more comfortable with his feet up, and was soon sound asleep. An hour or so later, he awoke, contemplated his surroundings meditatively, and said, "I don't think the Ditch used to be as straight as it is now. I remember we used to go about twelve miles to gain four."

"What year was that?" Dale asked.

"1911," said Mr. Collins. "My father and I came down in a twenty-four-foot sloop from Staten Island to the headwaters of the St. Johns River, in Florida. Took us thirty-one days. We had an auxiliary engine, but we used only sail a lot of the way. My, did we have a good time!"

"The Waterway is more feasible for sail than many people think," Dale said. "At this time of year, the wind is often from the north or northwest, which blows you south, and in the spring it's generally from the south or southwest, which blows you home again. I guess the big difference between now and the days of sail is that before the Waterway was finished you were never sure of making it at all. I know of one man who got so mixed up by the twists and turns of the unmarked creeks and inlets that he was always going north

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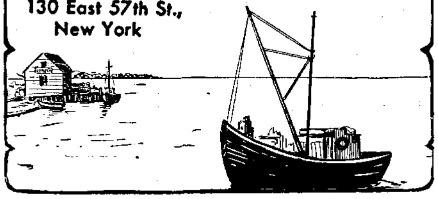

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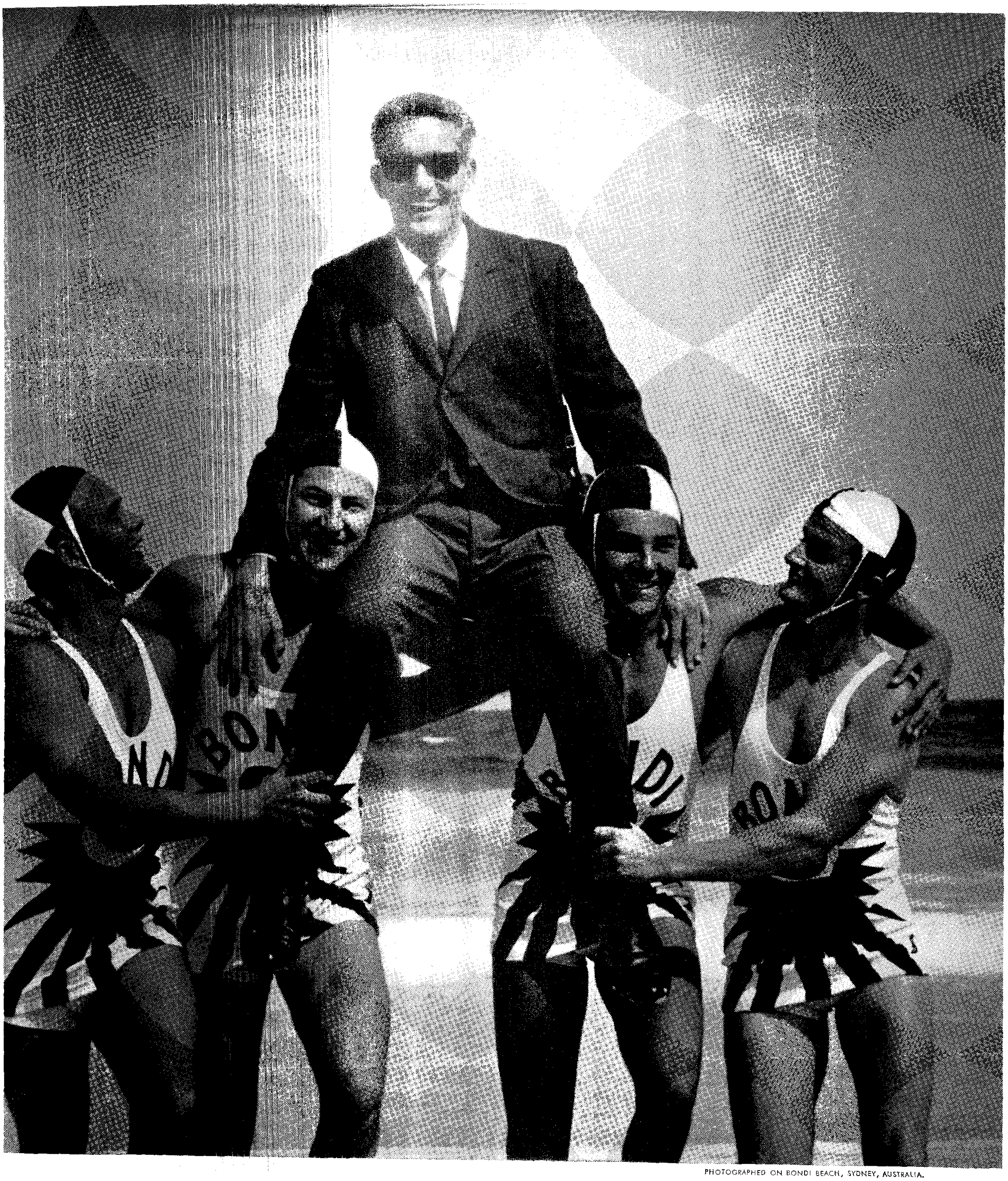

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when he thought he was going south."

"And then the running aground," remarked Mr. Collins.

"The way I remember it, when I came down in 1925 you'd see boats stranded on the mud everywhere you looked," said Dale.

The next morning, after a night spent moored at a town called McClellanville, we sailed for Georgetown, a smallish community that may be the oldest in South Carolina—it was going strong as a seaport half a century before Lafayette landed there in 1777 to offer his services to the colonists—and that is currently distinguished by possessing the world's second-largest paper mill and by standing at the junction of four rivers named Waccamaw, Sampit, Black, and Pee Dee. We arrived around ten, moored at a boat-servicing dock, where Cattus topped up our fuel and water tanks, and then went on our way, following the Waccamaw as it twisted through long-derelict rice fields and indigo plantations, where now and again a rickety brick chimney rose against the sky as the only remaining sign that a habitation had once stood there. After the Civil War, most of these plantations were acquired with Northern money, but they never regained their former prosperity, and in 1930 the late Archer Milton Huntington, of New York and Bethel, Connecticut, whose father, Collis P. Huntington, was the builder of the Southern Pacific Railroad, bought up several of them for three hundred thousand dollars and spent more than twice that sum consolidating and improving them and installing in their midst the world's largest open-air repository of sculpture—a spread of lawns, formal flower beds, walks, and pools called Brookgreen Gardens.

Since Huntington also set aside a fund of $1,200,000 with the stipulation that the income from it be used to maintain Brookgreen Gardens as a public museum, some of us went ashore to see what is surely one of the most striking places on the Waterway, although not in quite the way its sponsor had in mind. A gate in a high fence was opened for us by a Negro caretaker, and, entering, we walked through a meadow to a flight of brick steps leading up to the display area, where some three hundred and forty works of sculpture by a hundred and seventy American artists are to be found by anyone with the time and strength to look for them. Among the larger pieces we saw was a gigantic memorial to Huntington and his wife, Anna Hyatt Huntington, who is a sculptress her-

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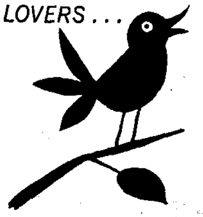

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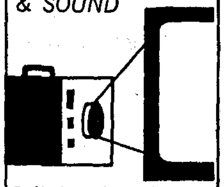

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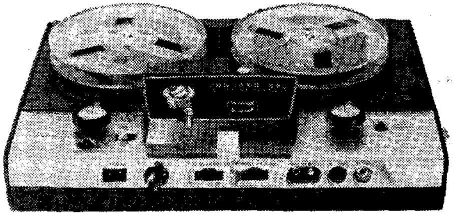

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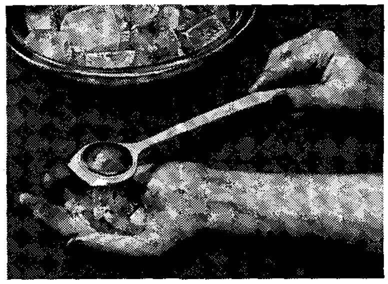

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self. The statue was, in fact, the work of Mrs. Huntington, and on it, inscribed in ornamental lettering, was a poem by her husband, which was called "The Silver Gardens." Paul Manship, I remember, was also represented amid the greenery, and on almost every durable surface we discovered other verses, some by Huntington, a few by poets like Ralph Hodgson and Kipling, but most by little-known, Shelleyesque versifiers, male and female, who had much to say about souls, tears, and beauty. Over it all spread the branches of a remarkable growth of giant oaks.

WE anchored that night at Bucksport, and, it seemed, had hardly come to rest before it was morning and we were under way again. As it turned out, the most sporting passages of our journey lay just ahead. By the time I finished breakfast, Dale had steered up a creek and entered a twenty-three-mile canal, a hundred and fifty feet wide, that had been cut in 1933 through a sandy plateau behind Myrtle Beach and about a mile inland from the Atlantic—the longest and, as of today, the last artificial section of the Waterway to be completed. In the wheelhouse, sweaters and wool shirts were the order of the day, for it was a nippy morning, and also a foggy one. Dale throttled back to half speed as he prepared to edge his way through the cut, and thereafter blew periodic blasts on his horn while Cattus stood in the bow, alert for anything untoward but especially for floating logs, which appeared to have a predilection for the canal.

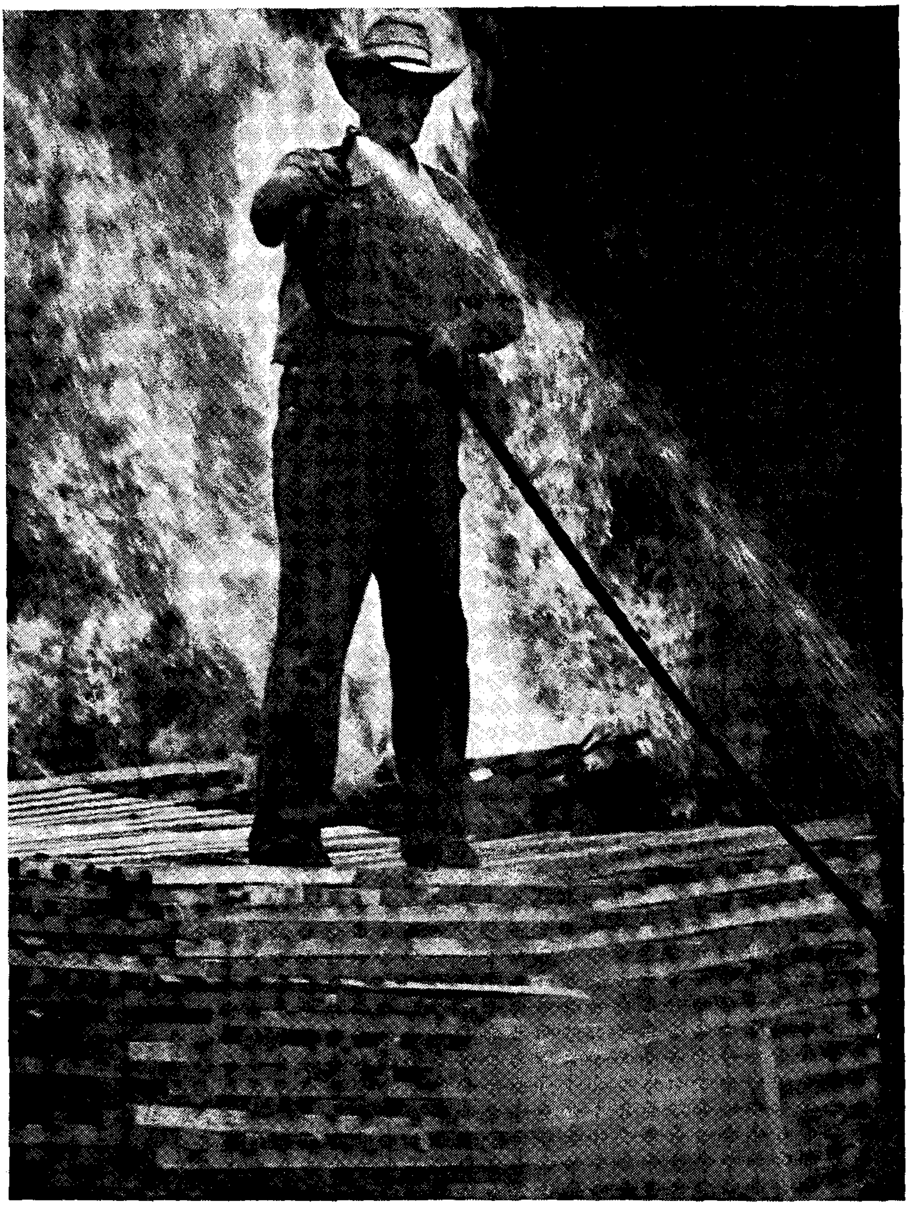
After about twenty minutes, Dale said, "I think there's a boat coming our way," and squeezed the Coastal Queen over near the starboard bank. Sure enough, we soon heard another horn blowing, like a tardy echo of our own, and then a forty-five-foot Huckins cabin cruiser bore down on us out of the soft gray wall of moisture.

"How did you know about her so far in advance?" Mr. Collins asked.

"I just kind of felt her coming," Dale said. "It felt as if the blasts from our horn were finding something solid up ahead and bouncing back—like radar, I guess."

Mr. Collins stared pensively through a starboard window in the general direction of the ocean. "Think it's foggy outside, too?" he asked.

"I don't know—maybe not," said Dale. "Even with this fog, though, I'd rather be here—inside. That's unpleasant water out there—Cape Fear,



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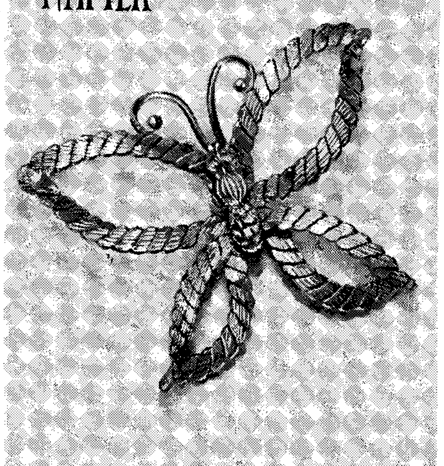
Frying Pan Shoals, all those narrow, shifting inlets."

"But you went that way in 1925?" Mr. Collins asked.

"Had to," Dale replied.

Dale wanted us to moor for the night at Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina, and we spent an energetic afternoon and evening getting there. Leaving the Myrtle Beach cut just before the border between the two Carolinas, we had crossed an inlet where fierce eddies, abetted by a powerful head tide, tried to spin us in circles. The same inhospitable combination of currents was against us as we labored twelve miles up the Cape Fear River to gain the entrance to Snows Cut, a mile-and-a-half-long, ninety-foot-wide dredged canal, and by the time we got there the sun had set. Dale then addressed himself to the exacting chore of night-piloting through the narrow passage. The pilothouse was in darkness except for a shrouded flashlight, with which he consulted his charts, and the only other lights visible were the flashing beacons on the night markers that guided our way and the beam of our own searchlight, which Dale now and again turned on and aimed at the markers without beacons. In this fashion, we rumbled on while the channel banks passed in a blur on either side. By the time we reached Wrightsville Beach, our eyes were fully adjusted to the dark and so sensitive to even a pinprick of brightness that at first we had trouble distinguishing the marker beacons from the headlights of cars crossing a bridge that was about to open for us and rows of electric bulbs outlining a gas station. Dale quickly got them figured out, though, and eased us into a dock, where we tied up, had a simple supper, and turned in early.

Just as I was stepping into my stateroom, two big tugs with large tows passed by—moving impressively, hooting for the bridge to open, and sweeping the water incessantly with powerful searchlights. Those tugs, like fast freight trains or trailer trucks, would keep pressing on all night, however taut the nerves of the men in their wheelhouses. They had relatively deep drafts, making it imperative that they keep to the deep center of the channel; any flirting with its sloping sides would mean costly delays, if nothing worse. Long after they were gone, I could hear their wash rolling up against the banks and could see, far in the distance, their searchlights flickering against the barrier of darkness they could not tarry for. As I turned to close my cabin door,



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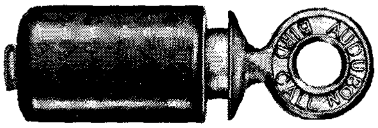

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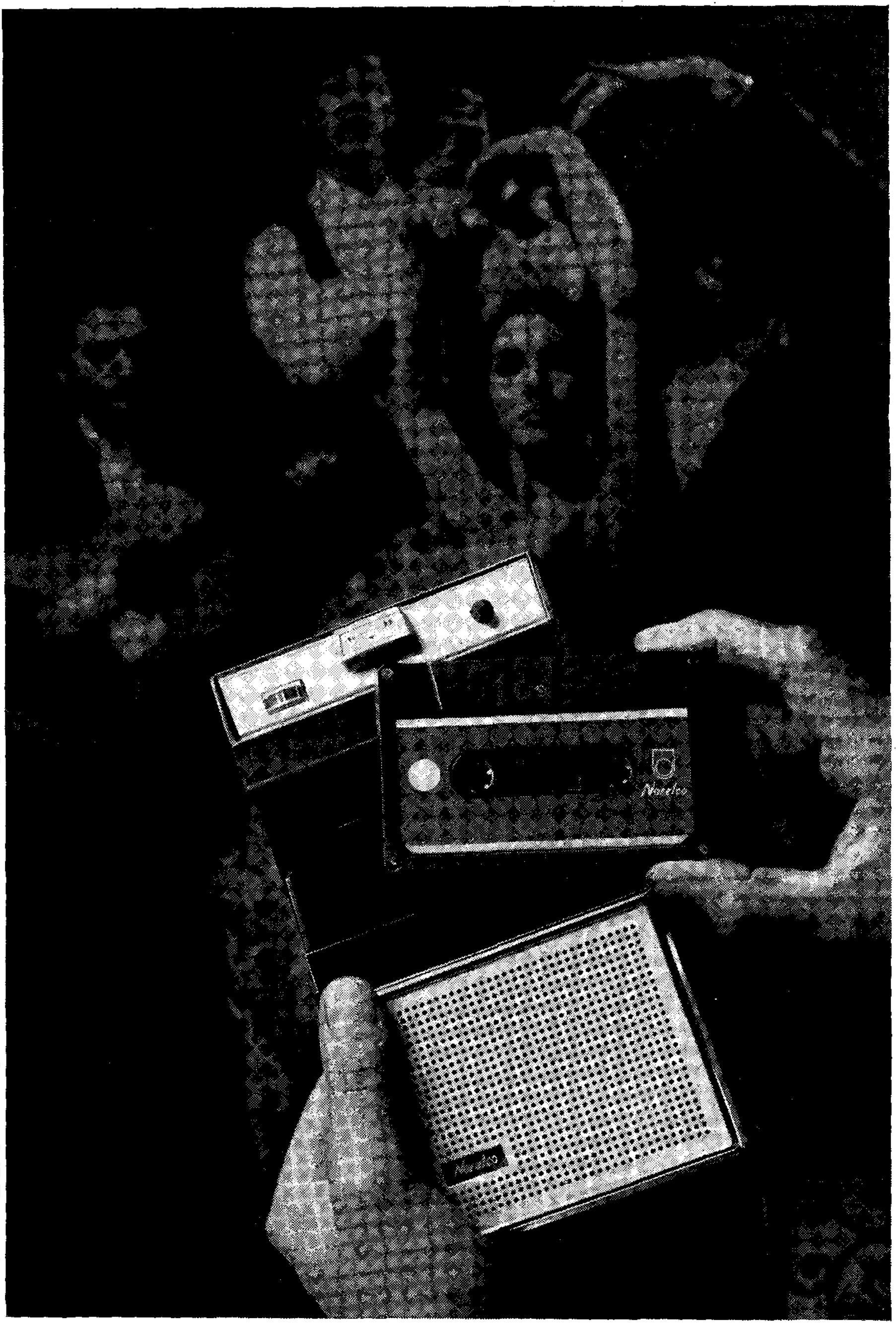
there was thunder and lightning to the eastward, out at sea.

The weather the following day wasn't difficult but neither was it inviting as we made our way, under gray skies and against a chilly north wind, to our next night's anchorage, Morehead City, which is essentially a fishing town, with several good seafood restaurants, innumerable sport-fishing boats tied up at piers waiting to be hired out to customers in quest of marlin, and the offices and laboratory of the University of North Carolina Institute of Fisheries Research. And the day after that it was clear, cold, and definitely autumn when the Coastal Queen left Morehead City at dawn. After passing Beaufort, North Carolina, and traversing the cut with which the Engineers made their début as canal-builders for the Waterway, we sailed down the Neuse River toward Pamlico Sound, where, for the first time on the trip, a marine horizon was visible several points off each bow. The southwestern extremity of Pamlico Sound constitutes the longest exposed section of the Ditch, and it reminded us of that fact by greeting us with an invigorating chop. During the morning, the breeze picked up appreciably, and sent waves rolling toward us in short, steep combers. From time to time, one of them would insolently slap its spray up against our pilothouse. A shorter boat, like one of the power cruisers we had seen, would have nose-dived into it, but the Coastal Queen was above such unseemly behavior. She felt the wind, all right, for now and again she gave a slight lurch in the stronger gusts, and her doors and windows creaked under the strain, but that was all. This was her moment for proving herself a veteran, and there was no faulting her.

That night—the last but one of the voyage—we stopped at Belhaven, a hamlet that Dale, for some reason, wanted us to admire. Since that verb has many shadings, perhaps I obliged him; in any event, I find that I now think of it more often than I do of many of the other small towns we put in at. Belhaven is the sort of community that most urban Americans have forgotten is part of their country—the sort that, for one thing, helps account for the statistic that the average age of automobiles in operation throughout the United States is six years. Most of the cars in Belhaven appear to be twelve or fifteen years old, and in other respects Belhaven quit trying to keep up with—or even close behind—the Joneses somewhere back in the twenties. Its buildings, though not one pos-



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sesses any real architectural merit, have a distinction of their own kind. Corrugated-iron roofs are held in place by the weight of crumbling brick chimneys; clapboards are missing; patches of interior siding show through like jagged black scars. While we were in Belhaven, the local hardware store was bravely promoting a paint sale ("10% Off Exterior—30% Off Interior"), but I saw no one even nibbling. Many of the houses were not only unpainted but empty, though the owners had seldom bothered to tack up a "For Sale" sign, and a third of the town's stores were also unoccupied. The principal barroom was graced with a jukebox (going full blast) and a bar, but the place was bare of any other furniture. In the local newspaper I read two City Council notes:

FIRE TRUCK RULING

The Fire Chief asked permission from the board to take the new truck out of town. His request was denied.

POLICE REPORT

The Police report for the month ending October 31 was: Arrests 8, Juveniles 5, Complaints 11, Wrecks 2, Eight dogs were picked up, one was shot.

NEXT morning, as we swung east along a twenty-four-mile canal connecting Belhaven with the Alligator River and Albemarle Sound, there was mist on the water, but it vanished as the sun climbed higher, revealing a passage that stretched out ahead like a straight, shimmering boulevard flanked by stands of brush and trees. Halfway through the canal, we saw a gray Stonington motor sailer coming toward us.

"I'm pretty sure that boat belongs to Ed Crabbe, an old friend of mine," Dale said. Then, as the distance between the two boats lessened, he nodded, and added, with an air of mild satisfaction, "Yes, that's right. There's Ed himself in the cockpit." He slipped the Coastal Queen into neutral, leaned out a pilothouse window, and waved.

"Hi, Slade!" Crabbe shouted up from his cockpit. "We were in your creek last night."

"Which creek was that?"

"Milltail."

"How was it?"

"Just great!"

The momentum of the two boats carried them slowly on until both were in the clear again. Then, as they resumed normal speed, Dale and Crabbe exchanged parting salutes, and the wakes of their boats slapped against each other in a sort of joking camaraderie.

"We'll go to Milltail tonight," Dale

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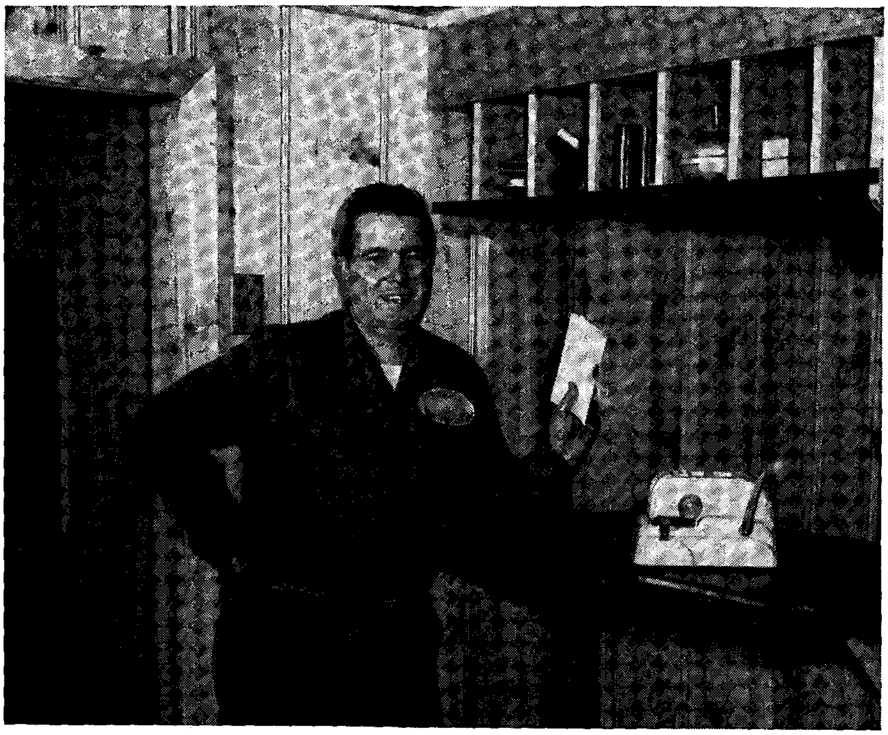
said. "It's not really mine, of course, but I found it long ago and told Fessenden Blanchard about it, and he put it in his book. Even so, I don't think many people take the trouble to go up it. For one thing, there's often a small bar you've got to get over to approach it, and you can never be sure how deep the water's going to be."

Around lunchtime, we emerged from the canal into the Alligator River, which from that point until it flows into Albemarle Sound broadens steadily, reaching a width of as much as three miles. Dale showed me on his chart a mere cat's whisker of a line indicating where Milltail Creek flows into the Alligator estuary. The line was singularly unenlightening, offering no hint that the creek penetrates some fifteen miles into a back-country wilderness of swampland and waterlogged woodland, or that it is no trifling surface drain but a sheltered passage through which barges formerly squeezed to bring out rich loads of lumber from an abandoned couple of houses called Buffalo City. The actual approach to Milltail Creek was even less readily discernible from the pilothouse of the Coastal Queen than the line on the chart suggested; indeed, when Dale told me that we were within sight of it, I searched the riverfront in vain for some sign of a gap in the ranks of trees. For Dale, however, there was no mistaking the opening. At the proper moment, he changed course and steered directly toward a patch of shadow in which a single bare gray tree rose toward the sky, calling the attention of the knowing to Milltail's continued existence. Cattus stationed himself in the bow with his lead line again, for as we neared the gray tree the water began to shoal—nine feet, eight, seven, six. Then six feet, six, six—a long, noiseless glide in which one could easily have heard the ship's bottom grazing a pebble—and then seven feet, seven, seven. We were safely over the bar and, quite suddenly, in. Dale rang the ship's bell. "That's for Charles to fetch his saw," he told me. "Last time we were in here, a branch punched a hole in one of our window screens." Once Dale was satisfied that Cattus, sawing away vigorously on the promenade deck, had disposed of the more menacing limbs, he began urging the Coastal Queen gently onward, keeping a sharp eye out as she nosed her way, under a canopy of boughs and vines, between banks that were only thirty feet apart.

I got the impression that Dale, notwithstanding his earlier disclaimer, har-



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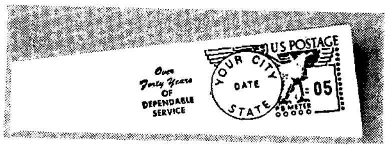

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bored a vague feeling of proprietorship toward Milltail. Early the next morning, however, he put a brisk end to our sojourn there, weighing anchor in the calm, cypress-walled expanse of Boat Bay, where the lumber barges had once turned round, and picking his way through the watery bower back to the Alligator River. As we were nearing Albemarle Sound, our morning routine was dramatically shattered by at least a hundred greater snow geese, flying low overhead but climbing fast and forming up behind their leader. The hairs on the back of my neck bristled as I watched them, and no one in the pilothouse seemed to have anything to say.

Ahead of us lay a fifteen-mile run across Albemarle Sound to the Pasquotank River and Elizabeth City, which mark the gateway to the Great Dismal Swamp Canal. It was not by chance that we reached the sound in the early morning; Dale's schedule called for us to cross it then, because it has a reputation for kicking up during the afternoon. The air was so clear that as we headed out into open water we could see, far to the east, one of the islands in the Outer Banks—the long, fragmented arm of sand dunes that cradles five sounds: Core, Croatan, Pamlico, Albemarle, and Currituck. The arm's elbow is Cape Hatteras, almost as well known to laymen as it is respected—and feared—by seafarers. "Hatteras has a blow in store for those who pass her howling door" is an old, well-founded saying among sailors, and a quarter of a century ago a guide to the area prepared by the Federal Writers' Project noted that "so many wrecks lie imbedded in these shoals that at times the resulting immense tonnage of iron causes a magnetic compass deviation of as much as eight degrees." The number of ships that pile up in the vicinity of Hatteras today is by no means as great as it used to be, mainly because of the many improvements in navigational safeguards but also because small coasting vessels—fewer now, to be sure, than in the days before freight trains and trailer trucks—no longer have to venture out to the seaward side of the cape. Instead, they use the Intracoastal Waterway.

At Elizabeth City, in a broad bend in the Pasquotank River, we tied up at a local boatyard for lunch and were just finishing it when Jim Emmett, a free-lance yachting writer and another of Dale's many friends along the Waterway, spotted the Coastal Queen and came aboard for a chat over a cup of coffee. Emmett and his wife, having

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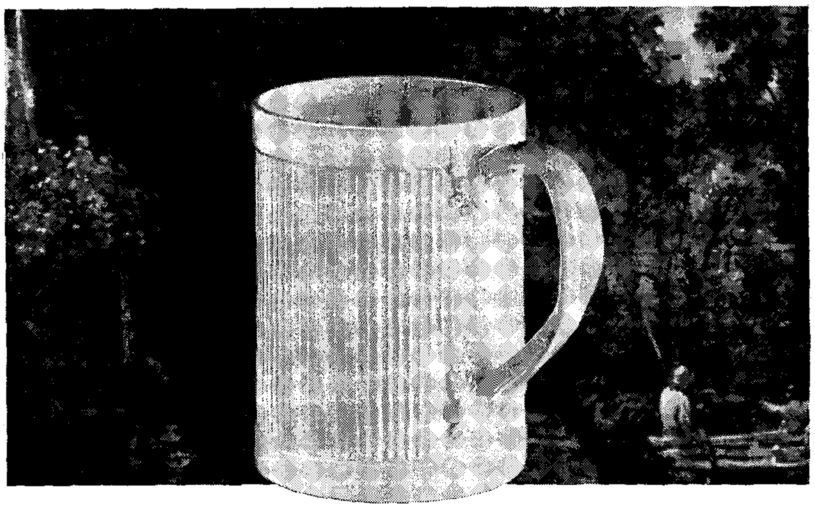
seen to the education of their children, live placidly on a fisherman cruiser, sailing south down the Waterway in the fall and back north in the spring. Dale asked Emmett if he had heard anything new about the future of the Dismal Swamp Canal, and Emmett said that it was the same old story: more and more traffic was shying away from it in favor of an alternate, deeper route—the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal—and consequently the continued operation of the ancient cut through the swamp was in jeopardy. About the only remaining supporters of the Dismal Swamp Canal, it seemed, were a few impressionable mariners, who were partial to its gloomy charm, and the residents of Elizabeth City (pop., 14,062), who stood to suffer economically in the event of its closing.

Travellers everywhere are familiar with the peculiar sense of awakening and parting that comes over a ship's passengers the last day or so before the end of a voyage. We shared this experience, even though the Coastal Queen was all but landlocked at her Elizabeth City mooring, and Mr. Collins and I were moved to go ashore and inquire about flights out of Norfolk the next day—to Miami for him and to New York for me. Later that afternoon, the Coastal Queen sailed a few miles up the river to her final anchorage of the trip. It was on the very edge of the Great Dismal Swamp, where the water at twilight turned all shades of oyster, peach, and olive gray. The Great Dismal is thirty miles long and about as wide, and it once covered an area of twenty-two hundred square miles, which made it the second-largest swamp in the country, surpassed only by the Everglades, but over the years much of the original swamp has been reclaimed by drainage and converted to farmland. In 1929, the government bought the canal, which had been built by the Great Dismal Swamp Land Company in Washington's time, and the Army Engineers have since replaced the old locks at either end. The swamp was given its name by Colonel William Byrd, a member of an expedition that, in 1728, determined the boundary between Virginia and North Carolina. Byrd was also the first man to consider digging a canal through the swamp, though he can scarcely be said to have been fond of the place. In his "History of the Dividing Line," he wrote:

> Since the Surveyors had enter'd the Dismal, they had laid Eyes on no living Creature: neither Bird nor Beast, Insect nor Reptile came in View. Doubtless, the



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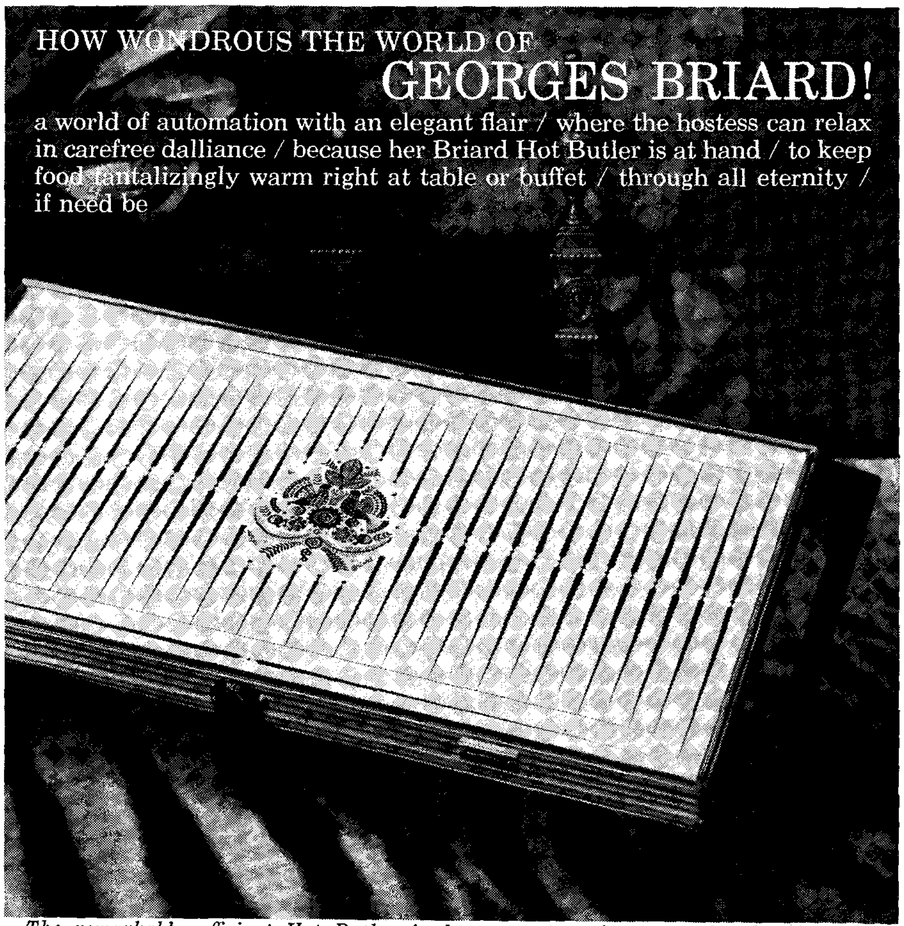

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Colonel Byrd's implied tribute to the staying power of the Zealand frog lost some of its force in the years just before the Civil War, when the Great Dismal became a year-round refuge for runaway slaves. It is difficult to see how they endured its anguished situation, for, frogs apart, it had been found by then that cattle turned loose in the swamp to graze during the winter were regularly driven out in the late spring, not so much by the foul damps themselves as by the gnats and mosquitoes that flourished in them.

In the morning, the Coastal Queen weighed anchor and sailed off past farms and green meadows to South Mills, where a lock raised her twelve feet, to the level of the water in the southern end of the canal, and she began a stately cruise up the historic cut. To our right lay pastoral country—farms, cows, pigs. To our left was the swamp—trees, brush, and (Byrd to the contrary notwithstanding, I am sure) unseen beasts. Leaves falling into the canal from overhanging branches were the colors of autumn, and they floated there on the surface until the Coastal Queen, gliding toward them, stirred the shallow water in a way that made them first spin and then dash toward her hull and whirl there momentarily before being whisked astern. Now and again, we could see traces of a towpath along which mules formerly plodded, and I was idly imagining what a ride through the swamp must have been like in those days when a highway suddenly appeared on our starboard side—U.S. 17, with cars and trucks barrelling along it. Up ahead was an Amoco gas station, whose outbuildings backed on the canal. Old oil drums, discarded tires, and rusty pieces of machinery littered the bank, where landslides of junk had tumbled into the water. Three big trailer trucks roared by, one after another, with diesel exhaust spouting thickly from their vertical mufflers, while in their cabs the drivers, white-faced, heavy men in sweatshirts and sunglasses, pressed desperately on the

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vehicle immediately ahead, goaded by some inexorable schedule. Occasionally, a passenger car would slow down and its occupants would peer at the Coastal Queen as if they suspected her of being a swamp ghost out of the past. Then the car would spurt forward half a mile or so, park at the side of the highway, and disgorge its passengers in time for them to be in position, with cameras aimed and focussed, when the Coastal Queen came poking majestically by.

We still had before us the lock at the northern end of the canal, and then an eight-mile run down the Elizabeth River to and through the harbors of Portsmouth and Norfolk, with their power plants, grain elevators, mills, ammunition depots, docks, and railroad and highway bridges, to say nothing of the Norfolk Navy Yard. But this was no longer the Waterway we had come to know. Even before we left the Dismal Swamp behind, Mr. Collins and I started to thank Dale for the journey.

"Well," our skipper replied, "for me it's an ideal existence, and I'm happy to share it."

Just before the lock at Deep Creek, we passed a flat-decked pontoon barge, which lay slanting against the left bank. When farm equipment had to be taken across the canal from one side to another, the barge could be maneuvered to form a bridge. The caretaker, a tall Negro, lay on the deck, resting on one elbow, resolutely ignoring the approach of the Coastal Queen. Even when we were directly abreast of the barge, he showed not the slightest interest in our passing. So many boats went by—did no one ever say hello? Then Cattus took it on himself to call out, smiling, "Good morning!" The caretaker sat up and—we felt honored by the recognition—gave us a cheerful wave.

At Deep Creek, a set of canal traffic lights beside the lock gates shone green. The Coastal Queen sailed carefully in, and was made fast while the lock-keeper worked his controls and the water poured forth from the gate-shutters in a series of small waterfalls. In a few minutes, we had been lowered gently down into the Elizabeth River, and, for me, the voyage was over.

—ANTHONY BAILEY

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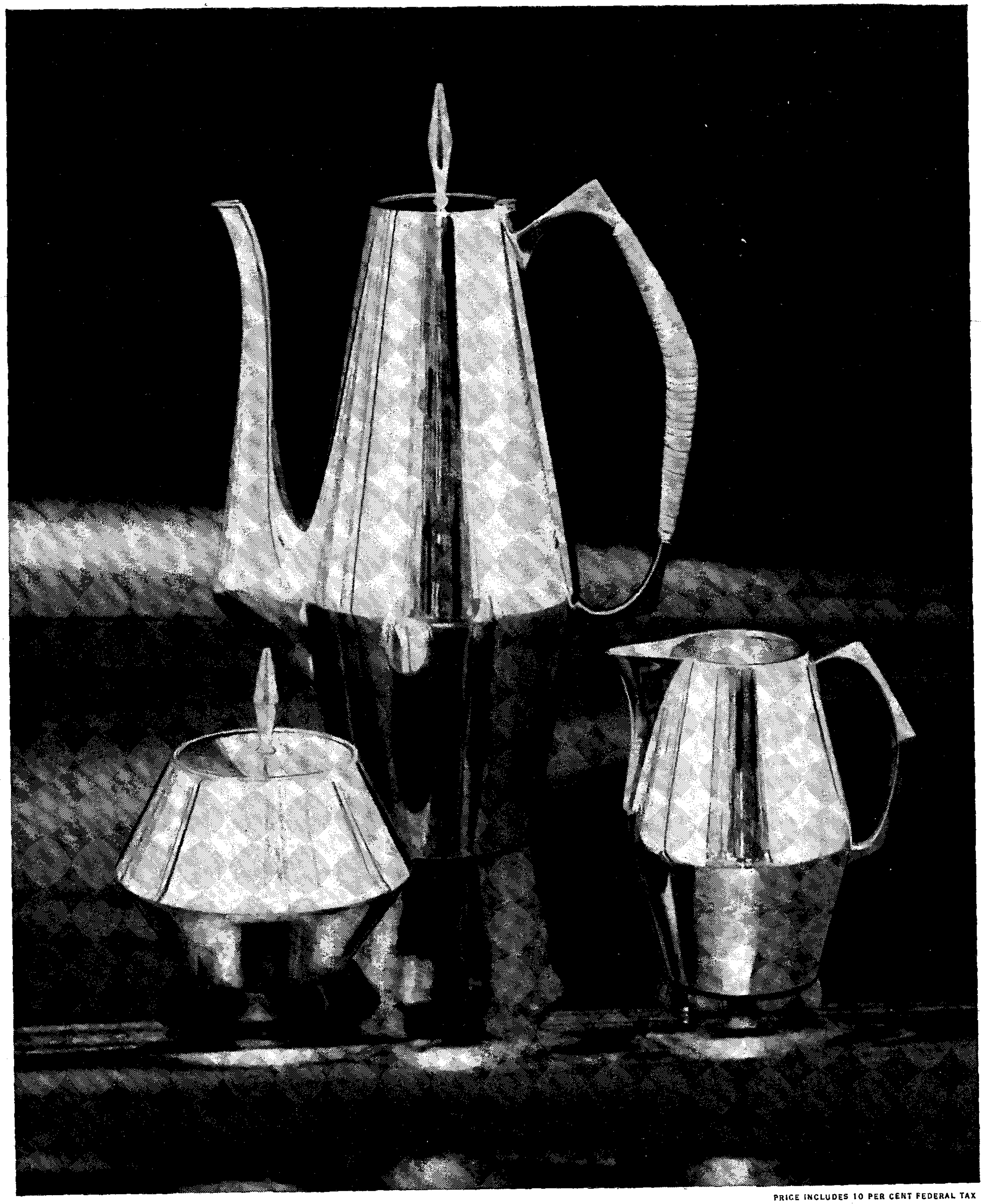

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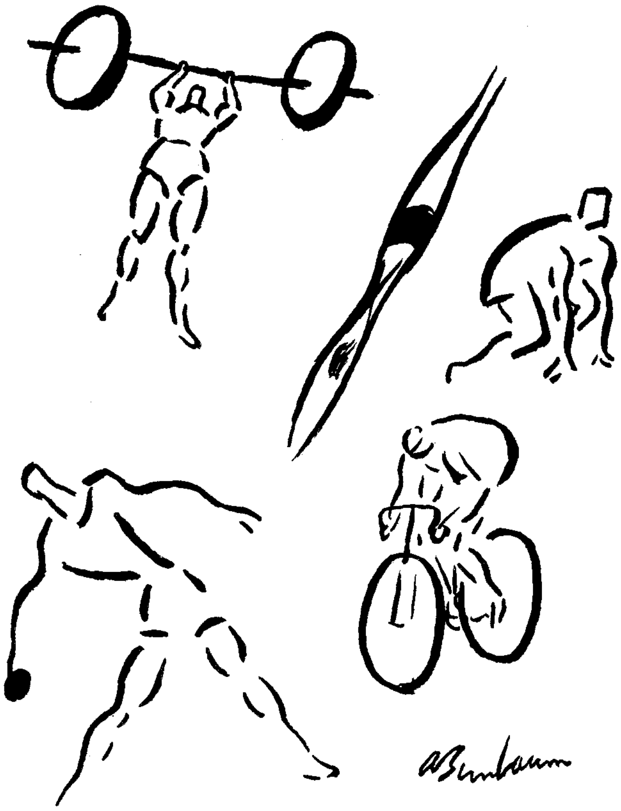

TOKYO, OCTOBER 25

THE Games ended yesterday, and the fever is subsiding, but whether Japan will ever return to normal is as hard to predict as it is to decide what constitutes normality here. Some permanent residents of this proud and happy city are declaring that future historians of the nation will divide its venerable existence into two principal eras—pre-Olympic and post-Olympic. Thinking more or less along the same lines, a local editorial writer said a few days ago that if the eighteenth Olympiad had accomplished nothing else, it should at least have dispelled the notion abroad that Japan is a land of geisha girls and cherry blossoms. Perhaps the number of foreigners holding this outmoded belief has been lower all along than the Japanese think. Perhaps, indeed, it is the Japanese whom the Japanese need most to persuade that their country has, in the contemporary sense of the term, fully emerged. For instance, some Japanese are convinced that the rest of the world is convinced that Japan is a tropical land, and, accordingly, seize every opportunity to assure outsiders that the cherry trees, especially in the northern part of the country, are quite regularly covered with snow. It must have been a relief to those Japanese that the day before yesterday, while the foreigners were still around to hear the news, the first snow of the season fell up in Hokkaido.

For some years now, of course, Japan has been one of the most modern and fastest-growing nations on earth, and if, during the pre-Olympic age, this state of affairs was better known in the United States than in other outlying places, there can no longer be any doubt about it even in Zambia, which paraded in the opening ceremony here two weeks ago as Northern Rhodesia and, at the closing ceremony yesterday, celebrated its concurrent independence day by parading under its new name and behind jaunty new green-black-orange-and-red colors. There hasn't been much forward progress in the last two weeks, though. Anxious to avoid clouding the serene atmosphere in which the Games have been conducted (though they've been conducted under some leaden and dripping skies, too, this past week), the host nation has been deferring a number of potentially abrasive decisions it has to make: what to do about replacing Prime Minister Ikeda, who has been in a cancer clinic for some time and who resigned today, less than twenty-four hours after the Games ended (his doctors say he can't use his voice for three months); and what to do about raises for government employees, whose demands have been pressing; and what to do about permitting United States submarines to tie up at Japanese ports—a prospect that fills many Japanese with dismay. But one can hardly blame the local citizens for wanting to make the most of their big moment, and, besides, as the American Ambassador, Edwin O. Reischauer, remarked the other day, "The Japanese have an unusual ability to concentrate on one thing at a time, and this is often a very good trait." Now the clatter of building activity will resume, accompanied, no doubt, by the circulation of more jokes of the kind that the Olympics have inspired. One Japanese, pointing to a Tokyo expressway that ends abruptly in midair and is scheduled to be completed in 1968, told me, "We'd have finished it sooner, but the Tokyo city government had to use all its funds to make gold medals for your swimmers." But if the banter about the American successes has been tinged with envy, most of it has been good-natured. It is the Olympic custom to play a gold medallist's national anthem while his flag is being run up, and a number of Japanese have commented that they wished some song would come along to replace "The Star-Spangled Banner" on their hit parade. But at the National Stadium the other day, while our men's four-hundred-metre relay team was getting its awards, the crowd was enchanted by an unexpected development. The official band customarily plays only the first few bars of an anthem, and that day, when it stopped, the anthem was picked up and completed in the stands by the Bob Crosby band, which had been appearing locally and had brought its instruments along. The spectators, who, as usual, were predominantly Japanese, loved every brassy note of the musical appendage.

Some long-term foreign residents of Tokyo are even sorrier than the athletes to have the Games over, because they're afraid that the Japanese, who have exerted every effort to be nice and polite to all visitors, and to anybody who looks as though he might be a visitor, will now, for instance, stop paying attention to the street signs reading, "Let Us Obey the Traffic Rules. The Eyes of the World Are Upon Us," which were placed at many major intersections during the Olympics. To help make Tokyo explicable to and navigable by foreigners, special squads of linguistically expert policemen have been cruising around the city in autos with "Interpreter" painted in bold letters on the sides in English. The police have even been going out of their way to be nice to other Japanese; at the Komazawa soccer field a few days ago, one policeman graciously took a snapshot of four young Japanese women who had brought along a camera and wanted a group picture of themselves. To help make Tokyo, which is ordinarily a somewhat rowdy city, less eyebrow-raising to stuffy Westerners, other signs went up, reading, "Let Us Greet the Olympics with High Morals and Warm Feelings." Concurrently, fifty

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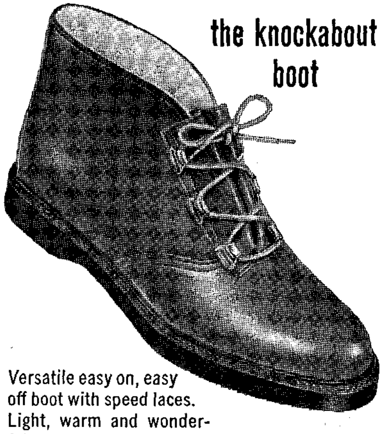

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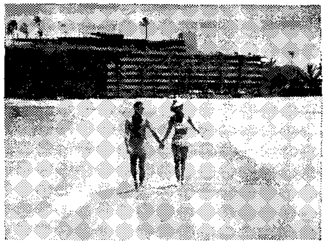
thousand booklets were printed by the city government for circulation among young women whose warm feelings for visiting men, it was feared, might lower, if not shatter, the girls' morals. They were informed that it doesn't mean a thing—it's just a peculiar foreign custom—if a man insists that a woman precede him through a door, and that it's foolish for a young lady who is asked a leading question to feel that it would be ungracious not to say yes when her virtue may depend on her saying no. Will Japanese women, now that the city is settling down, continue to speak their minds and otherwise assert themselves, or will they revert to their time-honored submissiveness? Some Japanese men are apprehensive, and at least one, a businessman I know, who was lucky enough to get a ticket for the closing ceremony, is completely crushed. His wife, behaving as few Japanese women would have dreamed of doing not long ago, took his precious solitary ticket and, without a by-your-leave, went off to the ceremony herself. Moreover, there are Japanese who, engaging in introspection, one of their favorite non-violent sports, are wondering whether any Japanese of either sex have become truly imbued with the outgoing spirit. A Japanese movie actor told me the other day that he hoped he was wrong but he was afraid his compatriots' attitude toward their guests might prove to be merely skin deep. As he put it, "I wish I could be sure that we have learned to welcome people not only with a smile but with the heart."

When it comes to the Games themselves, the Japanese—whose television channels today are nostalgically showing reruns of the events that ended yesterday—have both smiling faces and full hearts. At very nearly the last minute, they picked up enough gold medals to exceed by one their pre-Olympic goal of fifteen, and to finish third in gold medals among all nations. It also pleased them that if they couldn't be first themselves, the United States, rather than Russia, achieved that distinction. One blow to local pride was that Japan took only three out of four first places in judo, a sport that was included in the program chiefly to please the sponsoring country (it is not on the 1968 agenda for Mexico City, where, for all I know, jai alai may be contemplated), and one in which, as was demonstrated in a preliminary bout a few days ago, it is not considered unusual for a competitor first to choke his opponent into uncon-



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sciousness and, upon being declared the winner, to revive the loser with artificial resuscitation. In the final match, Akio Kaminaga, Japan's principal judo man, was overpowered by the enormous Netherlands man, Anton Geesink. This was humiliation enough, but it seemed like rubbing it in when the six-foot-six-inch, two-hundred-and-seventy-pound Geesink climbed on a pedestal to receive his gold medal, for he is so big that even without a pedestal he towered over his rivals. Geesink's victory made notably superfluous the amplified advice, in Tokyo's handsome new judo hall, of an announcer who urged the almost exclusively Japanese audience to remember its manners and refrain from embarrassing the contestants from other countries by making too much of a fuss when a Japanese contestant won.

Nationalism has been rampant on all sides here, and if the Japanese have been blamed for an excess of it, the reason may simply be that there are more of them around. Their zeal worked to the disadvantage of one Japanese equestrian; so many of his countrymen tried to encourage him by waving flags at him that his horse got skittish and balked at a jump. (It was in an equestrian event yesterday morning, by the way, that the French, who had had the worst luck of any major power up to then, winning fourteen silver and bronze medals but no gold, finally came through with a first place. By an odd typographical quirk, the winner, Pierre Jonquères D'Oriola, was the only one of fifty-nine entrants whose name had been printed in capitals on a list published eleven days earlier.) For instance, the Japanese have been criticized—though there is no reason to believe that most other nations wouldn't have done the same—for devoting more of their television coverage to inferior Japanese athletes than to superior non-Japanese ones. On the other hand, the television cameras here, in their nearly non-stop coverage of the Games, have been turned on Ambassador Reischauer whenever he has made an appearance at an event. Ambassadors were lucky. Each got a pass to everything for himself and his wife. Since the passes were non-transferrable, quite a few diplomats figured that they might as well make the most of an opportunity that had been accorded few others. "It seems like a reasonable function on my part as Ambassador," Mr. Reischauer said while the Games were still on. "And besides, I'm rather enjoying it. It may be the only Olympic Games that ever comes

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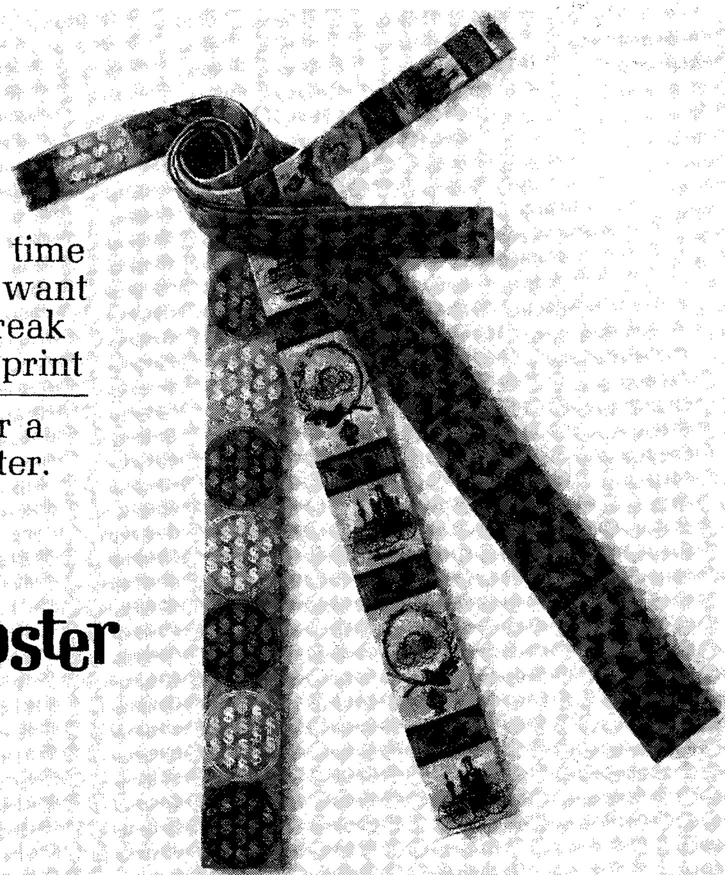

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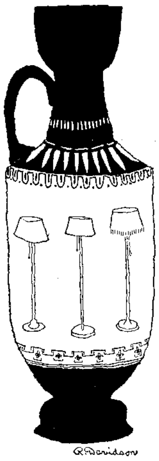
my way." The ambassador of one nation stopped by to pay a courtesy call at one event and meant to go right on to another but was forestalled by the arrival at the first spot of the Emperor, who stayed for an hour while the ambassador chafed. An ambassador wouldn't think of leaving any place before the Emperor did. The Emperor has been turning up everywhere, and the other day, by design or inadvertence, he set an example for his subjects at the gymnastic contests; he sat for an hour watching the gymnasts of half a dozen nations and left just before the celebrated Japanese men's Olympic team came out to exhibit its acrobatic skill.



DESPITE all kinds of pious exhortations about international brotherhood, nearly everybody here has succumbed in some degree to chauvinism. An Italian woman at the National Stadium earlier this week spotted a compatriot sprinter standing on the track a hundred feet away and began screaming his name to attract his attention, oblivious of the fact that those sitting near her obviously felt she might have picked a better time, for just then the band was solemnly rendering "God Save the Queen." And even the theoretically staid British have not been immune to the dread bug. An English correspondent in Asia, not assigned to the Games, wandered into the local B.B.C. offices the other day with what he thought was a rather entertaining bit he'd just worked up on *no* drama. He couldn't find anybody who'd pay him any heed; the whole staff had gone wild an hour before when Mary Rand, of Somerset, won the women's broad jump. The New Zealanders here were stricken when their long-distance runners failed to meet expectations, and one of them told me he thought he'd just go home if Peter Snell let him down. Snell didn't, of course, and I noticed that after each of his smashing triumphs—in the eight-hundred-metre and fifteen-hundred-metre runs—my down-in-the-dumps acquaintance was one of six New Zealanders who leaped from the stands to execute a Maori victory dance. One New Zealand teammate of Snell's startled a good many Japanese at yesterday's closing ceremony by blowing a kiss in the Emperor's direction—an unheard of instance of lèse-majesté. The Emperor, who is getting much closer to ordinary people because, although he still does not associate with them, he can watch them on television, took the gesture in good part and waved his hat in return. It has been an affectionate Olympics, by and large, what with wives and fiancées vaulting out of the stands to embrace their victorious men, and a Bulgarian couple being joined at the Olympic Village in what one nonparticipant described as "holy Olympic wedlock." (Earlier, a Bulgarian official had tried to attract some attention by the less affectionate method of asserting that seventy-five per cent of all the athletes here are actually professionals, but it was a day of momentous amateur happenings, and hardly anybody listened.) The record for kissing was established by the Polish member of the International Olympic Committee, who was granted the privilege of awarding gold medals to the four women from his nation who, to everybody's surprise, took the four-hundred-metre relay from the United States. To the delight of seventy-five thousand applauding spectators, he kissed each woman on each cheek, for a total of eight kisses. Avery Brundage, the head of the I.O.C., whose status here, if not imperial, has certainly been majestic, acclaimed the Japanese yesterday as "Olympic Nation No. 1 in all the world"—a statement that the Mexicans are probably praying fervently he will be moved to qualify four years hence. Mexican observers have been all over Tokyo, and one of them said the other day, "We want to do something like this, but it is very hard." It is said that when the Japanese, in their turn, were in Rome four years ago learning the ropes of sponsorship, they were told by the Italians that the key to success was to satisfy the press. Whether or not this counsel was actually given, Japan has acted as though it found the idea a sensible one. When an Argentine correspondent with a sore throat asked for an aspirin the other day at an apartment building the Japanese had converted into living quarters for many foreign correspondents, an ambulance arrived within a matter of minutes. The press has been an argumentative handful for the Japanese, what with some eleven hundred credentials-holding foreign correspondents here, not counting television people, and Buddha only knows how many Japanese correspondents. There are thousands of them, and there sometimes seem to be millions—most of them photographers, who shove, and photographers' motorcyclists, who ride as if they were delivering snake serum to the Imperial Palace. One of the more modestly staffed Japanese dailies boasted that it had three hundred and fifty people covering the Games, among them two schoolchildren, who were handling the youth angle and who had got the assignment by winning a why-I-love-my-mother contest run by a candy company. The youngest Americans I've come across in press seats were two boys of thirteen or so, who said they were working for *Jack & Jill,* and added that they would have preferred a tieup with *Children's Digest.* I was not surprised. I was surprised, though, at the rapid journalistic headway made by an eighteen-year-old American girl who is over here on a Rotary scholarship, or some such. She told me when I first encountered her that although she had met the Beatles and had supped with the Astronauts, her main ambition in life was to meet the United States men's four-hundred-metre free-style swimming relay team. I next saw her several days later at the National Gymnasium in an interview room next to the pool. She had somehow acquired a set of credentials and was blissfully taking notes as she hobnobbed with Clark, Austin, Ilman, and Schollander.

The Japanese converted a youth center right alongside the National Stadium into a press center, which had a big workroom fitted out by courtesy of Olivetti with a hundred and sixty typewriters—some with Yugoslav, Hindi, Greek, or Korean keyboards, not to mention one with Arabic characters and one with Israeli. Those two typewriters were tactfully placed at opposite ends of the room. Every journalist who registered at the center was assigned a locked cubbyhole, called a pigeon box, into which was stuffed more literature from one source or another than the human eye could scan or the mind assimilate.

One mistake that Japan did make—and that Mexico has doubtless thoughtfully noted—was to allocate more credentials to the press than it did seats. There have been fifty-three authorized United States correspondents here, for instance, and among them they were allotted just one seat for boxing (the man in charge of distribution made an arbitrary decision and gave it to the editor of *Ring Magazine*). I was doled out a pass to all the events at both the National Stadium and the National Gymnasium, but the pass merely got me inside and didn't entitle me to sit

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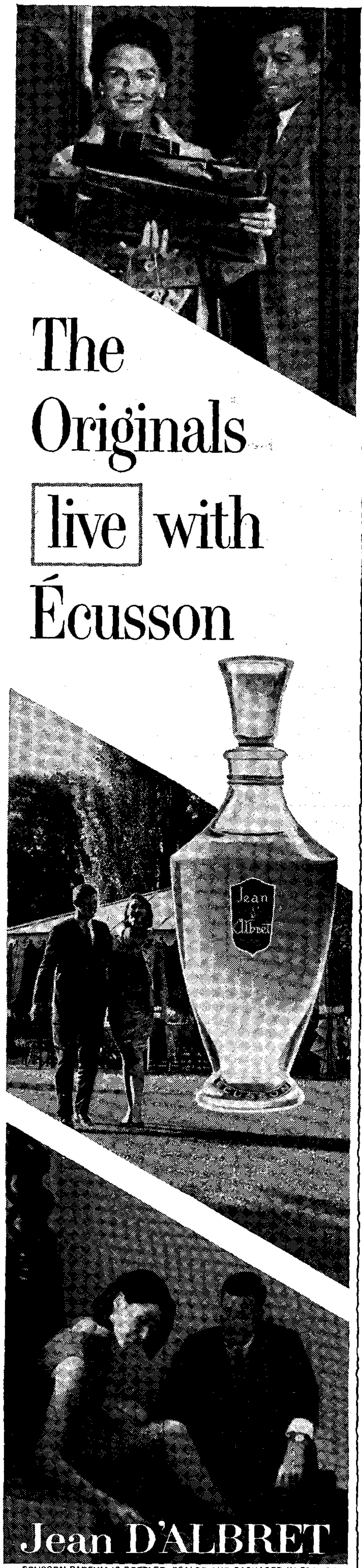

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anywhere. After a day or two, though, I discovered an empty seat in the press section, marked "North Korea," and, on the theory that it wasn't likely to be occupied, I appropriated it. Watching events from a press seat was a hydra-headed task, for not only could one look at the spectacle unfolding there but often one could watch some concurrent competition on a television set and, in addition, messengers would turn up periodically with reports on two or three more activities. These reports were spewed out seemingly non-stop by the International Business Machines computers that handled the statistics of the Games. By its own internal computations, I.B.M. averaged four hundred and twenty-five reports a day. The original plan had been to put a copy of each in every correspondent's pigeon box, but it would have taken ostrich cages to cope with them. (A dozen Tokyo printing houses stayed open most of every night, in what the Japanese described as "kamikaze fashion," to turn out programs for the following day's events. "We wouldn't have accepted such a murderous order if it hadn't been for the Olympics," one printing-house man said. "We are desperately doing our best not to cause a disgrace to our country.") I.B.M. was efficient but impersonal. (Salvador Dali has a show running here, and the chief figure in one of his Olympic, if not Olympian, paintings is an athlete's body stuffed with what looks like white cotton and wearing blue pants. The arms have been chopped off; the helmeted head has for a face a lighted candle, presumably related to the Olympic torch that was extinguished last evening; and out of the right nipple—it is a male body—spills a stream of ichor, or something, that flows through a Coca-Cola bottle into an inkwell and then out of that in the form of a big ink blob with "I.B.M. 3721" imprinted on it. For all I know, the number may be Dali's phone number.) The I.B.M. report on a gymnastic episode the other day, for instance, while quickly computed, printed, and delivered, was flavorless. An Indian gymnast had slipped while doing a long-horse exercise, had landed off balance, and had been carried off on a stretcher. A few minutes later, along came I.B.M.'s account of the event; it related merely that the unfortunate fellow had retired. Nor could any computer do justice to an incident involving apparently impersonal human beings that took place at the National Stadium while the finals of two women's events, the discus and the eighty-metre hurdles, were simultaneously in progress. Russia's Tamara Press was in the discus (she won it) and her sister Irina was in the hurdles (she had been the world champion but she lost it). Now, it takes only ten and a half seconds for a fleet woman of Olympic calibre to cover that hurdles course, but immediately after the starting gun had been fired in Irina's race, her sister Tamara, as if to confirm Dali's notion that the athletic body encases something other than blood, calmly hurled her discus. There was no visible evidence that she cared a whit about her sister's vain try for a gold medal a hundred feet or so away. Then, when Irina walked off the field, she did it without glancing over to see how Tamara was making out in her own quest. The Games that were designed to promote brotherly love seemed at that instant to have curiously inhibited its sisterly counterpart.

Stellaria media.
Lhs.

Toward the end of the long series of brilliant performances that have been put on here to dazzle us, a tiny element of jadedness intruded. One tried to put it aside—it was ignoble even to acknowledge its existence—but the ugly truth is that during the long-drawn-out pole-vaulting phase of the men's decathlon I found myself nodding. I came to with a guilty start. The man sitting next to me, who was wearing a Uganda team official's badge (we have all been wearing badges, and so, inevitably, have some of the clinging bar girls, to whom Tokyo's moral strictures were addressed too late), gave me a stern and baleful look, but I decided he wouldn't squeal on me. He was sitting in a North Korean press seat, too. In any case, the many moments of exhilaration far overshadowed those few moments of ennui. Just watching the watchers was often rather exciting. For this week's marathon, in which Japan's entry, Kokichi Tsuburaya, was conceded at least an outside chance against the magnificent Ethiopian Abebe Bikila, more than two million Japanese lined the streets for hours before the start of the race. Several thousand of them refused to budge from one street near the Stadium—on whose oval track the marathon began and finished—even after the patient police had advised them through loudspeakers that absolutely nothing was going to happen on that thoroughfare. Possibly the crowd hoped some runner would get confused and take a wrong turn. (The Tokyo Public Health Bureau, as solicitous of the athletes' welfare as everyone else in Japan has been, assigned thirty-six dogcatchers to patrol the actual marathon route.) We in the Stadium saw only the start and the end of the race, but there was a good deal of excitement. Some four minutes after Bikila had come in, fresh as all getout and doing lively calisthenics to prove it, Tsuburaya appeared, with a lead of about ten metres over the Englishman Heatley. The Japanese was bushed, and Heatley passed him without difficulty, but Tsuburaya won the bronze medal, becoming the first Japanese to win a medal of any sort in track-and-field since 1936. Tsuburaya not only became a hero overnight but also became the first athlete here to win two medals in a single event when, a couple of days afterward, the Self-Defense Forces, in which he is a sergeant, awarded him a decoration for his achievement. Yesterday I visited a Tokyo high school where some students were in training for a neighborhood track meet. I asked one sixteen-year-old boy if he had any particular aspiration, and he said he had indeed: he wanted to join the Self-Defense Forces as soon as possible so that he, like Tsuburaya, could enter its training school for athletes and, if he acquired enough prowess and had enough luck, land a place on the Japanese Olympic team going to Mexico four years hence.

Now, after yesterday's relatively informal but nevertheless colorful closing ceremony—with relaxed athletes romping helter-skelter all over the familiar Stadium turf, and a few spectators mingling with them, unharassed by the previously vigilant guards—nearly everyone is packing up. That takes a lot of doing, because, even by their own extraordinary standards, the traditionally generous Japanese have been lavish in conferring gifts upon their guests. The largest number of questions received by a government answering service that has operated for the local citizenry during the Games has had to do with what the various athletes would like in the way of presents. Having anticipated such requests, the agency forehandedly made up a list of a hundred and twenty items—ranging from souvenir spoons to luggage for holding other gifts—that it thought would be appropriate. Even I was offered a free suit (which I didn't have time to be fitted for) by a woollen-

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goods outfit here; my gratitude was tempered by my puzzlement over the fact that the prospective donors were more interested in my age than in my size. The rarest trophy I know of was acquired—in this case as a gift from a Japanese to a Japanese—by a young Tokyo man assigned to the Hungarian sabre team as an interpreter. He has a friend who is a fencer, and for his friend's treasure collection he got hold of a spare sabre and had all the Hungarian fencers autograph the inside of the hilt. The last I saw of him, he was carrying it off aloft, his eyes shining; he looked like something out of King Arthur's court. The best souvenir I almost got was a gold-medal winner's shoes. I went off in his a few nights ago after one of those take-your-shoes-off evenings in a Japanese home, and didn't discover the mistake until the next morning. He had no choice but to wear my shoes back to the Olympic Village. I am rather sorry that he insisted on swapping back, for as I watched him parading past the Emperor yesterday with all the other heroes of these two hectic weeks, I couldn't help reflecting how close my shoes had come to treading, with an authentic hero's feet inside them, the now-scuffed turf that has so commandingly held our attention for so long. As for our tireless hosts, they are rushing around trying to figure out ways of getting tickets—now almost as much in demand as Olympic Games tickets just stopped being—to the forthcoming showing here of the movie "My Fair Lady." —E. J. KAHN, JR.

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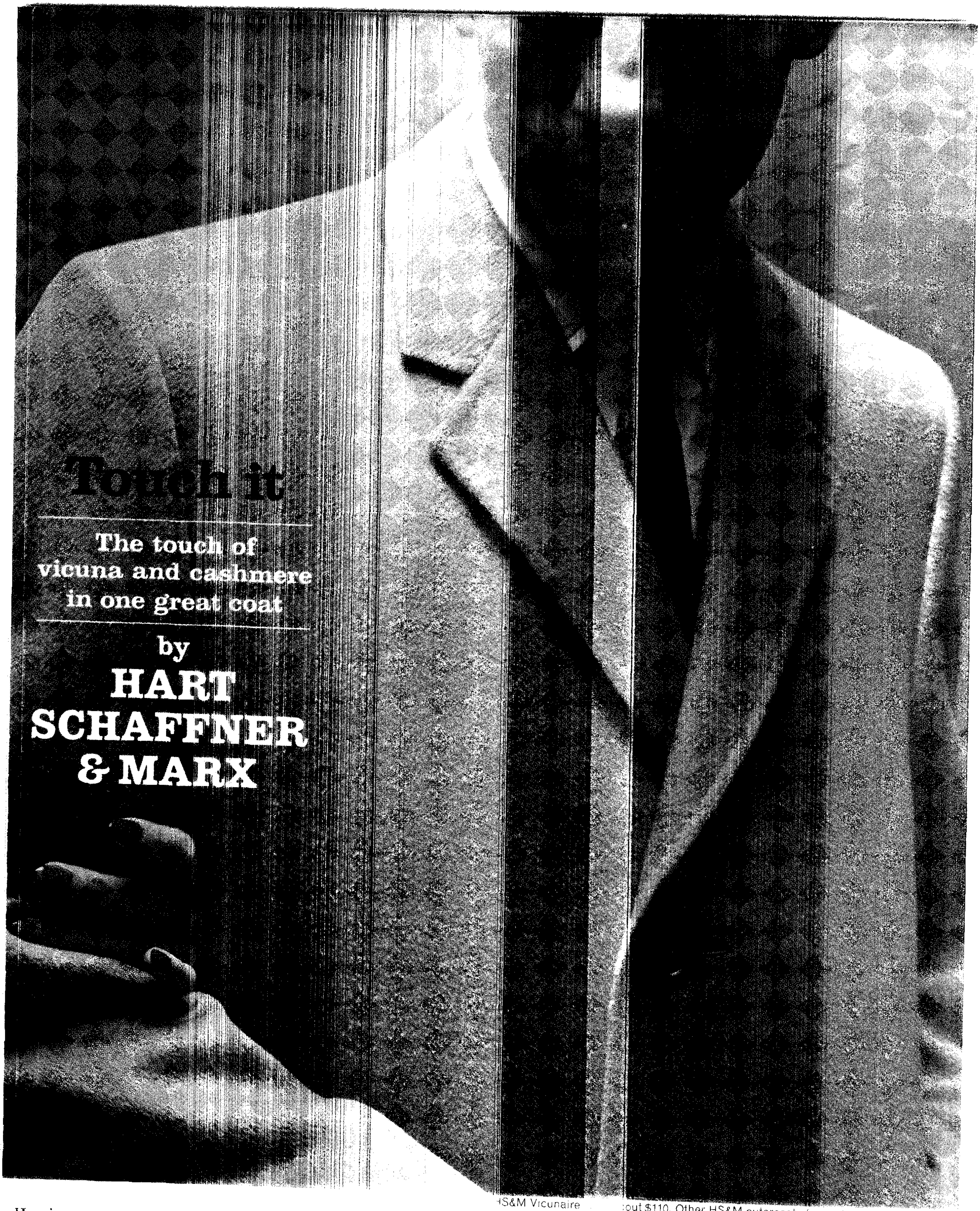

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE custom furriers have ways—none of them open to mere mortals like their patrons—of finding out what is going to happen next, and I have been listening to a lot of their soothsayer talk. This says that we are all to be very young and slim this winter, and even ingénue, one reason for this being an extensive use of white or near-white in the furs we are to wear. In an effort to turn us white overnight, Maximilian has decided to revitalize white Persian lamb, that old ex-dowager, and use it for, among many other things, a slender coat with that pared-down, high-busted, young Givenchy look. A soft, round child's collar sits at the summit, and below that are seven closely aligned white buttons. Maximilian also goes near-white, to show that he is not completely partisan, in a reed of a double-breasted coat of champagne Persian lamb with low pockets and the same collar. Reiss & Fabrizio gets its off-white touches with cream ermine bellies that have brown horizontal streaks; they make an Empire enchantress with a small, snug top, an A skirt, and no buttons at all; concealed snaps do their work. This yearning for skinniness has brought about a whole new school of coat dresses, and in the sleek sort of furs that could be considered the poor girl's Russian broadtail. The real thing, though, Russian as can be, is still around, in black, in natural gray, and in Maximilian's new hue, antique pewter. In a much more modest price bracket is sheared kangaroo, which is Bendel's idea of a sleek fur, and it's velvety, too. In its natural state (an orange-red-tan of the how-now-brown-cow type), it appears in a Bendel triumph—a spare, tailored coat with scallops in a slightly darker shade of the fur around the hips, plus piping in black leather along all the edges, even the ones that belong to the back belt. Six double-breasted black buttons complete the job—a perfect redingote, particularly for the possessor of auburn hair; $770, including that federal tax. For that matter, all the prices that follow are on that basis. Bendel does a counterpart in jaguar, but at a price I shall not even hint at. Sheared hair seal is another new Bendel favorite—dyed black, as in a coat designed by Donald Brooks. Its enormous notched collar and its big belt of black leather rope keep everyone in mind of James Bond. And it would be hard to find anything more gorgeous and pared down than Georges Kaplan's little beauty in black American broadtail, which is zipped down the back to eliminate any wrapover bulk across the stomach. Its skirt is slightly A, and the sole decoration in front is two up-and-down strips of fur to make the pockets; $1,095. In Maximilian's hands, sheared hair seal is dyed claret, and it feels like panne velvet. It turns into one side of a reversible coat with a claret ascot collar; the opposite side is ermine dyed black. Seal makes other appearances, too (and none of them are apt to be farewell ones, either). Let us examine Alfred Rainer's coat of hair seal from Iceland—and not a skinny one, for once—in a pale-white-to-charcoal blend, with revers of mink and undercuffs of black mink. Sleek suits of fur are a Rainer specialty this season. My favorite ingredient for these is his brown Brazilian river otter, employed for a three-button jacket of walking length and an easy skirt that has a slight flare. A sleeveless overblouse to match, and very wide at the shoulders, goes along with the suit, but you have no idea how many other jackets—say, of Russian sable—can be substituted for the otter when the scene gets more formal at night.

Another thing I have been noticing is that Harlow and Carole Lombard live on, personified by loads of fluffy furs going around necks, down front closings, and around the circular hems of plenty of things otherwise constructed solely of smooth fur, but I'll get to this stuff later on.

WHENEVER there is a crying need for something—in this case it's a c.n. for warm toppers to cover the hulking suits we are wearing now and again—Esther Dorothy is just about the first to dry the tears and do whatever is needed. The warm toppers in her new shop, at 47 East 57th Street, necessarily eschew slimness. Among them is a pair of capes coming well below the hips—one of black Alaska seal, with a braid frog to catch it below the wide collar of Russian sable, plus a really wide-swinging hem; the other, more versatile, of ranch mink, with a standup portrait collar and fitted shoulders, the skins worked vertically in general but curving outward low in

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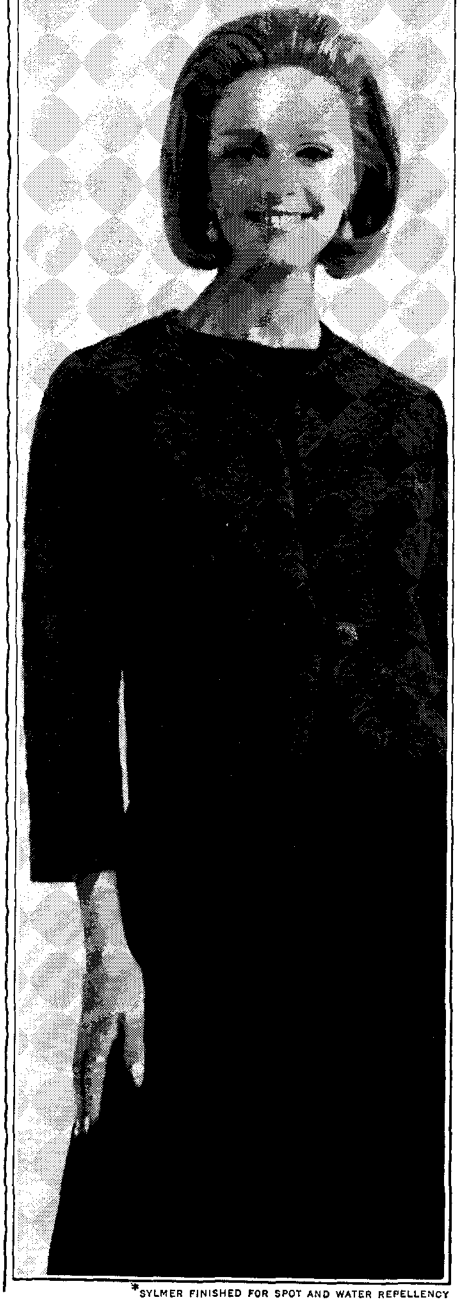

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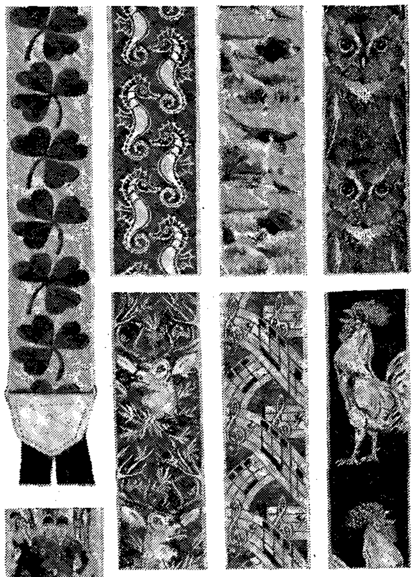

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front to make a horizontal band, two skins deep, at the base. If the cape is full length, that band is three skins deep.

There are pranks as well as splendor. Kaplan has done some overhauls, decked with all the hardware you'd find on the $5.95 general-store original, but of tan calf, which puts the cost up to $595—a price that supplies neither pliers nor screwdrivers for the deep patch pockets. Maximilian's prankiest is a jump suit whose overskirt swings open in front and reaches the ground you worship it on. The skirt is of black broadtail, the rest is of white broadtail (Russian in both cases). Things get really sporting when Bendel turns out a topper of sheared kangaroo dyed beige; it's of hipbone length, and it has a cowl collar wide enough to be pulled over the head. Gstaad is the mood of Esther Dorothy's poncho of white ermine that is all shallow chevron stripes. A string tie goes across the V front, which reaches down to hip level; the free-swinging back is a bit longer.

I've given many instances of slim coats, and there are more, but the voluptuous, huddling sort of thing has by no means disappeared. Minks and sables and fishers are still on hand in the important emporiums, and so is the cat family—lynxes and their kind—and so is the fox. Not at all a huddler, though, is what Donald Brooks has done for Bendel—a wasp-waisted job of long-haired lynx cat, in white with charcoal-blurring-to-soft-brown patches. A deep band of fabric is inserted at the waist, under the wide belt of brown leather; the collar is a huge shawl, and the skirt swings out to make its owner look even smaller in the middle.

AND now to the world of Greek yachts and the theatre and *dolce vita*, which we enter through the house of Maximilian. I've already spoken about Maximilian's revitalization of Persian lamb in white and champagne, but not about his Persian in a gray that is aptly named pebble. This specialist in luxurious furs uses it for a coat with a low waistline, a string tie of dark-brown leather, and one of the establishment's favorite fastenings—dark-brown leather frogs. Persian in black coffee is the scheme of his coat with a very low belt and six double-breasted black buttons above it, and there are other buttons on the democratic shirtsleeve cuffs. (How many generations is it from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves?) Not everything is Persian lamb here; Russian broadtail has always considered Maximilian a home

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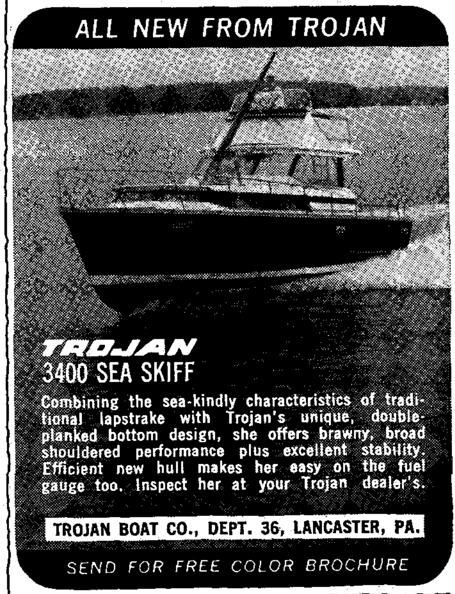

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away from home. It is used simply, in black, for a tailored coat with a fold in back across the hips and a double-breasted layout in front to imply a jacket; it becomes more complex in a coat that is a throwback to the thirties (the hue is now that antique pewter), cut straight, and with an Empress chinchilla collar and a band of the chinchilla around the bottom and the cuffs; it is the thirties again in champagne, with fox dyed to match going around the neck and the hem of the circular skirt; in black again, it becomes a suit, with the hems of jacket and skirt, and the cuffs and the collar as well, of ranch mink. For youthful verve, I think Maximilian's Prado will do—a coat of the broadtail in black, with a high and wide obi sort of sash (this is of antelope suède) to create a matador-bolero effect. For the next inaugural ball, I favor his black slither of an evening dress of Russian broadtail with a low-starting fishtail train and a jacket that cups sharply under the buttocks. This last is lined with white ermine, and it is reversible. Black Alaska seal and black Persian lamb meet head on in a coat that is all of the seal except for the shirt-sleeve cuffs, the buttons (all the way to the hem), and the wide nun's collar. Maximilian proves his devotion to mink with a parody of an Army officer's coat that has four pearly double-breasted buttons and a buttoned band around it at sleeve-end height. The mink in this case is of the palest hues. I am a firm admirer of tunics to go with either pants or long skirts, so I flipped over one of horizontally worked white mink with a crossed band collar and four black frog fastenings of grosgrain down the side closing. Everything at Maximilian, in a word, is lovely to look at and delightful to own.

I HAVE spoken of Bendel's passion for designs in close-sheared furs, but they needn't be *all* hungry-looking and slim. Take Donald Brooks and his childlike smock coat of hair seal dyed black, with shirring all around the wide yoke and with deep patch pockets for your crayons. I will admit, though, that that meagre young aspect does prevail, even among the thicker-piled furs, such as squirrel, dyed brown, which makes a single-breasted coat with high revers; $968. This one is for little women, for whom Bendel is good in many ways, with things like cocoa-dyed American broadtail, double-breasted, and black mink, with small, easy lapels. Voluminousness does bob up again, though, in a coat of gray Russian squirrel—very wide, partly because

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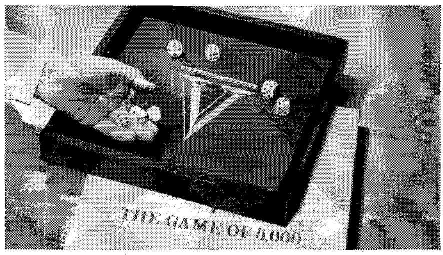

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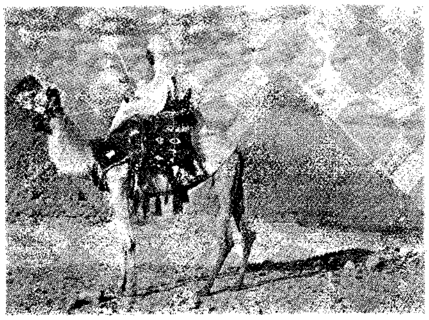

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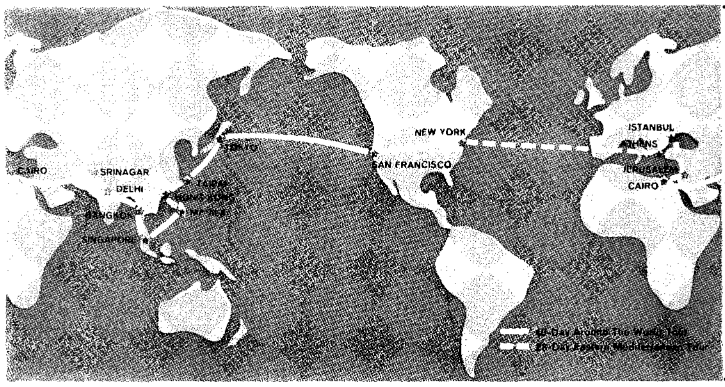

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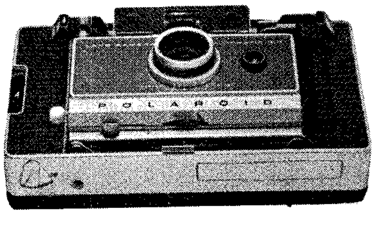
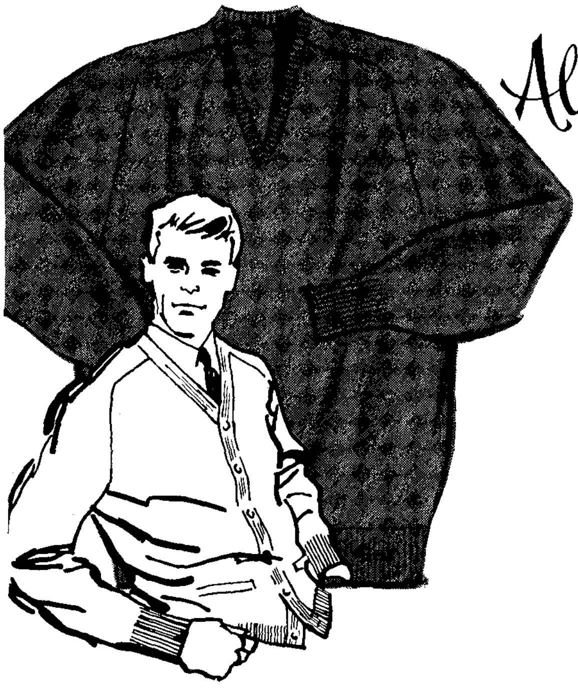


of its dolman sleeves—with a square of buttons in the middle, and in a sweeping housecoat with top-to-bottom buttons on the gray satin panel in front and with further satin panels on the sleeves. (It costs more to stay at home now, it seems. Still, a sleeveless Bendel after-ski sweater of white mink, with a V neck and a tight belt of white leather, would set anyone back a good bit, too. There's really No Exit; that's what it is.) A particularly volatile mink stole, to get away from philosophy and back to business, can be thrown across the throat and yet be long enough to reach the elbows; the fold that goes across the throat is *lined* with mink, too, and turns up to cover the nose. It may also be hooked to one shoulder, kerchief style. Majesty is the basic ingredient of my concluding Bendel item—a cape of street length in black Russian broadtail with a hundred-and-twenty-inch sweep at the base. Its smock yoke comes out over the tips of the shoulders.

GEORGES KAPLAN bulges with antics just as much as Maximilian, and with luxury to boot. He does have all sorts of what are known as bread-and-butter (or what he offhandedly calls "everyday") minks, not to mention performances like a Harlow coat of gray Russian broadtail with mink along the neck and all the edges, but I had rather talk about his antics. I confess to a wayward fondness for monkey fur as well as monkeyshines, but I must add that the Kaplan twenties coat of Abyssinian monkey (big black blobs and lots of white fringe) is beyond even my horizon. I would, though, be terribly tempted to auburn my hair to do full justice to a full-length coat of brown monkey fur with flaring lapels of brown satin and a sash of the same satin tied in a bow at one side. Genet—a name that is new to furriers—is an ocelot kind of cat that has a gray-to-tan hide with a mottling of darker spots. It does a simple coat with a side closing. Mink is in general taken seriously here, and everywhere else, but *pour le sport* (I haven't heard *that* phrase in years) it is dyed navy and made into a long blazer with a square of buttons on the chest, and a coat of light-tan Saga mink gets a cardigan neck and an ascot of darker mink, and a youthful ranch mink fashions a smock sort of coat. The Harlow era of floor-length extravaganzas is always with us now, and here it shows up in, for one, a coat of ermine, dyed black, with an inverted pleat from the shoulder blades down to give it great sweep. Two jet-encrusted pockets perch high on the



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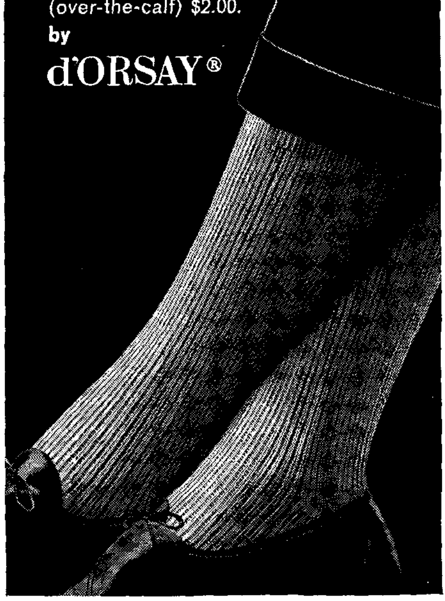

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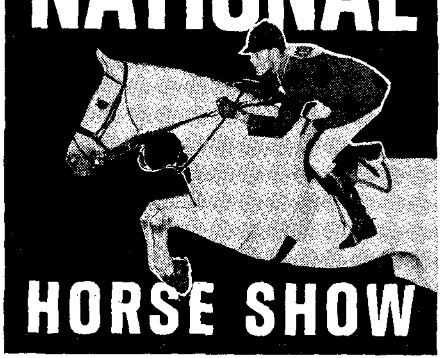
chest. A Harlow cape is of black Alaska seal, with a collar of silver fox standing way off the neck in back, more silver fox down the front, and further silver fox encircling the hem; another Harlow coat is of cross fox (orange to charcoal) worked horizontally to make it colossally bulky and able to swathe our own generation of sirens to the ankles.

THE suits of sleek fur at Alfred Rainer deserve special commentary, for they can be the basis of a whole fur wardrobe. Though the skirts are nearly always slick and tailored and flaring but minutely, the jackets range freely from matching walking types to creations of vast luxury for the fall of night. One jacket is of black Japanese seal (lots of sheen and the feeling of suède). It's double-breasted, of walking length, and it goes with a gathered, semi-dirndl skirt (Rainer is kin to Austria, remember) and a sashed overblouse of white India broadtail. So, on to his quantities of short dolman capes in black mink, cupping in back, to go with the same skirts, and to the jackets of pale mink with little pearl buttons and rolled necklines. Rainer is willing to use fluffy furs along the edges of flatter ones, as in a suit of black Persian broadtail with black mink on the perimeter of both jacket and skirt. Nonconformism crops up in a suit of black Persian broadtail surrounded by bands of black faille, which gives us *flat* edges, for a change. An especially *gemütlich* coat is an Army officer's deal of oyster twill (it resists rain, among other things) with a deep welt yoke and a snap-in lining of nutria, Alaska seal, or whatever. And an especially terrific costume is evolved of white India broadtail—a sleeveless sheath, plus a coat with white mink around the neck and down the closing. Distinctly not for stormy weather but definitely for stormy romances. Fur trim turns up next in a coat of black Alaska seal with black mink around the neck and the circular hem. Since the Rainer customers are intercontinental commuters—some of them, anyway—a new version of a perpetual favorite has been designed for this group. It is a big, loose, classic sort of coat of ranch mink with a shawl collar sometimes huddling under a shell of oyster-white silk-and-wool. Likewise for these commuters are reversible coats, one of steel Russian broadtail with an inside of vivid satin brocade.

SOME of the animal life in the ateliers of Reiss & Fabrizio is odd and lovely indeed, such as the vicuña

NATIONAL HORSE SHOW



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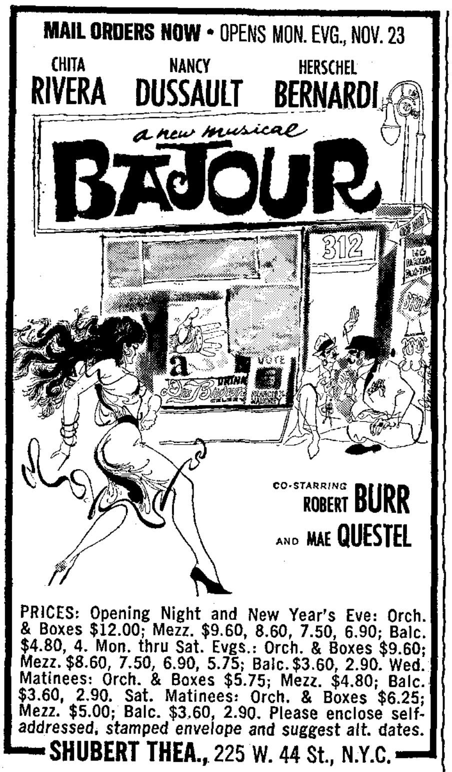
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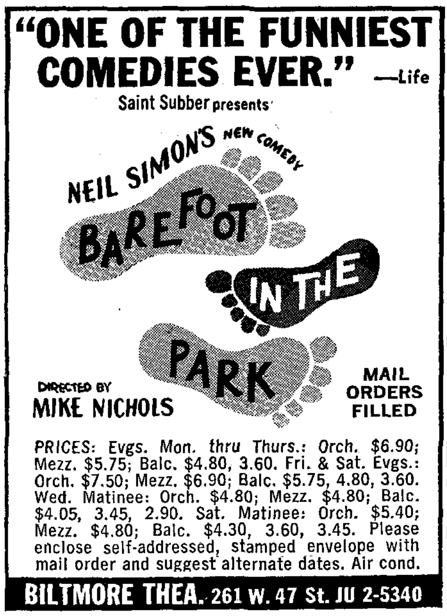
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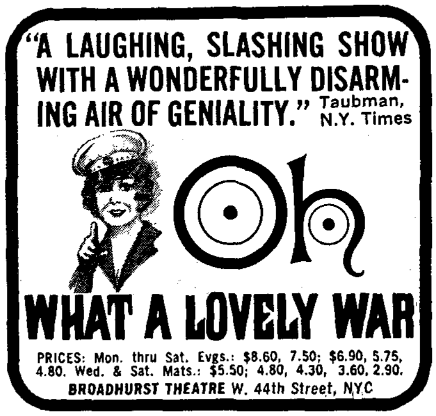
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paws, in two tones of tan, that are worked in chevron formation to produce a three-quarter-length sports coat that fastens down one side, and the tawny deerskin of a coat with high, narrow revers, six big buttons, and vast patch pockets, and the natural Scandinavian lamb, a streaky commodity ranging from charcoal to white, in a glorious sports coat with a wide doughnut collar and a black leather belt. The kangaroo here is not sheared as adamantly as it is at Bendel, but it has the same orange-red-tan hue. It looks a bit like broadloom in a sports coat with two big pouch pockets (the R. & F. kangaroos are trained to expect twins, I suppose). Dyed black, this kangaroo shows up in a formal coat that should be perfection for the young wives of diplomats if they must attend a mass of formal functions without enjoying a truly formal income; it's $962.50. There is white India lamb here, too, in a thoroughly tailored coat with a drooping back belt and six black double-breasted buttons, and Scandinavian lamb surfaces once more, but now dyed the proper navy blue for a three-quarter-length pea jacket with double-breasted buttons (six brass ones) and vertical side pockets above the horizontal patch pockets. R. & F. has always been interested in fluffy furs and in constructing huddling coats out of them. A new treatment of the theme is building the sleeves up so that they curl over into straight-across collars. I saw examples of this in kit fox (pale yellow merging into gray merging into light tan), in the bellies of Russian lynx (very pale gray, some beige, and plenty of white), and in the *backs* of Russian lynx (waste not, want not), which are buff with speckles of a darker tinge. *Grand luxe* is not forgotten, for there is a coat of natural gray Russian broadtail. A square of buttons is placed high on the chest, and a sash of black satin, with a bow, goes across the front; the skirt is circular. And there is a coat, quite skinny, of female ranch mink, worked horizontally, that weighs not much more than a cashmere sweater. Finally, we reach one more idea for formal evenings, and for the wives of the most plenipotentiary diplomats. The scheme that is employed is an old R. & F. pet—a zip-off arrangement. It can, to cite a specific situation, divide a full-length chinchilla into a stole (that's the lower part, removed by a horizontal zipper) and a three-quarter-length jacket, or tunic, for *après le ski*, I guess. A white mink, with a very low bloused cape top, can be disconnected in similar

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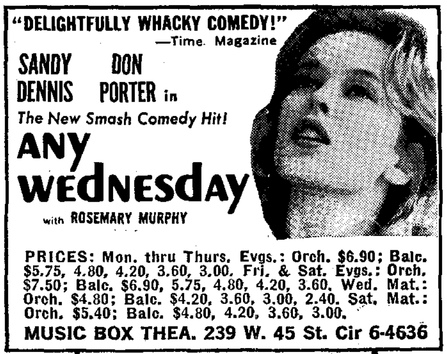
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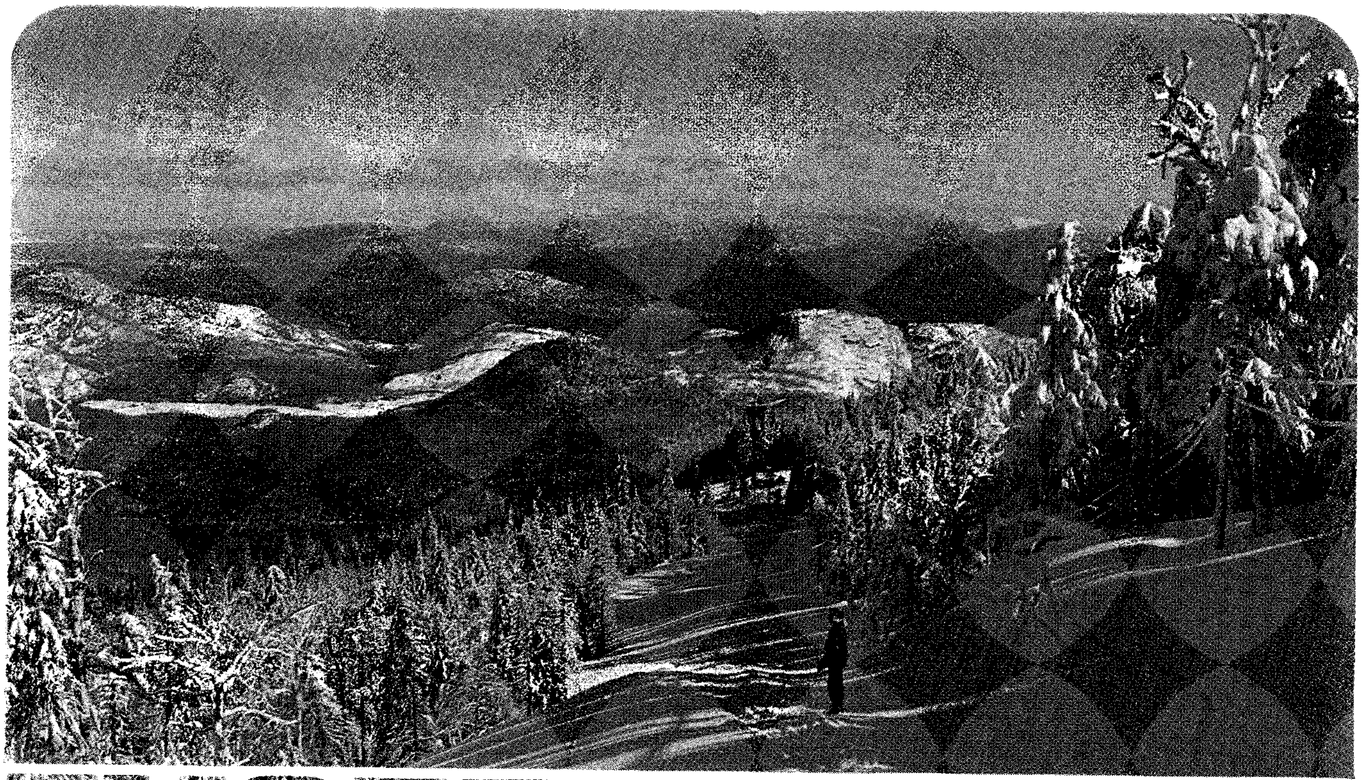

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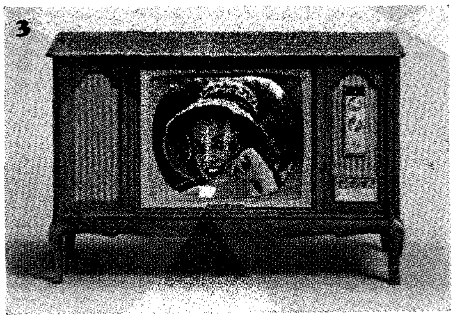

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(see opposite page →)

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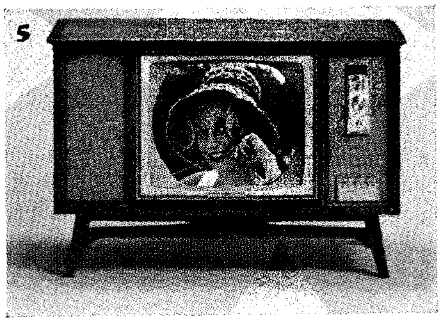

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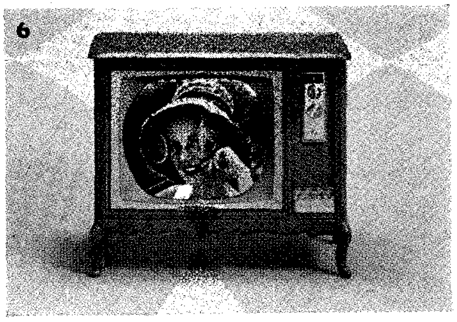

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Black and white is sharper, clearer.

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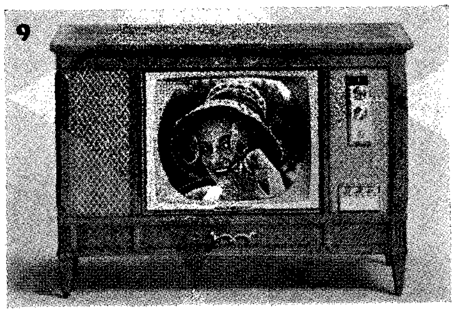

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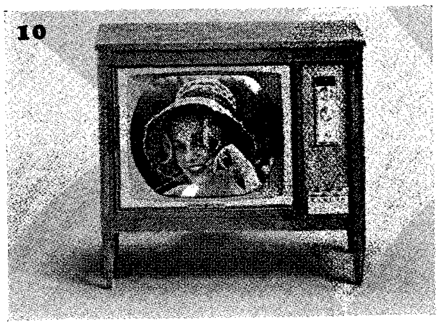

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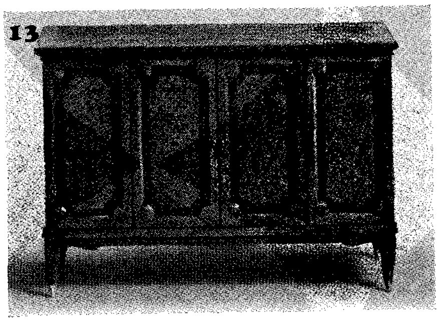

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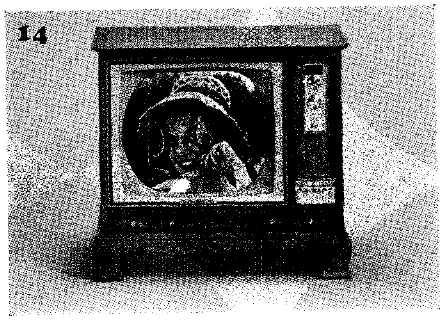

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(see details on next page →)

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

fashion by a zipper that goes around the hips.

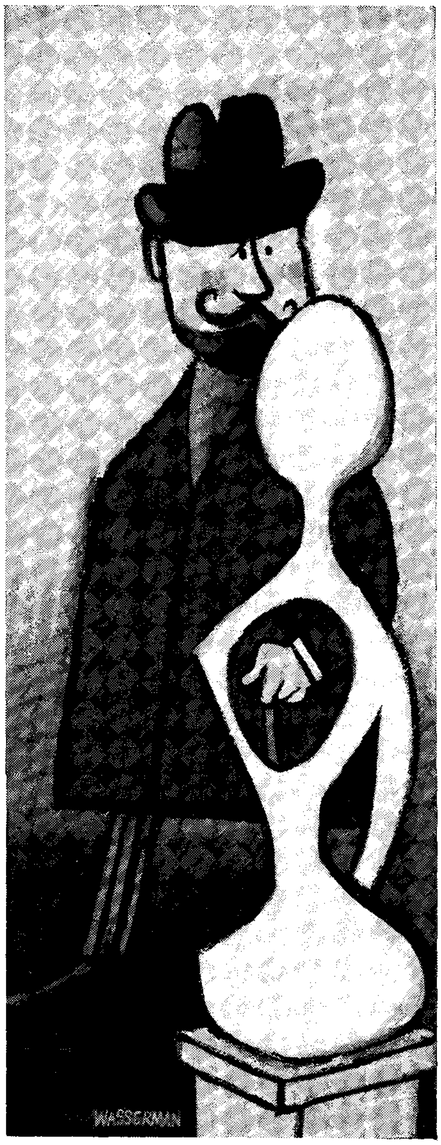
Esther Dorothy was not behind the door when the ideas were being passed out, and examples of her notions are to be found at her new little home, which has the air of a fairly grand apartment rather than the look of a place of business. For one thing, she has taken India broadtail and dyed it either a bright buttercup yellow or a peacock blue. The yellow makes a collarless coat with a sash tie in front and slits up the sides; it is reversible, the inner surface being a printed chiffon. In fact, she stands ready to do a simple dress of chiffon to go along, and since she began life as a milliner, she can complete the job with ease. The blue makes a full-length Oriental night-shirt arrangement, buttoned all the way down and likewise slashed up the sides, and buttoned shirt cuffs are part of it. India broadtail, but in a more conventional cream, is handled the same way and lined with chartreuse-yellow satin. Its round neck is split a trifle in front, and a tie may or may not wander across the front. Black Argentine broadtail gets a strict tailoring in a suit with slight gathers at the sides below the waist, this device to flatter the stomach. Its jacket is either walking length, with slashes at the sides (pockets are hidden inside them), or a double-breasted reefer with eight double-breasted brass buttons. Russian broadtail produces an extravaganza in black. The top, in which the skins are worked diagonally, has a shawl collar so deep that it can double as a hood. The back is deeply bloused, and lower down the skins are horizontal. A belt that goes across the front can tame down that collar and give the whole thing a tuxedo aspect forward. Don't ask *me* how it's done; just look. Last of all, I saw a tan mink worked diagonally into a spiral effect (this, too, has a huge shawl collar) and the skinniest possible going-to-the-A. & P. coat (to hear *them* tell it) of ranch mink, with small lapels and a slash up the *back*. I love furriers and their realistic world; they honestly think that ranch mink is for supermarkets, or even ranches.

—Lois Long

•

> When the Beatles appeared on the hotel balcony, the crowd swept through police lines and steel barricades in a crumbling wave Uh a crushing wave.
> —*Sydney (Australia) Herald.*

Are you all right?



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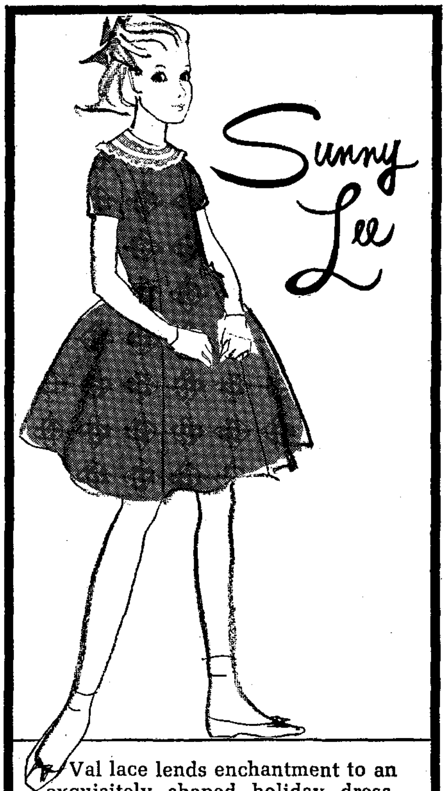

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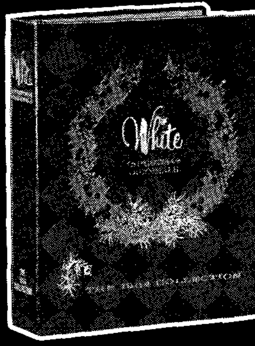
IT
A
White
CHRISTMAS



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NOT VALID IN MACAO

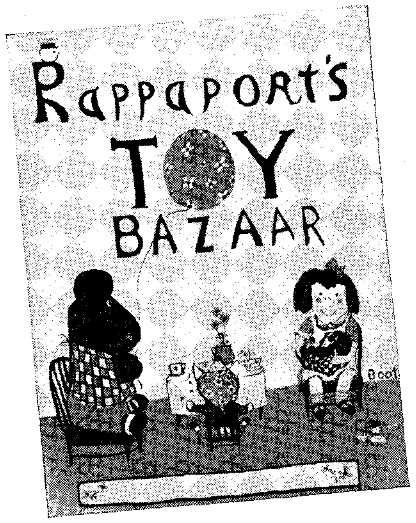
I HAVE now lost the right to drive heavy-duty lorries in Formosa, and though the need is not urgent, there is always a feeling of regret when privileges fall away. I mention Formosa because there is something precious, awe-inspiring even, about a really far-flung authorization, but I might equally well have written "Ghana" or "Turkey." My International Driving Permit, issued to me (since I am British) by the British Automobile Association, bears the great seal of the Ministry of Transport and contains, in addition to a villainous portrait of the holder, a list of the "vehicles for which the permit is valid" in no less than nine different languages.

مركبات آلية، تستخدم في نقل الركاب، وتحتوى، علاوة على مقعد السائق، على اكثر من ٨ مقاعد. ويجوز ان تقصر مقصورة خفيفة بمركبة من هذا الصنف.

The breezy lines above give—gave—me the right to drive "motor vehicles used for the transport of passengers and comprising, in addition to the driver's seat, more than eight seats" (with light trailer attached, if desired). I have this privilege, moreover, in ninety-odd countries, protectorates, and provinces, and this is one of the reasons why I find it so hard to throw the permit away, time-expired though it is. A feeling of immense competence comes upon me as I read it. I seem to have been trusted almost everywhere with almost anything. "Ladies and gentlemen," I hear myself saying as I sway easily in the driver's seat of my huge thirty-two-seater omnibus, "we are now about to enter the Qattara Depression. Keep your seats, please, and blow outward, with the nose grasped between the forefinger and thumb, if any pain is felt in the ears." Cool, relaxed, fully authorized, I ignore a mirage, dead ahead, of downtown Sidi Barrâni, give the great wheel a masterful twitch to avoid the wreckage of an old Sherman tank, and drop into second gear. "Turning the head and eyes to the left, ladies and gentlemen . . ."

Not every country requires the foreigner to hold this permit before venturing to drive along its highways. Some will put up with one's national driving license; others, a little oddly, demand the permit only if one proposes to hire a vehicle within their frontiers. It may be, so rapidly is the world coalescing, that I shall never need such a document again. But I shall always be glad to have had it.

The German for "driver's seat" is "*Führersitz*," a thing I might never



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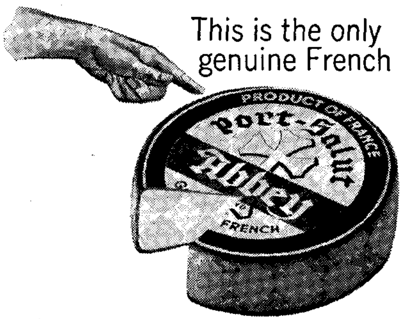

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You may have to watch some TV with him to find out.

Try it. Sit down with him and watch what he watches. Sure, you'll run across some "he-went-that-a-way" programs. But you'll also see a lot of remarkable, mind-stretching things that may surprise you. This month, for instance, you could see a demonstration of what makes us laugh. Or how electric switches work.
Or watch Leonard Bernstein explain to young people what a sonata is. Take a look.
You might learn something.

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Discovery '65
Election and the President; Heroes of the Wild West; Study of genetics; Language and legends of mythology; Why we laugh.
Sundays, Nov. 1 through 29 (11:30-12 noon)

Watch Mr. Wizard
Electrical switches; Two kinds of probability; Tides; Automobiles; Boiling.
Sundays, Nov. 1 through 29 (12:30-1 PM)

Captain Kangaroo
Discussion of Election Day, 11/3; How banks work, 11/5; Veterans Day discussion, 11/11; Discussion of seashells, 11/17; On camels, 11/23; History of Thanksgiving, 11/26.
Weekdays (8-9 AM)

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts
Leonard Bernstein conducts Mozart's Jupiter.
Friday, November 6 (7:30-8:30 PM)
Bernstein conducts Borodin, Dvorak, and Falla.
Monday, November 30 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Exploring
Port of New York about mid 19th C.;
About the beginning of Pittsburgh industry;
A midwestern city's crops and livestock; Los Angeles' post-war development.
Saturdays, Nov. 7 through 28 (12-12:30 PM)

Quillow and the Giant
Musical based on James Thurber fantasy, starring the George Latshaw puppets.
Thursday, November 26 (5:30-6:30 PM)

Other programs of special interest—

Directions '65
Religion and Politics; Problems faced by Negro clergy; Curing narcotics addicts; Memorial Portrait: John F. Kennedy.
Sundays, Nov. 1 through 22 (1-1:30 PM)

Wide World of Sports
National Air Races; All-Irish Football Championships, Dublin; World Parachuting Championship; Canadian Football Championships.
Saturdays, Nov. 7 through 28 (5-6:30 PM)

Profiles in Courage
Autobiographies based on Pres. Kennedy's Pulitzer Prize-winning book.
Sundays, Nov. 8, 15, 29 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Sophia Loren in Rome
A tour of the actress's favorite spots. Special guest: Marcello Mastroianni.
Thursday, November 12 (10-11 PM)

Look Up and Live
Contemporary Church Architecture.
Sundays, November 15 and 22 (10:30-11 AM)

The Louvre
Charles Boyer narrates. Masterpieces of one of the world's greatest museums.
Tuesday, November 17 (10-11 PM)

John F. Kennedy Commemorative Programs
The Burden and the Glory of John F. Kennedy.
Wednesday, November 18 (7:30-8:30 PM)
John F. Kennedy. His Two Worlds;
John F. Kennedy Remembered.
Sunday, November 22 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Lamp Unto My Feet
Vatican Council: Major Decisions.
Sunday, November 22 (10-10:30 AM)

Two Friends of Winston Churchill
Edward R. Murrow and Lord Ismay.
Wednesday, November 25 (7:30-8 PM)

The Other World of Winston Churchill
Alec Guinness narrates a 90th birthday tribute.
Monday, November 30 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: World War 1/That Was the Week That Was

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/ABC Scope

Saturdays: Sunrise Semester/Mr. Mayor/ NCAA Football/Mr. Magoo

Sundays: Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Issues and Answers/AFL/NFL/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/ College Bowl/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

NOTE: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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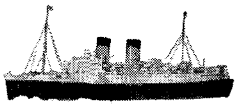
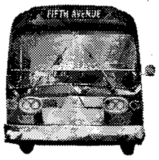
If it's worth a trip to Curaçao to visit Spritzer & Fuhrmann
(and we have friends who do just that)



think of what it means to have a branch right here in New York.



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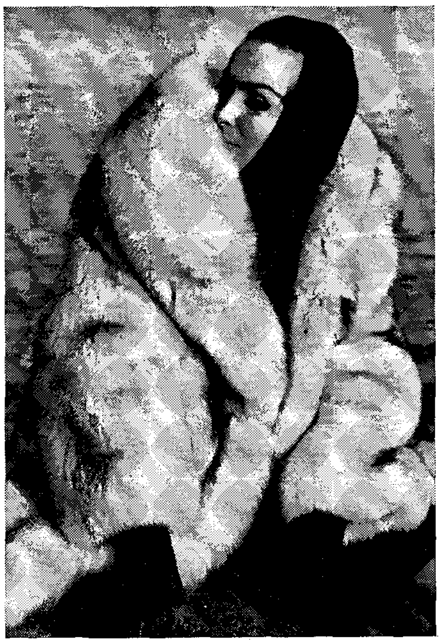

A Danish lady may light up a cigar. The corner cop in Copenhagen might stop traffic for a line of ducklings. Be prepared for anything. Like love at first sight when you see our furs.
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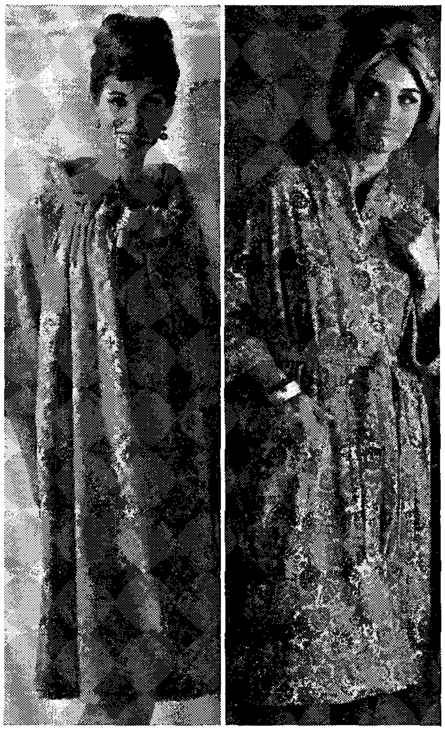
have known if I had not scrutinized the permit before deciding to destroy it—or deciding not to, as the case may prove to be. The pity of it is that I do not remember, during the period of its validity, having given the document more than a casual glance, just to make sure that it covered the not very far-flung country I was about to visit. Only now, when the gilt is off the gingerbread, do I discover the full extent of my unused powers—my right to drive a motorcycle combination in Cambodia, to roar through all Portugal's overseas provinces (except Macao) in a six-wheeled truck. The permit's range is enormous. The Philippines are there. So are Cuba and Surinam and the Holy See and Rumania. In all these strange lands, I was authorized to drive the most unwieldy vehicles ("*vehiculos*," "автомобили," "*autoveicoli*," "*motorfordon*," etc.) without let or hindrance. In fact, the list of Contracting States on page 2 appears to cover pretty well the whole known world, with the exception of Greenland and China (and, of course, Macao). Not all of them, though, get their own languages into the permit.

載客汽車除駕駛人座位外其座位達八個以上者，此類車輛得附加小型拖車一輛。

That is from the page which, I should guess, is scrutinized most closely by policemen in Formosa, and that dark thing at the end, with towrope, must be the light trailer one can attach if desired. Thus: **一輛。**. It is odd, though, that the same symbol comes earlier in the paragraph—eight characters up the line—which is no place for even the lightest trailer. The Formosans always were an inscrutable lot.

How inscrutable, too, I cannot help thinking as I turn the pages of this now worthless permit, are the ways of officialdom. Ask for a document authorizing you to do this or that particular thing and you can never begin to guess in advance what you will get. Sometimes—as it might be if you wanted to export a grandfather clock, over a hundred years old, to New Guinea—you will get, with luck, the barest permission, and even so may find yourself hemmed in with innumerable cautions, exclusions, and footnotes declaring that total weight must not exceed two tons. And then again you may get, as with this permit, a hundred bonuses and benefits you never expected or dreamed of asking for. I wish to drive a small sedan in Italy. Very well. I know how to drive small



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sedans, up to a point, and it is reasonable that I should be authorized to have a go in Italy, despite that un-English rule of the road. I frankly ought not to drive a six-wheeled truck round the Holy See. It would not be safe. There are a great many valuable objects in and around the Vatican, not counting cardinals, that deserve some kind of protection. I don't believe, either, that I am qualified to take a charabanc over the high Pamirs. Yet it seems to me, taking page 2 in conjunction with pages 5 and 7, that I am (was) licensed to perform both these crazy acts. It would hardly surprise me more if, on applying for a visa to visit Mexico, I were to find myself empowered to issue executive commands to the Brazilian Navy.

It is true that there are certain spaces in the permit headed "Exclusions," "*Esclusioni*," "*Ausschlüsse*," "*Indragningar*," and so on, in which the Turks, had I set foot or wheel in their country, might perhaps have scribbled a curt "Not authorized to drive loads exceeding 3,500 kg through Istanbul." The fact remains that I did enter Italy, and there is not a hint of an embargo in my permit from the Pope or anyone else. Carte blanche is what they were prepared to let me drive.

WELL, it is all over now. The permit has expired, and I daresay I shall find, if I ever apply for another, that the authorities have clamped down, that the old unfettered days of free enterprise in Sierra Leone are over. Page after page of Exclusions will anger and insult me. Coaches with more than eight seats, in addition to the *Führersitz*, will turn out to be banned in the Seychelles. "Persons," I shall read in blunt Arabic, "desiring to tow trailers through Damascus must obtain a Certificate of Competence from the Chief of Police, the Board of Trade, and the Bureau of Hygiene." Officialdom is forever nibbling away at one's liberties. So I shall not destroy my old permit. It will be a precious reminder of the old days, when the whole world (except Macao) was an open road.

But then again, actually, it won't. My journey through this multilingual relic has brought me finally to the inside back cover, where I belatedly observe five circles lettered "A" to "E" and inscribed "*Sceau ou cachet de l'autorité*." These lettered rings appear to have some reference to different classes or categories of vehicle, and only "B" has been obliterated by an unseemly smudge that could well be the stamp of the Automobile Associa-

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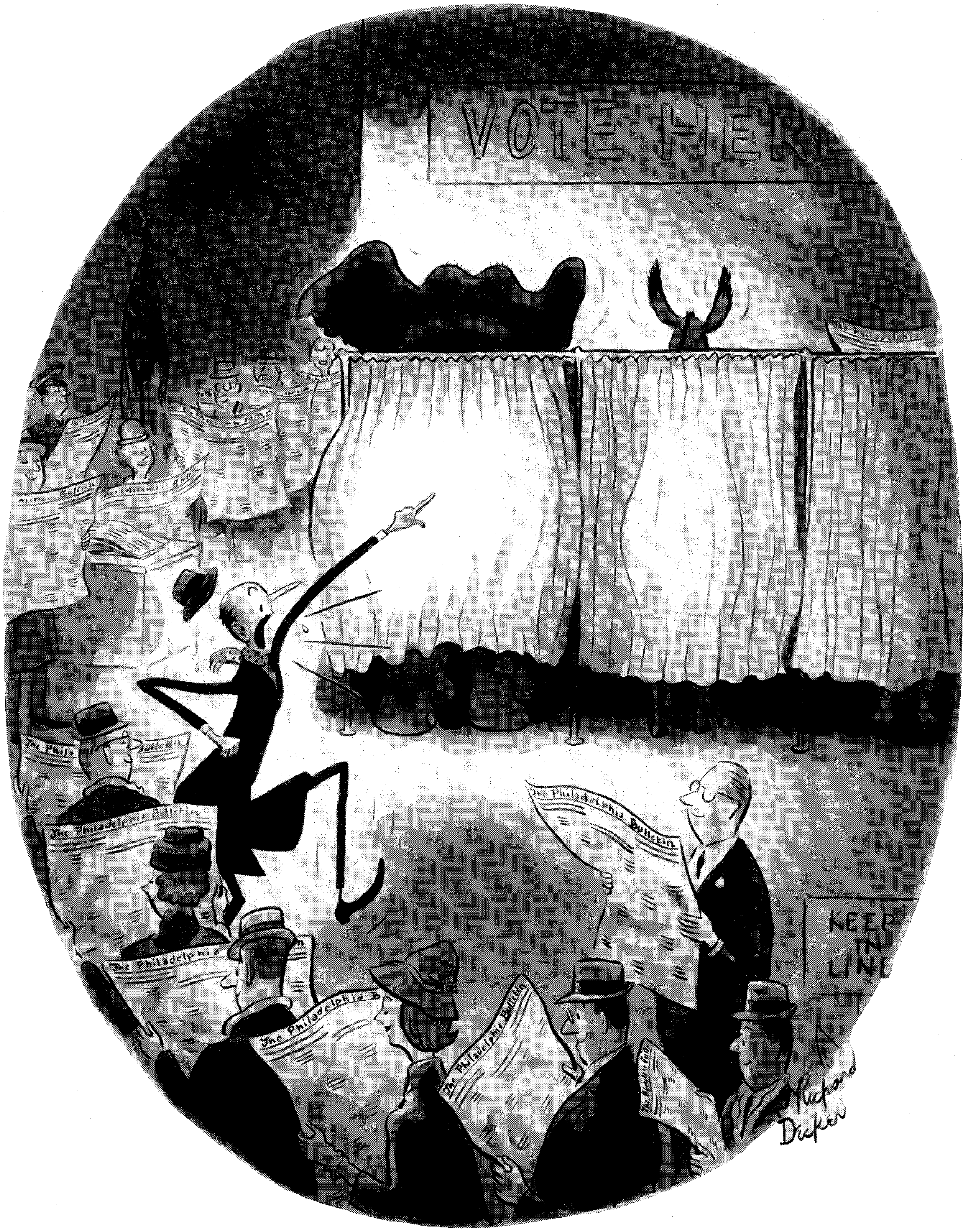
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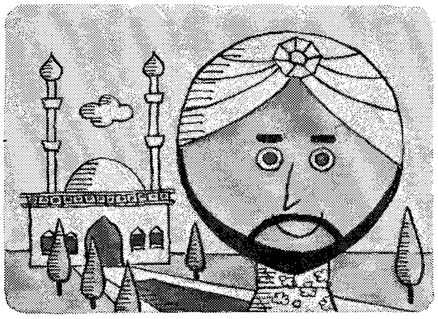

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tion. The other four are virgin, *sceau*less, un*cachet*ed. Can this mean that the A.A., at the eleventh hour, officiously confined my powers to B; viz., the control of "motor vehicles used for the transport of passengers and comprising, in addition to the driver's seat, at most eight seats, or those used for the transport of goods and having a permissible maximum weight not exceeding 3,500 kg (7,700 lb). Vehicles in this category may be coupled with a light trailer"? To hell with the light trailer. I have been living, however momentarily, in a fool's paradise, a dream within a dream. Not in imagination even had I the right to whisk that chattering coachload of trippers down and ever down between the sweltering walls of the Qattara Depression. I never was empowered to motorcycle in Cambodia, to scatter a bunch of cardinals with anything more menacing than three and a quarter tons of mobile goods. I shall destroy my permit.

—H. F. ELLIS

•

AVALANCHE

The drift descends like rattling dust
from stem and bough and lofty weed,
flaps in the wind, stamps on the deck,
litters the eaves with seed and spore
and pods as dry as old canoes,
until the house creaks in the flow
sent down to us by teeming hills.

All day, all year, and in cold dreams
I fight an avalanche of lives
swarming in silk, brooding in bark,
intent on sprouting anywhere—
along the sink, beneath the door,
out of the chimney's leafless mouth,
from every wrinkle, crack, or pore,
armpit or furrow, crevice or gut,
and the grit of eyelids closed too long.

I wake up often in the dark,
alerted by a sudden field
of thistles pressed against a wall,
and smell the heat of each dry torch,
or hear beneath my silent desk
the wild cucumber's spiny purse
drag an inch forward, pause, and scrape
another step. I try for sleep,
but the pillow has its nettles up,
the room is rank with sweat and thorn.

Each dawn, each day, I rise and dress,
clutch clumsy tools, use my own hands
to rake the dross from lilac beds,
spy out odd corners, scour and sweep,
uproot all vines that choke the lives
I want to keep; and yet I know
how soon, some night, the drift will flow,
pile up, and fill my seedless eyes.

—ADRIEN STOUTENBURG

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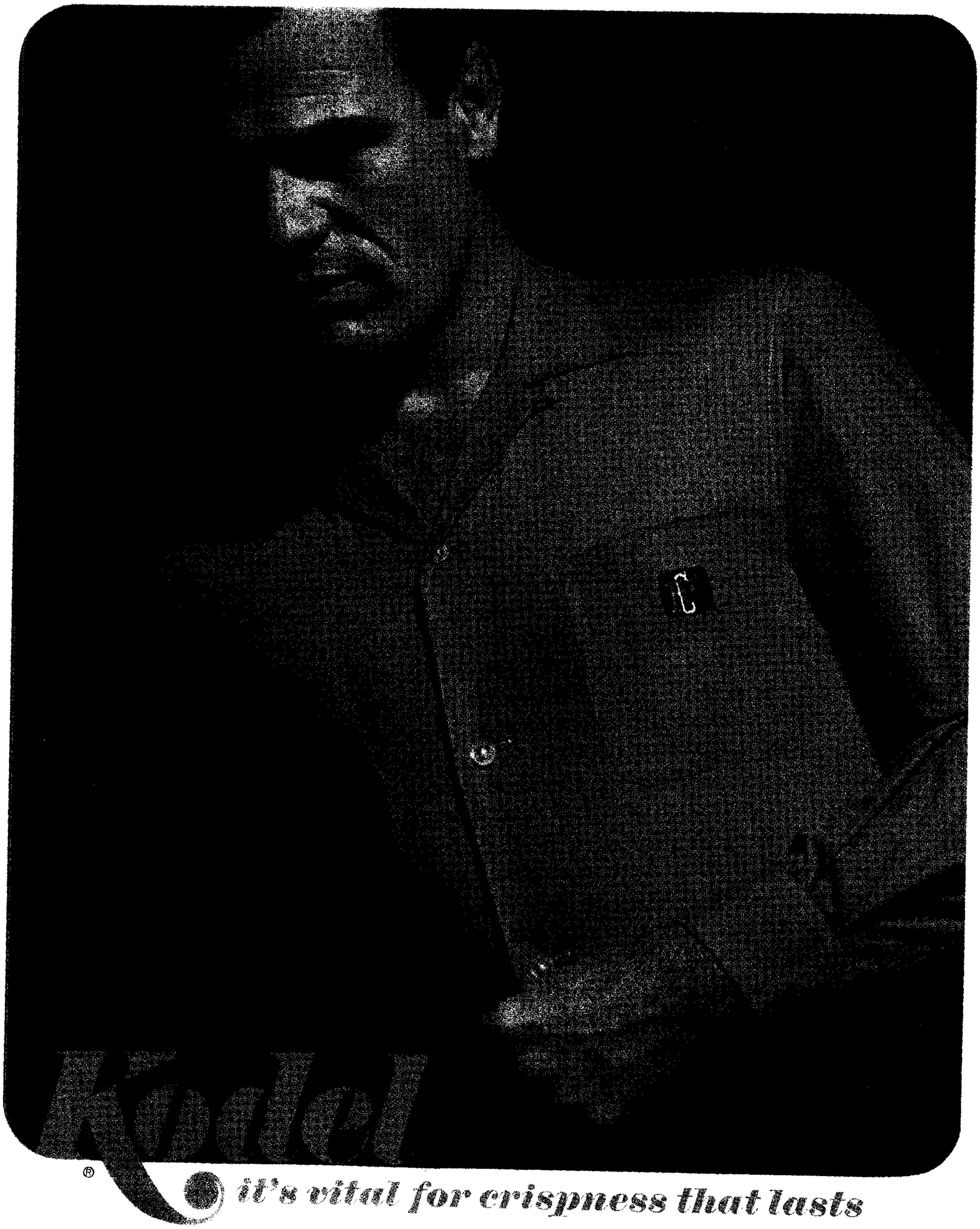

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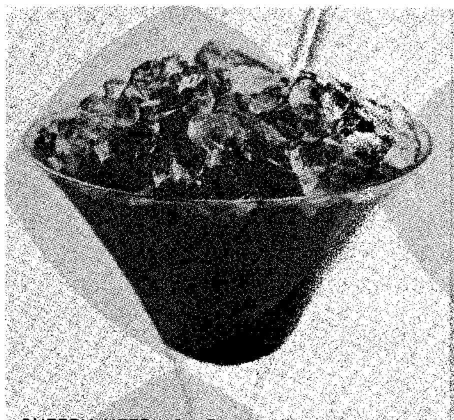
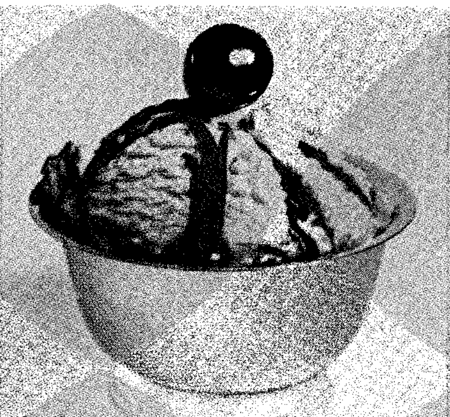


CHERRY HEERING FRAPPE: Pour 2 oz. Cherry *Heering Liqueur over shaved ice in a cocktail* glass. Serve with short straws.



CHERRY HEERING JUBILEE: Pour ½ oz. of *Denmark's Liqueur Delight over vanilla ice cream.* Top with Bing cherry.

DRY COPENHEERING: Into an Old-Fashioned *glass:* 1 or 2 ice cubes, ½ oz. Cherry Heering, 1 oz. gin or vodka, juice of ¼ lime. Stir to chill.

GRAPEFRUIT ROYALE: Spoon Imported Cherry *Heering Liqueur over a chilled, sectioned grape*fruit half. (Delicious at either end of the meal.)

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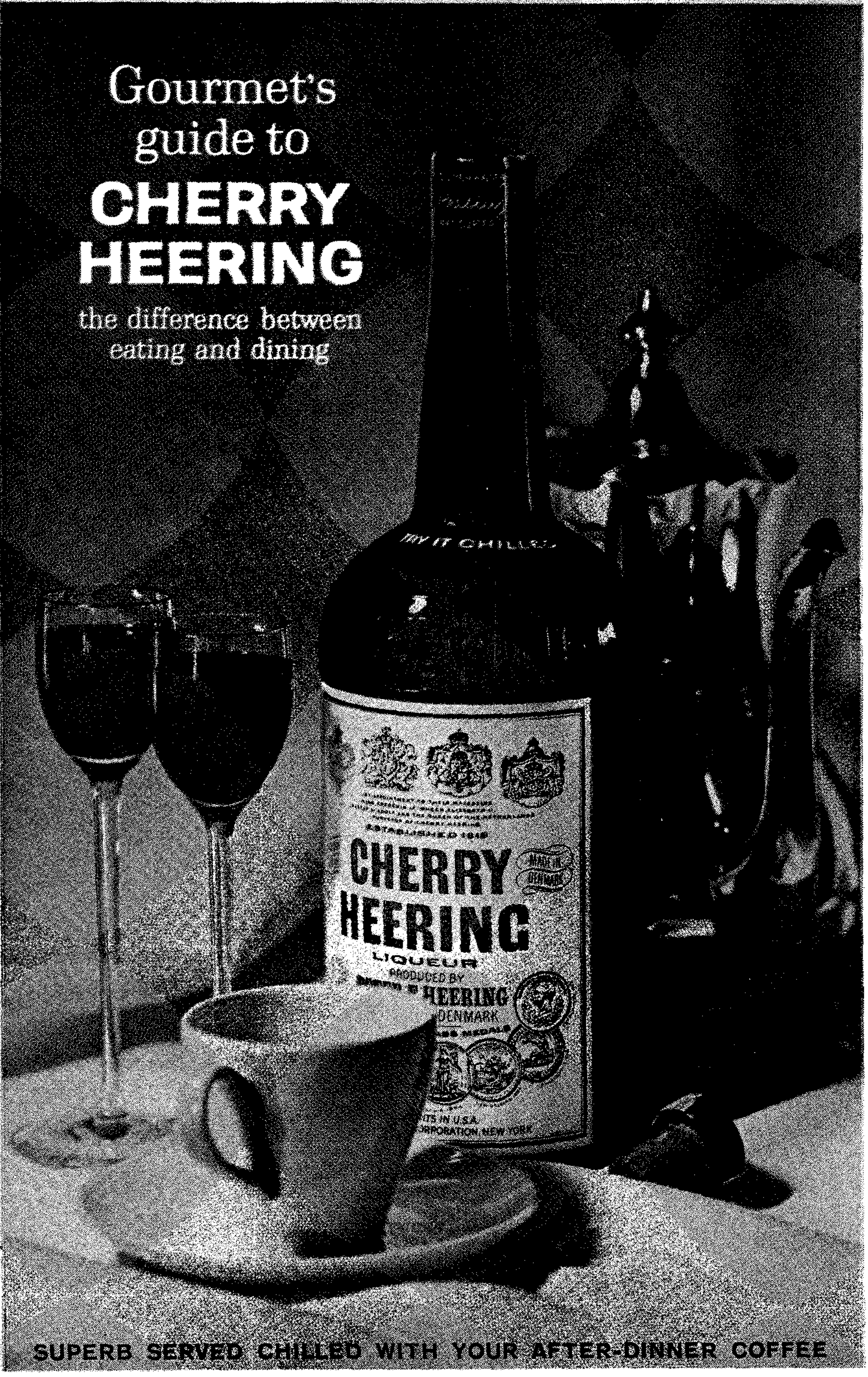

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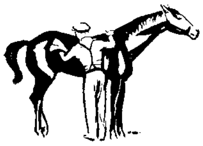
THE RACE TRACK

Gun Bow on the Grass, Alas



YOU can put down the sixth running of the Man o' War Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday as one of the more disappointing episodes in the short and lively annals of that six-figure affair. With Gun Bow, the sensation of the season, in his best form, the event promised to be one of exceptional interest, since it would settle any question about his ability to run well on the grass (some horses definitely don't) and to go a mile and five furlongs. As things turned out, Gun Bow appeared to gallop all right over the turf course, but he weakened in the last couple of furlongs, and Turbo Jet II, a 9–1 chance, beat him by three-quarters of a length. Knightly Manner was third, and Monade, a filly, fourth; the others were strung out behind them. Though nine horses ran, the general impression in the paddock was that there was only one who was worth more than a cursory glance. And I must say that Gun Bow looked magnificent; indeed, there are few better-made horses in training. Setting out from the start to make all the running, as he usually does, he was tackled by Cedar Key, who was considered the speed horse of the lot and who headed him in the first quarter, and the two went together for nearly a mile before Gun Bow beat off the challenge. As Cedar Key dropped back, Turbo Jet II, who had always been closest behind, moved up. Blum, who rode Gun Bow, went at him hammer and tongs, but halfway down the stretch you knew he was beaten. In the last twenty yards, however, he came on again, and at the finish Turbo Jet II had less than a length to spare.

Owned by John McShain, a Philadelphian who came into racing here and abroad ten years ago, Turbo Jet II is a powerful dark-bay colt by Polly's Jet out of Spring Offensive. Foaled in Ireland, he ran there, in England, and in France before coming to this country, and since last June he has won five times on Jersey turf courses. By the way, Polly's Jet was one of the top two-year-olds here back in 1955, winning, among other fixtures, the Juvenile, the National Stallion, and the Saratoga Special. Gun Bow made a good try in the Man o' War, but that has been no race for favorites. Kelso,

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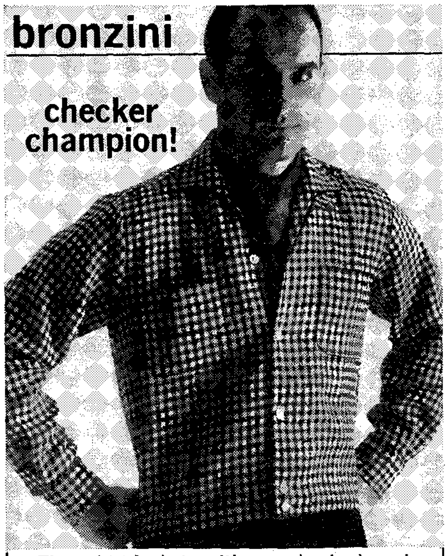

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you may remember, was beaten in it by Beau Purple two years ago. Kelso will have the center of the stage at Aqueduct this weekend, when he'll try to win the Jockey Club Gold Cup for the fifth time. I daresay he'll do it.

FARTHER afield last Saturday, Going Abroad, who ran so well in the Manhattan Handicap here on Columbus Day, was an easy winner of the Hawthorne Gold Cup in Chicago, and Will I Rule captured the Canadian Championship Stakes at Woodbine. Queen Empress wasn't so successful in the Selima Stakes at Laurel in Maryland. The best she could do was finish a neck behind Marshua, whom she has beaten on several occasions. The distance, a mile and a sixteenth, was a bit too far for her, I think.

AFFECTIONATELY, an especially popular member of Hirsch Jacobs' stable, has never looked better than she did before the Interborough Handicap at Aqueduct the other afternoon. She has never run better, either, coming up fast on the rail to win comfortably from Ballet Rose and Charspiv. She was Shoemaker's four-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-ninth winner. Next day, he rode his five-thousandth, a two-year-old named Slapstick, who was his nineteen-thousand-eight-hundred-and-ninety-ninth mount since he began riding in California sixteen years ago. Huge as this total is, it is far behind that of Longden, who had fifty-nine hundred winners to his credit the last time I looked up the figures. But then, Longden has been at it for going on thirty-eight years. He'll make six thousand hands down.

I HAVEN'T said much about steeplechasing this season because I'm tired of complaining that if jumpers are to increase rather than go on diminishing to the vanishing point, something should be done about it. For the record, Bon Nouvel won the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, one of the oldest and richest events of the season, at Aqueduct. From the start, he never left the result in doubt, and it was his fifth victory in succession, but I'd hardly compare him with such previous winners as Jolly Roger, Battleship (he won the Liverpool Grand National four years later), Elkridge, and Neji.

—AUDAX MINOR

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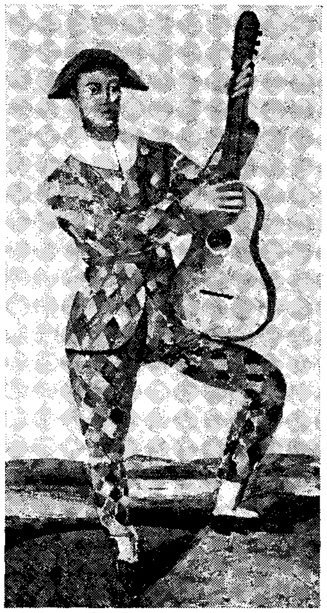

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MUSICAL EVENTS

His Master's Voice

SOME time ago, in an interview, Eugene Ormandy remarked that people were always referring admiringly to the "Philadelphia Orchestra tone," and he complained that it was the "Ormandy tone" they were really talking about. Sure enough, when the Philadelphia Orchestra played under other conductors, the famous "tone" altered accordingly. The fact that the quality of sound produced by an orchestra varies not in accordance with the number of Guarneriuses and Guadagninis to be found in its string section but in accordance with the temperament, technical background, and wishes of its presiding maestro is one of the more mysterious aspects of the conductor's art. The Boston Symphony is drier (I use the word "dry" as it applies to wines) under Erich Leinsdorf than it was under Charles Munch. The tone quality of the Cleveland Orchestra under George Szell is drier still. The Chicago Symphony under Jean Martinon, on the other hand, has a rather weighty, noble sound, but it is not at all like the sensuous sound the Philadelphia Orchestra has under Ormandy. Perhaps there is some point, after all, in Toscanini's famous statement (made, I am sure, with a certain degree of facetiousness) that "there are no bad orchestras, only bad conductors."

I spent a good deal of last week listening to the London Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall under no less than four conductors, which is more than any orchestra should be expected to tolerate in such a short period, and I was very much interested in the changes of tone quality that it exhibited under these circumstances. On Tuesday evening, with Georg Solti presiding, I could have sworn that this was an average orchestra that was in the habit of sacrificing beautiful tone to precision and brilliance. The explanation was, of course, that Mr. Solti, who is a high-tension sort of maestro, was driving it with a whip. The results were not altogether pleasing. Vaughan Williams' Overture to "The Wasps" was slickly done. Sir Hamilton Harty's arrangement of Handel's "Water Music," though, sounded forced and at times extremely harsh (it was done with a full and not a reduced orches-

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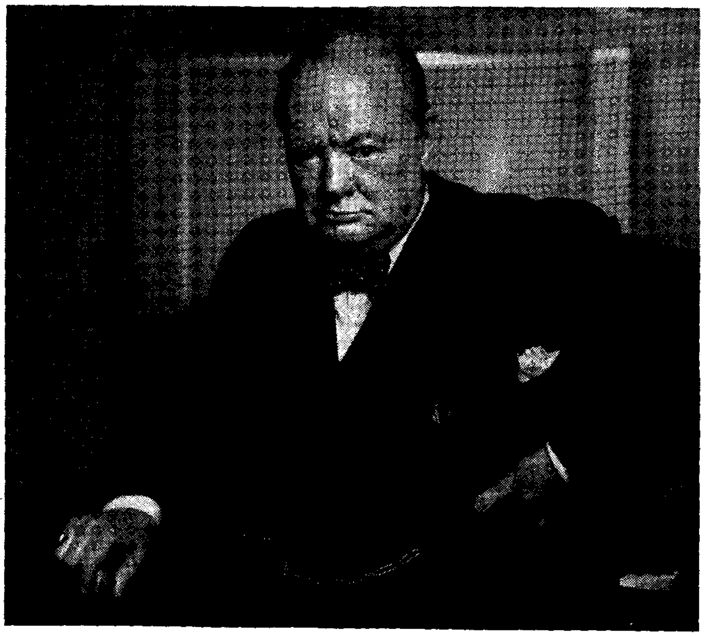

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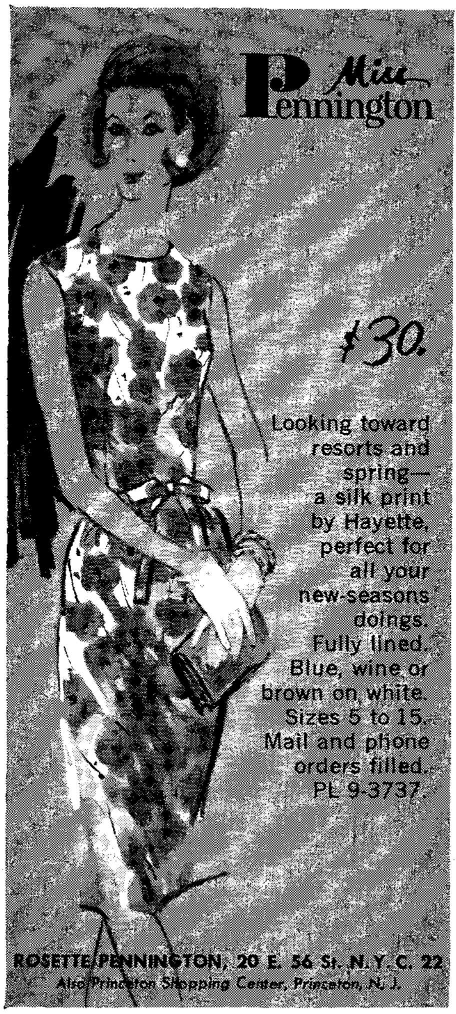

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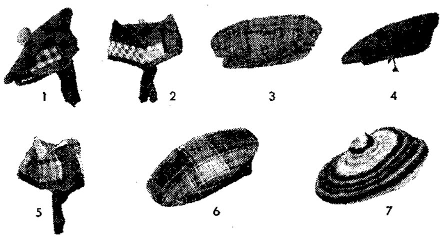

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tra). A brilliant performance of the piano part of Beethoven's Concerto No. 1 in C for Piano and Orchestra by Geza Anda was accompanied in a hard-driving manner, and the concluding chord of its largo was out of tune. Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra fared a bit better.

On Wednesday evening, the podium was shared by the venerable Pablo Casals and the almost equally venerable Leopold Stokowski. Casals used only a fraction of the orchestra for performances of Bach's "Brandenburg" Concerto No. 5 in D Major and the same composer's "Erbarme dich, mein Gott," from the St. Matthew Passion, with such superb performers as the contralto Maureen Forrester, the violinist Isaac Stern, and the pianist Rudolf Serkin either as soloists or as members of the ensemble. Already an agreeable feeling of grandeur and relaxation was setting in, and, sure enough, when Mr. Stokowski arrived to conduct Beethoven's curious and not very often played Fantasy for Piano, Chorus, and Orchestra in C Minor, Opus 80, there was a hint of the spacious and dramatic Stokowski tone. There was also some spacious and dramatic playing of the piano solo by Mr. Serkin and some excellent work by the Rutgers University Choir.

It was not until Friday evening, however, that the orchestra really seemed to develop a distinct personality, under the young British conductor Colin Davis, a quite able maestro, who got *his* tone out of it. The works performed that night were Berlioz's "Roman Carnival Overture," Weber's Clarinet Concerto No. 2 in E Flat (with the orchestra's first clarinettist, Gervase de Peyer, as soloist), Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, and William Walton's First Symphony. Mr. Davis's tone was elastic and varied, brilliant at times, sensuous at others, and always transparent (how I hate these adjectives, but there's no other way I know of to express these things in words). I thought Mr. de Peyer's solo a little lacking in nuance, but perhaps the trouble was that the clarinet is a rather monotonous instrument for solo parts in concertos. The Mozart symphony was done very sensitively, the Berlioz work with bold virtuosity, and the Walton item with all the clarity and dramatic emphasis that it deserves. Hearing the orchestra thus, one could clearly make out its virtues. It has a superb wind section, with magnificently accurate and sonorous horns, fine trumpets and trombones, unusually well-matched first and second oboes, and flutes, clarinets, and bassoons on

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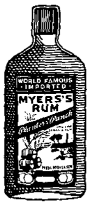

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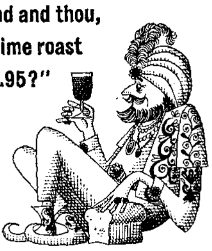

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nearly the same order. The strings seemed a little less sensationally good, and might be compared to their disadvantage with those of some of our finer orchestras. But, taken all together, this is a first-rate ensemble. It is, incidentally, the last orchestra presided over by the late Pierre Monteux, and Wednesday evening's concert was a memorial to that great and greatly missed artist.

Gian Carlo Menotti's large cantata "The Death of the Bishop of Brindisi" concerns the deathbed hallucinations of that worthy, who, long before, blessed an army of infants embarking on the Children's Crusade and who, remembering the disasters that followed, holds himself accountable for their tragedy. It was given its New York première by the Boston Symphony last Wednesday night, and I sneaked out of the London Symphony concert early in order to hear it. It requires a bass (in this instance, George London) to sing the role of the Bishop, a soprano (Lili Chookasian) for the role of a nun who is trying to comfort him in his distress, a children's chorus (members of the Catholic Memorial and St. Joseph's High Schools Glee Clubs), which represents the doomed children, and an adult chorus (the New England Conservatory Chorus), representing, first, the enraged townspeople of Brindisi crying for the Bishop's spiritual scalp, and, second, the judgment of Heaven, which absolves him of the crime that is on his conscience. Predictably, this composition turned out to be a deeply sincere and at times somewhat theatrical affair, touching in spots, thunderingly menacing and poetically evocative in others, and written throughout in the simple, communicative style that has made its composer a success with audiences. It poses a typical Menotti dilemma: Is the Bishop's guilt real or merely a figment of his imagination? And it solves this dilemma in a typically mystical manner. To me, it seems one of Menotti's strongest compositions—one in which words and music are beautifully written and beautifully blended, and also one in which simple melody and traditional harmony are, as in all his works, allowed to exert their full emotional appeal.

—Winthrop Sargeant

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BOOKS

The Point of Rest

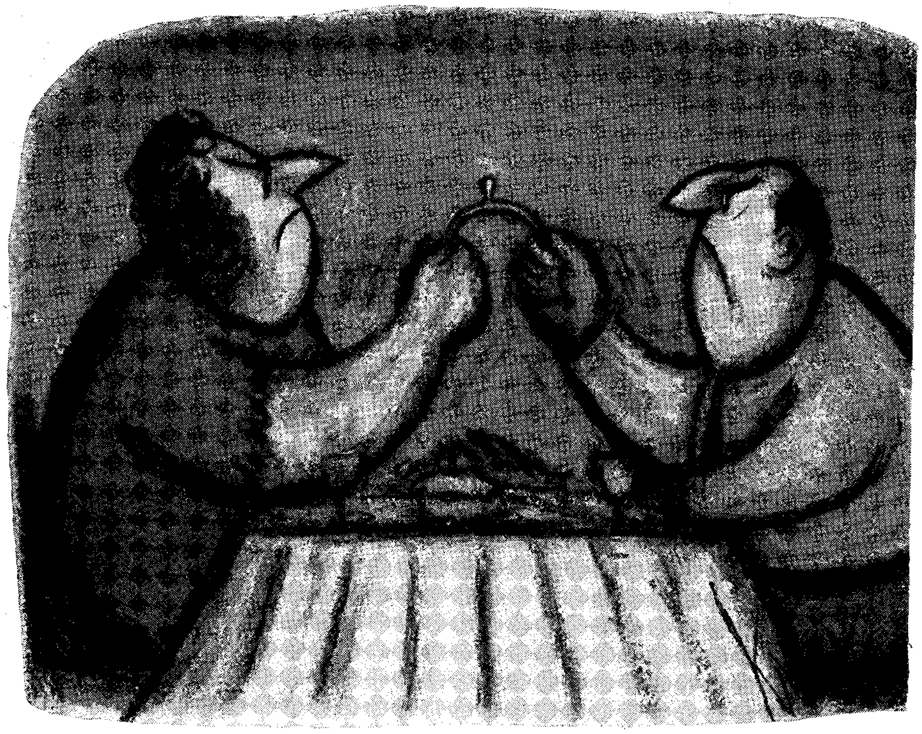
IT is unusual for a great public figure to reveal his inner life. Eminent men mostly write, or mean to write, memoirs of a kind that justify their own actions. Few such men are genuinely self-critical, for the power of self-criticism tends to atrophy with success, and it is even rarer to find one who has retained the capacity for looking into his own soul and recording frankly and fearlessly what he sees there. The record of such a self-examination, especially when published for all to read, is not now an accustomed form of self-expression. We are so used to cleverness and circumlocution in public matters, and the dressing up of private feelings in conventional phrases under convenient labels, that an unembellished account of one man's dealings with himself comes as a considerable shock. Such an account is what Dag Hammarskjöld has left behind in place of the usual memoir, which, even if he had had the inclination, he was not given the time to write. "Markings" (Knopf) contains no startling revelations about men or events, no gossip, and no facts. It is, at first sight, neither easy nor endearing. This is an anti-memoir, for in it the ordinary situation is reversed. The hero does not here assume the cloak of infallibility and the colors of insouciance and worldly wisdom. Rather, he removes the façade that was so convincing in his lifetime, the cool judgment and the calm courage, and shows instead the turmoil that went on behind it. From this self-revelation emerges a very private picture of a very public man.

A book of this kind raises two main sets of questions. The first set concerns the nature and the experience of the man who has submitted himself to, and published the record of, a self-examination. The second concerns, especially in relation to a great public figure, the interaction of the inner life and the outer life.

Hammarskjöld was, all his life, a public success. In fact, success seems to have presented itself to him as one of his main problems, to be grappled with as others grapple with failure. Born into a wealthy and highly distinguished family, and endowed with a strong will, robust health, and a formidable intellect, he rose rapidly and steadily through academic honors to the highest posts in the public service of Sweden and was for his last eight years a world figure of the first importance. So much has already been said of his achievements as Secretary-General of the United Nations that it is necessary here to remark only that he was a great and good man whose place in history is entirely assured.

That being said, we can turn to the perplexing problems posed by the first set of questions. Behind the austere and impeccable façade of his public performance, what sort of person was Hammarskjöld? He was, by his own account, a lonely man, convinced of his inability to give or receive love and loyalty as an individual human being, who sought, and eventually found, in public office an opportunity for total devotion, service, and sacrifice. Such an attitude, though commendable, would not alone have carried him very far or have been very unusual. What made him exceptional, apart from his intellectual capacity, was the discipline and the spiritual intensity generated by his private routine. The source of Hammarskjöld's spiritual strength was always something of a mystery in his lifetime—a mystery that, to people who worked with him, could be irritating in quiet times and very comforting in times of crisis. It was clear that his strength and insight were the product of some intense private effort, which also armed him with an indifference to popularity, though not by any means to criticism, and an august aloofness that discouraged intimacy. He had a kind of premeditated self-possession that dominated situations and people. "Markings," the account of his dealings with himself, shows to some extent how this posture was achieved and maintained.

It could not be said that Hammarskjöld's way of life made him happy in the normal sense. There was a strong streak of Lutheran puritanism in him, which, though it was partly counteracted in later years by mystical pantheism, would have made happiness difficult for him in any case. His nature and background combined with this puritanical streak to replace happiness with duty, and ecstasy with sacrifice. Hammarskjöld ultimately succeeded, with spectacular public results, in sublimating his private problems—his whole life, even—into his relationship with his job. Unless sublimation in itself is taken to be a sin, there is nothing bad or suspicious about this. On the contrary, this sublimation liberated all his exceptional energy and ability to serve an office of the highest possible importance. But private happiness was not for him. He was a man who became exactly what he wanted to be, and in doing so he left behind or escaped those things he had longed for but failed to achieve—love, emotional warmth, and a relief from loneliness. What he considered to be the inadequacy of his personal life was turned by ability, good fortune,



and a vast effort of will into a hugely effective public performance.

What were his relationships with other people? By his own account, they seem, up to his middle years, to have been tentative and unrewarding, inhibited both by a fear of rebuff and by a consciousness of superiority. In his later years, they became more satisfactory, if perfunctory, and were fitted with considerable artifice into the all-engulfing framework of his job. Realizing his lack of capacity for common happiness, he found useful and life-filling substitutes for it. The desire for this book to be published posthumously is in itself an important clue to Hammarskjöld's character. It arose from his feeling of loneliness. He asks himself about this and, in asking, gives the answer: "How ridiculous, this need of yours to communicate! Why should it mean so much to you that at least *one* person has seen the inside of your life?" There can be no doubt that Hammarskjöld, though he greatly enjoyed intellectual contacts and small social occasions, had the utmost difficulty in communicating on intimate matters with other people. A superb talker, he was basically a monologist. To his notebook he could communicate his inmost thoughts without the embarrassment that intimate personal contact caused him. It might be added that his own responses to his questions and problems were far harsher and more taxing than those that human companionship might have given him, for the notebook was not for idle chatter, self-admiration, or daydreaming; rather, it was both a confessor and a drill sergeant. Through these exchanges with himself, he trapped and filtered out the vanity, self-doubt, and self-pity that were so notably absent from his public performance.

There was a secondary reason for the publication of his book, and this he also formulates:

> These notes?—They were signposts you began to set up after you had reached a point where you needed them, a fixed point that was on no account to be lost sight of. And so they have remained. But your life has changed, and now you reckon with possible readers, even, perhaps, hope for them. Still, perhaps it may be of interest to somebody to learn about a path about which the traveler who was committed to it did not wish to speak while he was alive. Perhaps—but only if what you write has an honesty with no trace of vanity or self-regard.

Hammarskjöld certainly knew that most people thought him aloof and unapproachable, and in later years his Olympian public position also set him apart. He did not discourage this pic-

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ture of himself—partly, perhaps, because it gave him some protection from incessant human contacts, and also because he felt it essential to preserve his time and energy for his labors as Secretary-General. But he was a sensitive and kind man, and it is probable, since he was not one to do things unintentionally or without considering the possible repercussions, that he wished, by giving an indication—a "true profile," as he calls it—of his life and character, to show others, when he was gone and it could no longer either offend his own fastidiousness or harm his effectiveness as a public figure, that he, too, in his own way, had been engaged in an often heart-rending human struggle. "What you most need is to feel—or believe you feel—that you are needed," we read here. It is the antithesis of the aloofness and coldness that were often attributed to Hammarskjöld in his lifetime.

Hammarskjöld was an intensely intellectual man who became increasingly religious. His passion for order and form did not impede his effort to evolve his religious beliefs but, rather, lent it strength. As part of a general and continuous process of self-realization, he developed standards of behavior and religious feeling with great care and persistence. These religious and ethical standards were applied to everything he did, both private and public, so that there was an impressive consistency in his approach to all aspects of his life. Barbara Hepworth, the sculptress, whom he knew and very much admired, has said, "Dag Hammarskjöld had a pure and exact perception of aesthetic principle, as exact as it was over ethical and moral principles. I believe they were, to him, one and the same thing." This attempt to regulate his public and his private life by the same standards was an essential point in Hammarskjöld's dealings with himself. Thus, being a religious man, he saw his public as well as his private life in religious terms, although he never said so publicly. He says—to himself—of his work as Secretary-General:

> For someone whose job so obviously mirrors man's extraordinary possibilities and responsibilities, there is no excuse if he loses his sense of "having been called." So long as he keeps that, everything he can do has a meaning, nothing a price. Therefore: if he complains, he is accusing—himself.

Hammarskjöld took the Bible seriously (and privately), and, without embarrassment, saw his own life in its terms and phraseology in a way that has now become rather old-fashioned. Wal-

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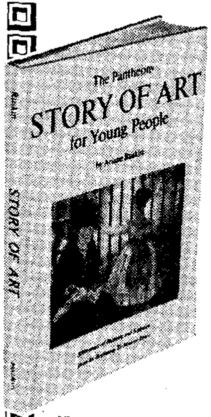

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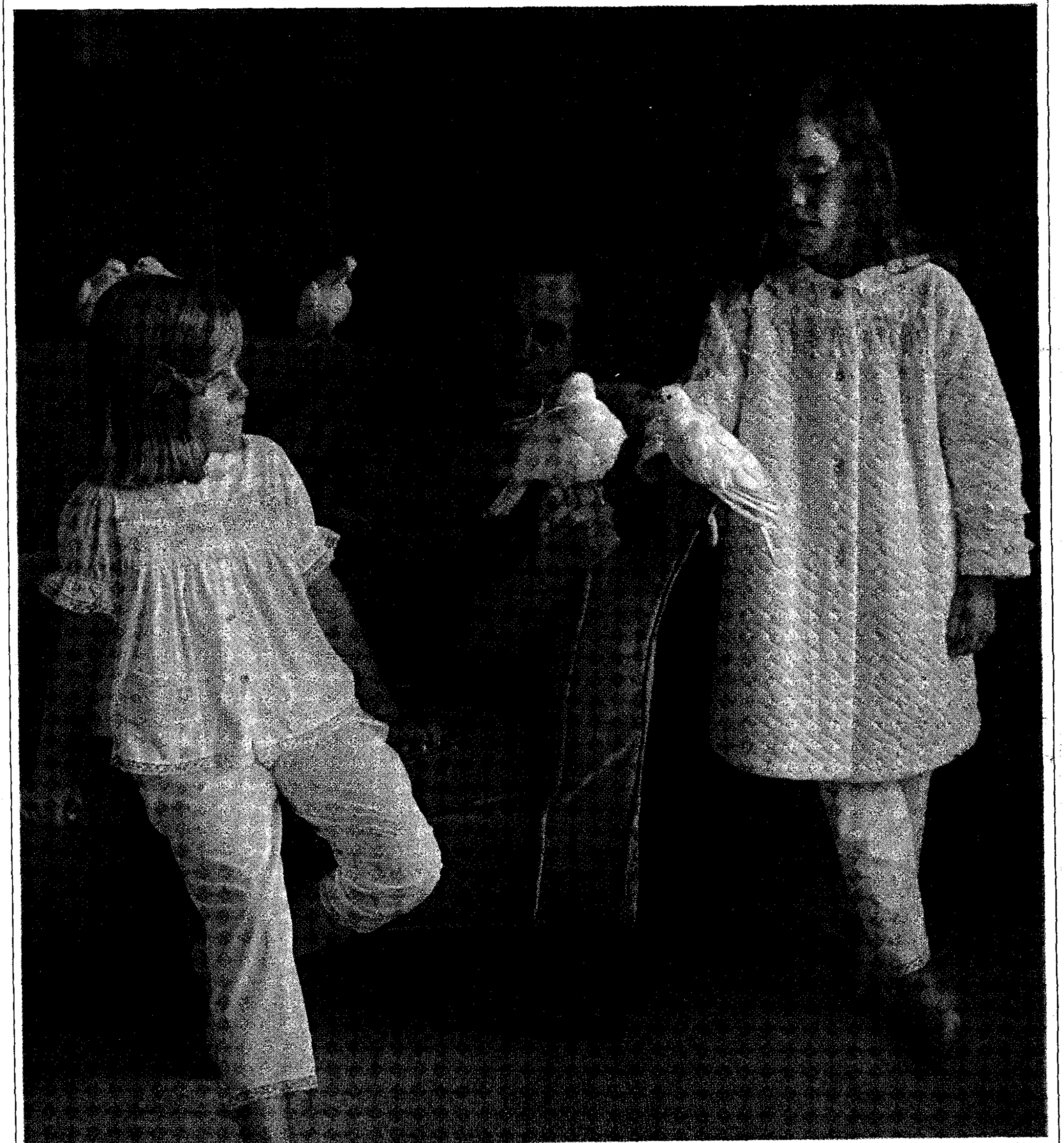

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ter Lippmann once pointed out, in another context, that Hammarskjöld, despite his innovations in international diplomacy, was really one of the last representatives of the old European tradition of behavior. This was also true of his attitude toward religion and ethics, which was an integral part of everything he did.

Hammarskjöld was—emotionally, at east—a late developer, and the early parts of "Markings" show a nagging discontent that is part of an admitted immaturity. The original Swedish title of the book, "Vägmärken," could be translated literally as "Cairns"—the piles of stones that a climber leaves to mark his progress on an uncharted mountain—and a typical early "Marking" is:

> He stood erect—as a peg top does so ong as the whip keeps lashing it. He was nodest—thanks to a robust conviction of his own superiority. He was unambiious—all he wanted was a life free from ares, and he took more pleasure in the ailure of others than in his own successes. He saved his life by never risking it—and complained that he was misunderstood.

The theme of emptiness constantly recurs in the earlier pages, and, with it, the search for a meaning, a reality, a way "to transform the mirror into a doorway." The successful conclusion of this search is the theme of the second half of the book. The turning point was, of course, Hammarskjöld's quite unexpected appointment, at the age of forty-seven, as Secretary-General, and he makes no bones about it. This was the point he had longed for, "at which everything becomes simple and there is no longer any question of choice . . . life's point of no return." He had finally been given a way of assenting to life and had been liberated from the complex inhibitions and feelings that had bound him. He wrote, "To be free, to be able o stand up and leave *everything* beind—without looking back. To say Yes."

This is the point at which "Markngs" becomes interesting and original, nd at which Hammarskjöld's life becomes different from the lives of other igh-minded and devoted men. Iris Origo's description of Mazzini and Carlyle in "A Measure of Love" provides curious parallel up to this point:

> Both men had had a singularly pious, ustere and dominating mother: one of them was imbued by his mother with a arsh Jansenist doctrine, the other with that of John Knox. Each of them was marked out, almost from his cradle, for he path of fame. Both men thus started fe in a world enclosed and apart—a imate both softer and harder, more heltered and more exacting than that

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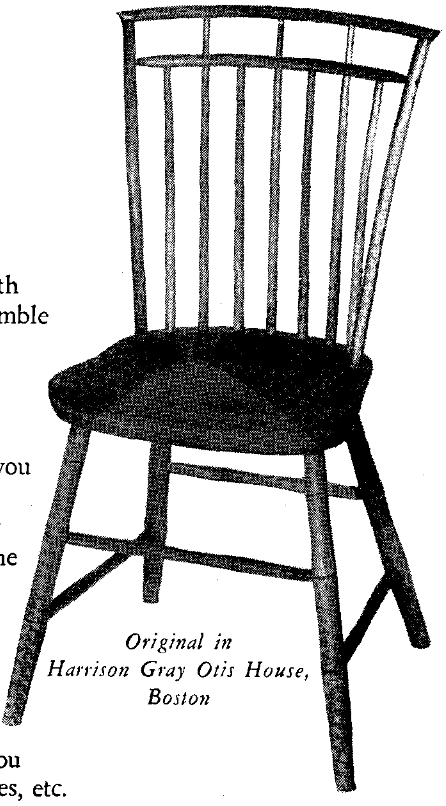

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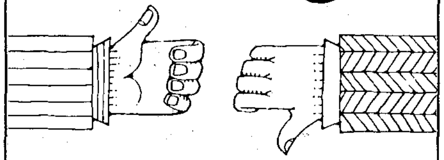

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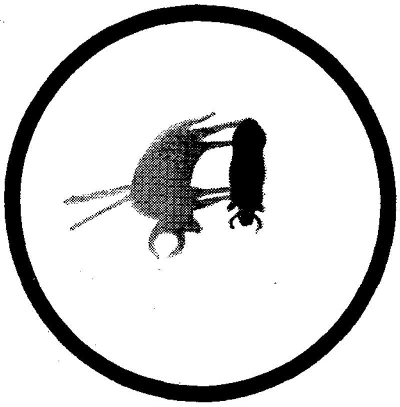

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which most boys know, and both remained under its influence all their lives. . . . Both men tended to identify divine authority and the human conscience; *both were actuated by the sense* of a direct personal mission to reform the world; both lived lives of great spiritual isolation. Both men were visionaries—Carlyle gazing out on the misery of existence through a mist, in which all human beings were transformed into ghosts and he himself "a spectre moving amidst spectres;" Mazzini living, in ascetic solitude, a life of thought and passion, as caught up in his vision as a medieval monk. In both men, too, there was a similar strain, not uncommon among reformers and prophets, of what I can only call *inhumanity*. "He had," said Herzen of Mazzini, "a deep understanding of one side of life, but *invented* the other." And he added: "For Mazzini, people do not exist. Nothing exists but the cause."

All his life Mazzini was ready, in Jane Carlyle's phrase, "to be made into mincemeat for the good of humanity;" but he also admitted that he thought very poorly of it.

The parallel stops abruptly at Hammarskjöld's forty-eighth year, for Hammarskjöld really started where Mazzini and Carlyle left off. Mazzini was quoted as saying, "I am growing old and feel terribly the emptiness of a life consecrated only to an *idea*," while Carlyle once said to Emerson, apropos of crowds, that he "fancied that the earth was a great cheese, and these were the mites." To Hammarskjöld, the cause, the idea, was everything, even providing a means by which he could love others and feel warmly toward mankind in general. With this feeling established, he began finally to realize his own version of happiness. It was not only action but responsibility, in its highest sense, that achieved this transformation of the austere, lonely intellectual into a fulfilled and remarkably effective human being. The change gave him "a new lack of self-consciousness—the kind you can only attain when you have become entirely indifferent to yourself through an absolute assent to your fate." It even, at last, gave him a relatively comfortable relationship to other people—"sharing the happy freedom of the moment with those who share your responsibility."

It is at this same point that the answers to the second set of questions, on the interaction of the inner life and the outer life, begin. The key to the spiritual process described—and what makes the description unique—is what W. H. Auden (who, with his Swedish collaborator, Leif Sjöberg, has made a remarkable translation of the book), in a most perceptive introduction, calls "the attempt by a professional man of action to unite in one life the *via activa*

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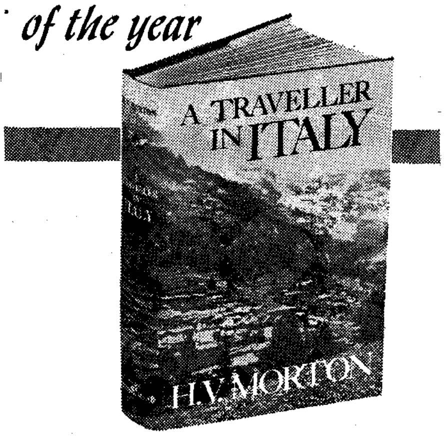

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and the *via contemplativa*." Hammarskjöld himself puts it in a different way: "In our era, the road to holiness necessarily passes through the world of action." This later part of "Markings" describes a continuing effort to preserve the still center of contemplation and mystical experience which makes it possible for the outer world of action to be faced from an impregnable position of spiritual calm and strength, the interaction of the two kinds of life being a fulfillment of the great search for a meaning, and thus the attainment of sanctity. The practical side of this effort was the continuous—almost daily—inspection and regulation by Hammarskjöld of his own behavior and reactions in the face of responsibility, success, frustration, and criticism, to make his conduct conform with and give strength to his conception of his position as Secretary-General.

The Secretary-Generalship of the United Nations is a unique post. While enjoying none of the actual powers of a great national leader, the Secretary-General, by virtue of his position and prestige, has unrivalled possibilities for constructive and conciliatory action in the world, and in times of crisis he also has an ultimate, though vaguely defined, responsibility for maintaining the peace. Of all important public positions, his is perhaps the one in which spiritual strength, integrity, and courage are most essential to effective performance, for without them the office, lacking the normal trappings and supports of power, is an empty shell of high-sounding principles and good but unfulfilled intentions. During the early discussions leading to the formation of the United Nations, while the Second World War was still in progress, President Roosevelt suggested that the title of the organization's chief officer should be "Moderator." For a variety of reasons, the more bureaucratic "Secretary-General" was chosen, but the function of moderator remains, and its fulfillment was, of course, Hammarskjöld's main preoccupation in both his public and his private life. He conceived the basis for success to lie primarily in his own attitude, and constantly set up guidelines for his own behavior:

> "Concerning men and their way to peace and concord—?"
>
> The truth is so simple that it is considered a pretentious banality. Yet it is continually being denied by our behavior. Every day furnishes new examples.
>
> It is more important to be aware of the grounds for your own behavior than to understand the motives of another.
>
> The other's "face" is more important than your own.
>
> If, while pleading another's cause, you

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are at the same time seeking something for yourself, you cannot hope to succeed.

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Hammarskjöld waged a constant struggle to maintain undistorted in his own mind the essential nature of his public position: "You are merely the lens in the beam, you can only receive, give, and possess the light as a lens does. If you seek yourself, 'your rights' . . . you rob the lens of its transparency." In his new eminence, he was constantly on guard against any falling away, through the temptations of success, the arrogance of a busy and brilliant life, or the embitterment of frustation or failure, from the standards he had set himself. "We have to acquire a peace and balance of mind such that we can give every word of criticism its due weight, and humble ourselves before every word of praise," he writes. During the Suez crisis, from which he was one of the very few people to emerge with an enhanced reputation, he noted, "It was when Lucifer first congratulated himself upon his angelic behavior that he became the tool of evil." He was especially conscious of the process by which success and public acclaim can erode judgment and balance, and become an insatiable craving: "To rejoice at a success is not the same thing as taking credit for it. To deny oneself the first is to become a hypocrite and a denier of life; to permit oneself the second is a childish indulgence which will prevent one from ever growing up." He saw clearly how easily success could lead to stagnation, complacency, and the habit of mind he calls "thoughtlessly mirroring yourself in an obituary."

Hammarskjöld's position gave him a new relationship to and new responsibilities for other people, and these

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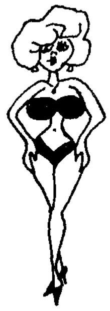

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were a matter for constant reflection, for he did not find them easy: "Your position never gives you the right to command. It only imposes on you the duty of so living your life that others can receive your orders without being humiliated." He also now realized that personal relationships, however difficult and taxing he might find them, were essential to his own development: "Without them, you will live in a world of abstractions, where your solipsism, your greed for power, and your death wish lack the one opponent which is stronger than they—love." It is typical of Hammarskjöld that he took great pains to conceal the fact that he worried constantly about his attitude toward and effect on others. Being endowed with a clear and rapidly working intellect, he tended naturally to become impatient with slow or muddled thinking or performance. Although he himself was a master of deliberate obscurantism when the occasion demanded, evasions and half-truths infuriated him. It was sometimes comforting for a colleague to conclude, after a difficult half hour with him, that he was arrogant and insensitive. Yet throughout the period of his greatest success one finds such entries as these: "You saved him from victory and, after his defeat, showed him kindness out of a *Schadenfreude* you sorely needed to indulge in. You have indeed earned the right to a sympathetic audience." And "Twice now you have done him an injustice. In spite of the fact that you were 'right' or, more correctly, *because* you were, in your conceit and your stupid pride in your powers you went stumping on over ground where each step gave him pain."

Hammarskjöld's total commitment to his task gave him confidence and maturity; it was both his duty and his reward. As his reputation and his responsibilities grew, his thoughts took a new turn—not least, perhaps, because he was already wondering what life would be for him when his Secretary-Generalship came to an end. 'Still a few years more," he writes in 1958, "and then? The only value of a life is its content—for *others*. Apart from any value it may have for others, my life is worse than death. Therefore, in my great loneliness, serve others. Therefore: how incredibly great is what I have been given, and how meaningless what I have to 'sacrifice.' "

In the steadily diminishing number of hours in which he was left to himself, he turned ever more frequently to mysticism and pantheism. His love of nature had always been the solace of his

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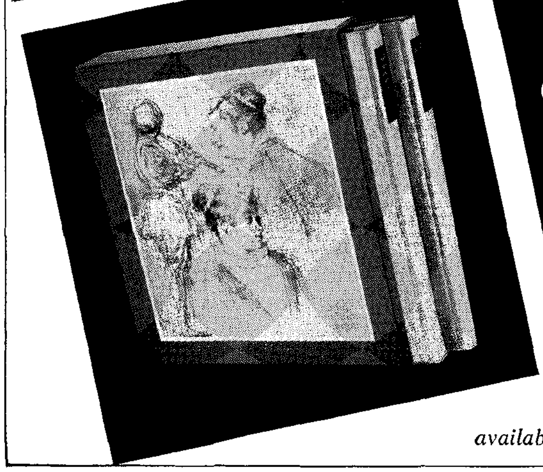

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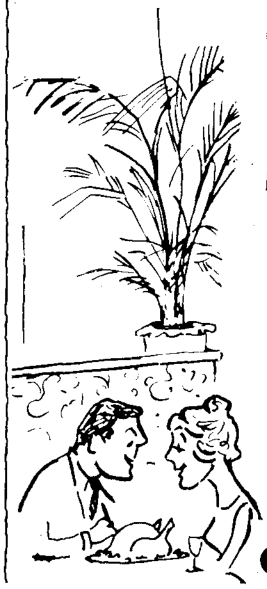

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loneliness, and now it merged with his religious feelings. He was drawn to the works of speculative mystical writers such as the thirteenth-century German Meister Eckhart, and to the idea of the union of the human soul with God through knowledge—the abandonment of self to God that makes external means of salvation unnecessary. Serenity of mind, which had so long escaped him, seems to have come to him at last, and the tone of the entries reflects the change:

> To have humility is to experience reality, not *in relation to ourselves*, but in its sacred independence. It is to see, judge, and act from the point of rest in ourselves. Then, how much disappears, and all that remains falls into place. In the point of rest at the centre of our being, we encounter a world where all things are at rest in the same way. Then a tree becomes a mystery, a cloud a revelation, each man a cosmos of whose riches we can only catch glimpses.

Another new activity, which Auden interprets as additional evidence of long-sought serenity of mind, was the writing of verses. These verses are less interesting for themselves than for the pleasure they obviously gave Hammarskjöld through helping him to observe and to remember. He favored the Japanese three-line *haiku*, in which the number of syllables in any one line is optional provided that the total number of syllables in the three lines is seventeen. To others this might seem a constricting and exigent form, but to him "Seventeen syllables/ Opened the door/ To memory, to meaning." Some of the poems are charming, such as the elegy to his pet monkey Greenback, and others—a long one about his childhood, for example—are revealing about his early life or his dreams. On the whole, however, the poems are the least interesting part of the later entries.

Hammarskjöld's thoughts also turned more often now to death and to the necessity of preparing for it. In his earlier, bitterer years, death had preoccupied him as an escape to be rejected. In 1952, he had written, with foreboding, "It may be that death is to be your ultimate gift to life: it must not be an act of treachery against it." Now it appeared differently—as the inevitable end, which, like life, must be contemplated and prepared for. "Do not seek death. Death will find you. But seek the road which makes death a fulfillment." For Hammarskjöld, the prospect of death certainly figured large. His northern, Lutheran background and his early sense of futility may have had something to do with this. The prospect was also a dominant feature of

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his public responsibility, for violence and death were the logical outcome of any failure in his task. His conception of his duty made it necessary for him to take risks by frequently visiting dangerous places, and often in his last years he must have been mortally tired. As he did with other dark thoughts, he preferred to formulate this preoccupation with all possible frankness and to study it, rather than to cover it up and hide from it. Hence such uncomfortable reflections as "The *arrêt* that leads to the summit separates two abysses: the pleasure-tinged death wish (not, perhaps, without an element of narcissistic masochism), and the animal fear arising from the physical instinct for survival. Only he can conquer vertigo whose body has learned to treat itself as a means." In this, as in other matters, Hammarskjöld had no wish to be caught unprepared.

Hammarskjöld's last year was a grim one. He was struggling with a number of immensely complex and intractable problems, of which the Congo was the largest, and he was under a constant barrage of accusation and criticism from the Communist countries and from some other quarters as well. All this was both painful and physically and morally exhausting. Yet in this troubled period his inner calm, like his outward composure, showed no sign of cracking, though the tension can sometimes be detected in his writing. By this time, he seems to have been prepared within himself for whatever might happen, whether a public setback, the end of his Secretary-Generalship, or death itself. Fatigue, doubt, and even despair occasionally seized him, always to be rebuffed by religious faith and meditation or by his pleasure in verse, in aesthetic experience, or in the observation of nature. He was ready.

The road,
You shall follow it.
The fun,
You shall forget it.
The cup,
You shall empty it.
The pain,
You shall conceal it.
The truth,
You shall be told it.
The end,
You shall endure it.

On Whitsunday of 1961, reflecting on his life and his final assent to it, he wrote:

> ...from that hour I was certain that existence is meaningful and that, therefore, my life, in self-surrender, had a goal.
> From that moment I have known what it means "not to look back" and "to take no thought for the morrow."
> Led by the Ariadne's thread of my an-

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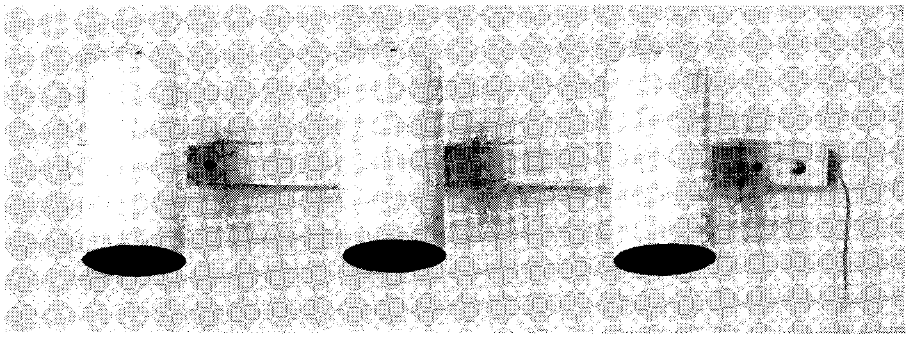

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We often feel like father Apollo when someone with a small sum of money and no experience in the market comes to us and says he wants to speculate, to make a mint of money in a month. We wish he wouldn't be so daring, but we can't actually forbid him to speculate if he wants to do so. All we can do is warn him about the countless pitfalls of speculating and hope he will pay closer attention to us than Phaeton did to Apollo.

There's not much danger that an inexperienced speculator will set the world on fire, as Phaeton did, but he may burn himself—badly. And that's something we never like to see.

So we say to novices in the market who would like to get rich quick (as who wouldn't?), don't think of speculating unless you have a lot of money and a lot of nerve. Remember, nothing exceeds like excess. Amen.

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swer through the labyrinth of Life, I came to a time and a place where I realized that the Way leads to a triumph which is a catastrophe, and to a catastrophe which is a triumph, that the price for committing one's life would be reproach, and that the only elevation possible to man lies in the depths of humiliation. After that, the word "courage" lost its meaning, since nothing could be taken from me.

Hammarskjöld's last entry, on August 24, 1961, was a poem describing his return, in a dream, to a hauntingly familiar landscape. The poem ends:

> And I begin to know the map
> And to get my bearings.

Four weeks later, he was killed when his plane crashed in Central Africa.

It is difficult to appreciate a man so strange and so important without either descending into cheap and impertinent analysis or getting lost in admiration. From "Markings," it would be easy to make a case for calling him a prig and a misfit, and equally easy to portray him as a secular saint, a savior for our time. The first of these possibilities Hammarskjöld himself foresaw, without rancor; the second would certainly have horrified him. In between these extremes there are many other possible interpretations of him, religious, psychological, and political, for which "Markings" provides abundant raw material. In life, Hammarskjöld's personality was elusive and impossible to label or pin down, and it seems likely that it will remain so. However, the book, seen as a whole, tells at first hand a dramatic and fascinating story of one man's solitary effort to know himself and to order his life accordingly. Whatever the private outcome of this struggle was, the public result is a matter of record. Dag Hammarskjöld, from the firm base of self-knowledge, self-discipline, and uncompromising standards, performed immense services to the world. "Leave it to Dag" became a world saying, because an extraordinarily wide range of public figures in many countries, and countless millions of ordinary people as well, felt instinctively that he could be trusted and could help them. He himself felt that he, lacking some ordinary capacity for private life, had been given the greatest boon of all in this opportunity to serve others, and that he must repay the debt with all his spirit, his intellect, and his energy, and even with his life. He repaid it handsomely. —BRIAN URQUHART

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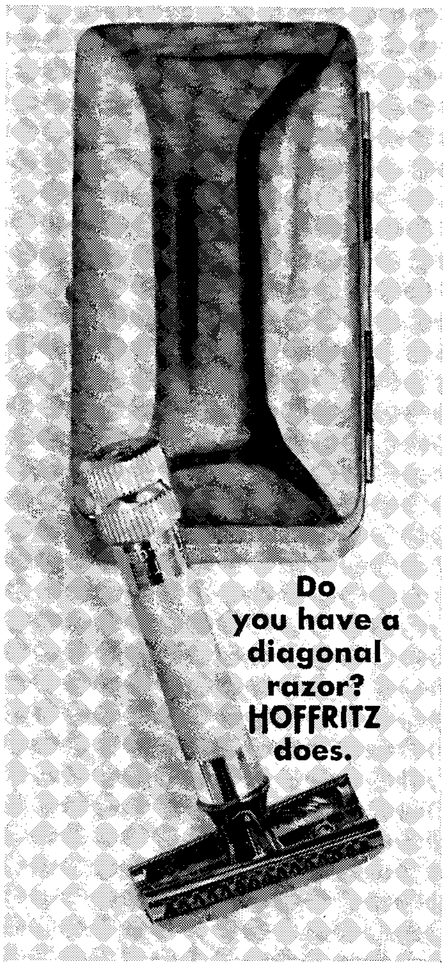

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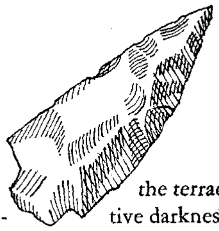
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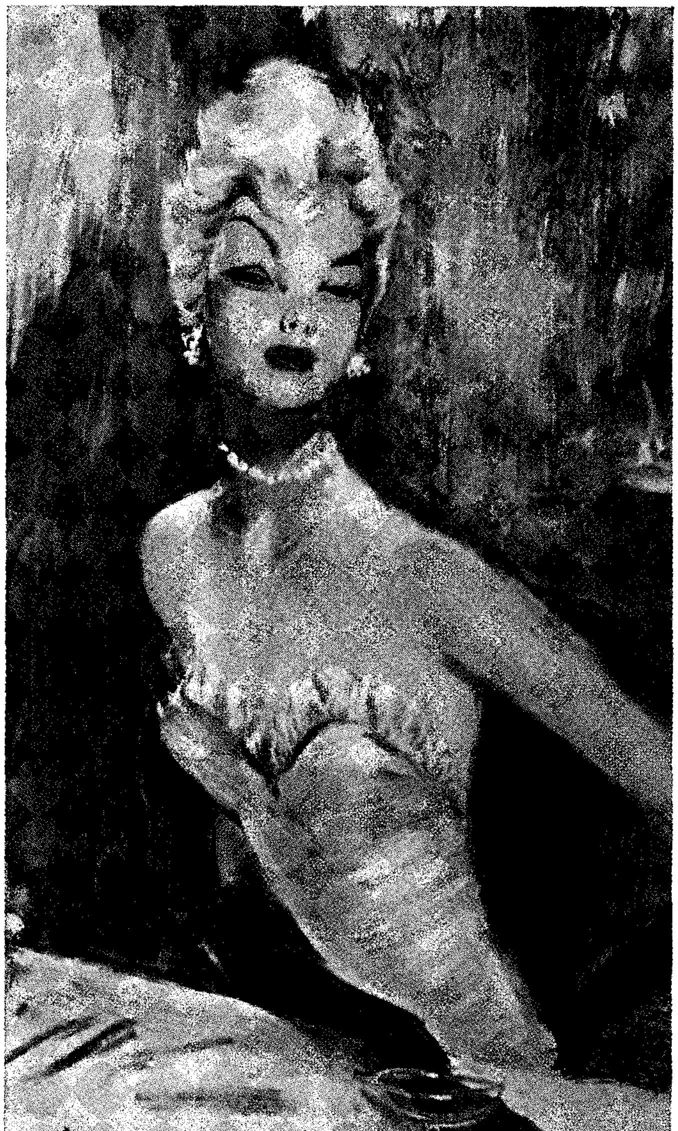

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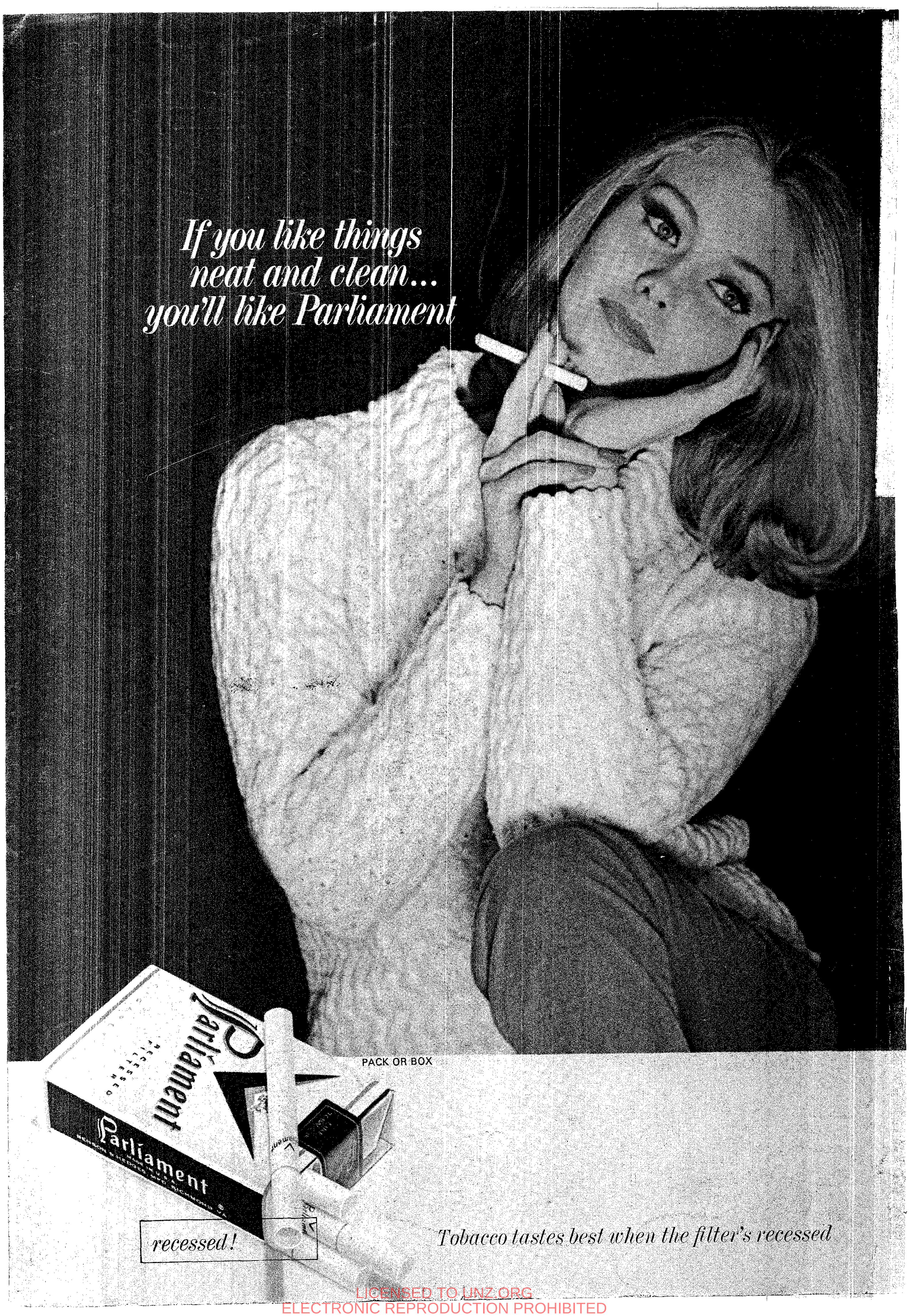
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